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A

COLLECTION of POEMS.

V O L. II.



COLLECTION OF POEMS.

V O L I I



A
COLLECTION
OF
POEMS

IN TWO VOLUMES.

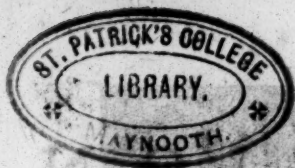
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O R I E N T A L E C L O G U E S.

BY MR. WILLIAM COLLINS.

E C L O G U E I.

SELIM; OR, THE SHEPHERD'S MORAL.

SCENE, A VALLEY NEAR BAGDAT.

TIME, THE MORNING.

YE Persian maids, attend your poet's lays,
And hear how shepherds pass their golden days.
Not all are blest, whom fortune's hand sustains
With wealth in courts, nor all that haunt the plains:
Well may your hearts believe the truths I tell;
'Tis virtue makes the bliss, where'er we dwell.

VOL. II.

B

Thus

Thus Selim sung, by sacred truth inspir'd;
 Nor praise, but such as truth bestow'd, desir'd:
 Wise in himself, his meaning songs convey'd
 Informing morals to the shepherd maid;
 Or taught the swains that surest bliss to find,
 What groves nor streams bestow, a virtuous mind.

When sweet and blushing, like a virgin bride,
 The radiant morn resum'd her orient pride,
 When wanton gales along the vallies play,
 Breathe on each flower, and bear their sweets away;
 By Tigris' wandering waves he sat, and sung
 This useful lesson for the fair and young.

Ye Persian dames, he said, to you belong,
 Well may they please, the morals of my song:
 No fairer maids, I trust, than you are found,
 Grac'd with soft arts, the peopled world around!
 The morn that lights you, to your loves supplies
 Each gentler ray delicious to your eyes:
 For you those flow'rs her fragrant hands bestow,
 And yours the love that kings delight to know.
 Yet think not these, all beauteous as they are,
 The best kind blessings heaven can grant the fair!
 Who trust alone in beauty's feeble ray,
 Boast but the worth ^a Balfora's pearls display;
 Drawn from the deep we own their surface bright,
 But, dark within, they drink no lustrous light:

^a The gulph of that name, famous for the pearl fishery.



Such are the maids, and such the charms they boast,
By sense unaided, or to virtue lost.

Self-flatt'ring sex! your hearts believe in vain
That love shall blind, when once he fires the swain;
Or hope a lover by your faults to win,
As spots on ermin beautify the skin:
Who seeks secure to rule, be first her care
Each softer virtue that adorns the fair;
Each tender passion man delights to find
The lov'd perfections of a female mind!

Blest were the days, when wisdom held her reign,
And shepherds fought her on the silent plain;
With truth she wedded in the secret grove,
Immortal truth, and daughters blest'd their love.

O haste, fair maids! ye virtues come away,
Sweet peace and plenty lead you on your way!
The balmy shrub, for you shall love our shore,
By Ind excell'd or Araby no more.

Lost to our fields, for so the fates ordain,
The dear deserters shall return again.
Come thou, whose thoughts as limpid springs are clear,
To lead the train, sweet modesty appear:
Here make thy court amidst our rural scene,
And shepherd-girls shall own thee for their queen.
With thee be chastity, of all afraid,
Distrusting all, a wise suspicious maid;
But man the most—not more the mountain doe
Holds the swift falcon for her deadly foe.

Cold is her breast, like flow'rs that drink the dew ;
 A silken veil conceals her from the view.
 No wild desires amidst thy train be known,
 But faith, whose heart is fix'd on one alone :
 Desponding meekness, with her down-cast eyes,
 And friendly pity, full of tender sighs ;
 And love the last : by these your hearts approve,
 These are the virtues that must lead to love.

Thus sung the swain ; and antient legends say,
 The maids of Bagdat verified the lay :
 Dear to the plains, the virtues came along,
 The shepherds lov'd, and Selim blest his song.

E C L O G U E II.

HASSAN ; OR, THE CAMEL-DRIVER.

SCENE, THE DESERT.

TIME, MID-DAY.

IN silent horror o'er the boundless waste
 The driver Hassan with his camels past :
 One cruse of water on his back he bore,
 And his light scrip contain'd a scanty store ;

A fan

A fan of painted feathers in his hand,
 To guard his shaded face from scorching sand.
 The sultry sun had gain'd the middle sky,
 And not a tree, and not an herb was nigh ;
 The beasts, with pain, their dusty way pursue,
 Shrill roar'd the winds, and dreary was the view !
 With desperate sorrow wild, th' affrighted man
 Thrice sigh'd, thrice struck his breast, and thus began :

“ Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,

“ When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way !”

Ah ! little thought I of the blasting wind,
 The thirst or pinching hunger that I find !
 Bethink thee, Hassan, where shall thirst assuage,
 When fails this cruse, his unrelenting rage ?
 Soon shall this scrip its precious load resign ;
 Then what but tears and hunger shall be thine ?

Ye mute companions of my toils, that bear
 In all my griefs a more than equal share !
 Here, where no springs in murmurs break away,
 Or moss-crown'd fountain mitigate the day,
 In vain ye hope the green delights to know,
 Which plains more blest, or verdant vales bestow :
 Here rocks alone, and tasteless sands are found,
 And faint and sickly winds for ever howl around.

“ Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,

“ When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way !”

Curst be the gold and silver which persuade
 Weak men to follow far-fatiguing trade !

The lilly-peace outshines the silver store,
 And life is dearer than the golden ore :
 Yet money tempts us o'er the desert brown,
 To every distant mart and wealthy town.
 Full oft we tempt the land, and oft the sea ;
 And are we only yet repay'd by thee ?
 Ah ! why this ruin so attractive made,
 Or why fond man so easily betray'd ?
 Why heed we not, while mad we haste along,
 The gentle voice of peace, or pleasure's song ?
 Or wherefore think the flowery mountain's side,
 The fountain's murmur's, and the valley's pride,
 Why think we then less pleasing to behold,
 Than dreary deserts, if they lead to gold ?

" Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
 " When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way !"

O cease, my fears !—all frantic as I go,
 When thought creates unnumber'd scenes of woe,
 What if the lion in his rage I meet !—
 Oft in the dust I view his printed feet :
 And fearful ! oft, when day's declining light
 Yields her pale empire to the mourner night,
 By hunger rous'd, he scours the groaning plain,
 Gaunt wolves and fullen tygers in his train :
 Before them death with shrieks directs their way.
 Fills the wild yell, and leads them to their prey.

" Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
 " When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way !"

At that dead hour the silent asp shall creep,
 If ought of rest I find, upon my sleep:
 Or some swoln serpent twist his scales around,
 And wake to anguish with a burning wound.
 Thrice happy they, the wise contented poor,
 From lust of wealth, and dread of death secure!
 They tempt no deserts, and no griefs they find;
 Peace rules the day, where reason rules the mind.

“ Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,

“ When first from Schiraz’ walls I bent my way !”

O hapless youth! for she thy love hath won,
 The tender Zara, will be most undone;
 Big swell’d my heart, and own’d the pow’rful maid,
 When fast she dropt her tears, as thus she said :

“ Farewel the youth whom sighs could not detain,

“ Whom Zara’s breaking heart implor’d in vain!

“ Yet as thou go’st, may every blast arise,

“ Weak and unfelt as these rejected sighs!

“ Safe o’er the wild, no perils may’st thou see,

“ No griefs endure, nor weep, false youth, like me.”

O let me safely to the fair return,

Say with a kiss, she must not, shall not mourn;

O! let me teach my heart to lose its fears,

Recall’d by wisdom’s voice, and Zara’s tears.

He said, and call’d on heav’n to bless the day,
 When back to Schiraz’ walls he bent his way.



E C L O G U E III.

ABRA; OR, THE GEORGIAN SULTANA.

SCENE, A FOREST.

TIME, THE EVENING.

IN Georgia's land, where Teflis' tow'rs are seen,
In distant view along the level green,
While ev'ning dews enrich the glitt'ring glade,
And the tall forests cast a longer shade,
What time 'tis sweet o'er fields of rice to stray,
Or scent the breathing maze at setting day;
Amidst the maids of Zagen's peaceful grove,
Emyra sung the pleasing cares of love.

Of Abra first began the tender strain,
Who led her youth with flocks upon the plain:
At morn she came those willing flocks to lead,
Where lillies rear them in the wat'ry mead;
From early dawn the live-long hours she told,
'Till late at silent eve she penn'd the fold.
Deep in the grove, beneath the secret shade,
A various wreath of od'rous flow'rs she made:

Gay

^b Gay-motley'd pinks and sweet jonquils she chose,
 The violet blue that on the moss-bank grows;
 All-sweet to sense, the flaunting rose was there:
 The finish'd chaplet well adorn'd her hair.

Great Abbas chanc'd that fated morn to stray,
 By love conducted from the chace away:

Among the vocal vales he heard her song,
 And sought the vales and echoing groves among:
 At length he found, and wooed the rural maid;
 She knew the monarch, and with fear obey'd.

“ Be every youth like royal Abbas mov'd,

“ And every Georgian maid like Abba lov'd!”

The royal lover bore her from the plain;
 Yet still her crook and bleating flock remain:
 Oft as she went, she backward turn'd her view,
 And bad that crook and bleating flock adieu.
 Fair happy maid! to other scenes remove,
 To richer scenes of golden pow'r and love!
 Go leave the simple pipe, and shepherds strain;
 With love delight thee, and with Abbas reign.

“ Be every youth like royal Abbas mov'd,

“ And every Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!”

Yet midst the blaze of courts she fix'd her love
 On the cool fountain, or the shady grove!

^b That these flowers are found in very great abundance in some of the provinces of Persia; see the modern history of the ingenious Mr. Salmon.

Still with the shepherd's innocence her mind
 To the sweet vale, and flow'ry mead inclin'd;
 And oft as spring renew'd the plains with flow'rs,
 Breath'd his soft gales, and led the fragrant hours,
 With sure return she sought the sylvan scene,
 The breezy mountains, and the forests green.
 Her maids around her mov'd, a duteous band!
 Each bore a crook all-rural in her hand:
 Some simple lay, of flocks and herds they sung;
 With joy the mountain, and the forest rung.

“ Be every youth like royal Abbas mov'd,

“ And every Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!”

And oft the royal lover left the care
 And thorns of state, attendant on the fair;
 Oft to the shades and low-roof'd cots retir'd,
 Or sought the vale where first his heart was fir'd:
 A russet mantle, like a swain, he wore,
 And thought of crowns and busy courts no more.

“ Be every youth like royal Abbas mov'd,

“ And every Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!”

Blest was the life, that royal Abbas led:
 Sweet was his love, and innocent his bed.
 What if in wealth the noble maid excel;
 The simple shepherd girl can love as well.
 Let those who rule on Persia's jewell'd throne,
 Be fam'd for love, and gentlest love alone;
 Or wreath, like Abbas, full of fair renown.
 The lovers myrtle, with the warrior's crown.

O happy

O happy days! the maids around her say ;

O haste, profuse of blessings, haste away !

“ Be every youth, like royal Abbas, mov’d,

“ And every Georgian maid, like Abra, lov’d !”



E C L O G U E IV.

AGIB AND SECANDER; OR, THE FUGITIVES.

SCENE, A MOUNTAIN IN CIRCASSIA.

TIME, MIDNIGHT.

IN fair Circassia, where, to love inclin’d,
Each swain was blest, for every maid was kind;
At that still hour, when awful midnight reigns,
And none, but wretches, haunt the twilight plains;
What time the moon had hung her lamp on high,
And past in radiance thro’ the cloudless sky;
Sad o’er the dews, two brother shepherds fled,
Where wild’ring fear and desp’rate sorrow led:
Fast as they prest their flight, behind them lay
Wide ravag’d plains, and vallies stole away.
Along the mountain’s bending sides they ran,
’Till faint and weak Secander thus began :

SECANDER.

SECANDER.

O stay thee, Agib, for my feet deny,
 No longer friendly to my life, to fly.
 Friend of my heart, O turn thee and survey,
 Trace our sad flight thro' all its length of way!
 And first review that long-extended plain,
 And yon wide groves, already past with pain!
 Yon ragged cliff, whose dang'rous path we tried!
 And last this lofty mountain's weary side!

AGIB.

Weak as thou art, yet hapless must thou know
 The toils of flight, or some severer woe!
 Still as I haste, the Tartar shouts behind,
 And shrieks and sorrows load the sadd'ning wind:
 In rage of heart, with ruin in his hand,
 He blasts our harvests, and deforms our land.
 Yon citron grove, whence first in fear we came,
 Droops its fair honours to the conqu'ring flame:
 Far fly the swains, like us, in deep despair,
 And leave to ruffian bands their fleecy care.

SECANDER.

Unhappy land, whose blessings tempt the sword,
 In vain, unheard, thou call'st thy Persian lord!
 In vain thou court'st him, helpless, to thine aid,
 To shield the shepherd, and protect the maid!

Far

Far off, in thoughtless indolence resign'd,
 Soft dreams of love and pleasure soothe his mind :
 'Midst fair sultanas lost in idle joy,
 No wars alarm him, and no fears annoy.

ACIB.

Yet these green hills, in summer's sultry heat,
 Have lent the monarch oft a cool retreat.
 Sweet to the sight is Zabran's flow'ry plain,
 And once by maids and shepherd's lov'd in vain !
 No more the virgins shall delight to rove
 By Sargis' banks, or Irwan's shady grove ;
 On Tarkie's mountain catch the cooling gale,
 Or breathe the sweets of Aly's flow'ry vale :
 Fair scenes ! but, ah ! no more with peace possess'd,
 With ease alluring, and with plenty blest.
 No more the shepherds whitening tents appear,
 Nor the kind products of a bounteous year ;
 No more the date, with snowy blossoms crown'd !
 But ruin spreads her baleful fires around.

SECANDER.

In vain Circassia boasts her spicy groves,
 For ever fam'd for pure and happy loves :
 In vain she boasts her fairest of the fair,
 Their eye's blue languish, and their golden hair !
 Those eyes in tears their fruitless grief must send ;
 Those hairs the Tartar's cruel hand shall rend.

ACIB.

AGIB.

Ye Georgian swains that piteous learn from far
 Circassia's ruin, and the waste of war ;
 Some weightier arms than crooks and staffs prepare,
 To shield your harvests, and defend your fair :
 The Turk and Tartar like designs pursue,
 Fix'd to destroy, and stedfast to undo.
 Wild as his land, in native deserts bred,
 By lust incited, or by malice led,
 The villain Arab, as he prowls for prey,
 Oft marks with blood and wasting flames the way ;
 Yet none so cruel as the Tartar foe,
 To death inur'd, and nurs'd in scenes of woe.

He said ; when loud along the vale was heard
 A shriller shriek, and nearer fires appear'd :
 Th' affrighted shepherds thro' the dews of night,
 Wide o'er the moon-light hills renew'd their flight.





O

D

E

ON THE DEATH OF MR. JAMES THOMSON.

BY THE SAME.

IN yonder ^c grove a druid lies
Where slowly winds the stealing wave!
The year's best sweets shall duteous rise
To deck its poet's sylvan grave!

In yon deep bed of whisp'ring reeds
His airy harp ^d shall now be laid,
That he, whose heart in sorrow bleeds,
May love thro' life the soothing shade.

Then maids and youths shall linger here,
And while its sounds at distance swell,
Shall sadly seem in pity's ear
To hear the woodland pilgrim's knell.

^c The scene of the following stanzas is supposed to lie on the Thames near Richmond.

^d The harp of Æolus, of which see a description in the Castle of Indolence.

Remem-

Remembrance oft shall haunt the shore
When Thames in Summer-wreaths is drest,
And oft suspend the dashing oar
To bid his gentle spirit rest !

And oft as ease and health retire
To breezy lawn, or forest deep,
The friend shall view yon whitening^c spire,
And 'mid the varied landscape weep.

But thou, who own'st that earthy bed,
Ah ! what will ev'ry dirge avail ?
Or tears, which love and pity shed
That mourn beneath the gliding fail !

Yet lives there one, whose heedless eye
Shall scorn thy pale shrine glimm'ring near !
With him, sweet bard, may fancy die,
And joy desert the blooming year.

But thou, lorn stream, whose fullen tide
No feldge-crown'd sisters now attend,
Now waft me from the green hill's side
Whose cold turf hides the buried friend !

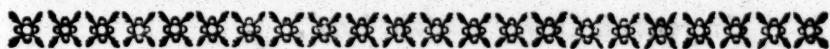
^c Richmond church.

And

And see, the fairy valleys fade,
 Dun night has veil'd the solemn view !
 —Yet once again, dear parted shade,
 Meek nature's child again adieu !

The genial meads assign'd to blest
 Thy life, shall mourn thy early doom,
 Their hinds, and shepherd-girls shall dress
 With simple hands thy rural tomb.

Long, long, thy stone and pointed clay
 Shall melt the musing Briton's eyes,
 O ! vales, and wild woods, shall he say,
 In yonder grave your druid lies.



O D E T O P I T Y.

BY THE SAME.

O Thou, the friend of man assign'd,
 With balmy hands his wounds to bind,
 And charm his frantic woe :
 When first distress, with dagger keen,
 Broke forth to waste his destin'd scene,
 His wild unfated foe !

By Pella's ^f bard, a magic name,
 By all the griefs his thought could frame,
 Receive my humble rite :
 Long, Pity, let the nations view
 Thy sky-worn robes of tenderest blue,
 And eyes of dewy light !

But wherefore need I wander wide
 To old Ilissus' distant fide,
 Deserted stream, and mute ?
 Wild Arun ^g too has heard thy strains,
 And Echo, 'midst my native plains,
 Been sooth'd by Pity's lute.

There first the wren thy myrtles shed
 On gentlest Otway's infant head,
 To him thy cell was shown ;
 And while he sung the female heart,
 With youth's soft notes unspoil'd by art,
 Thy turtles mix'd their own.

Come, Pity, come, by fancy's aid,
 Even now my thoughts, relenting maid,
 Thy temple's pride design :
 Its southern site, its truth compleat
 Shall raise a wild enthusiast heat,
 In all who view the shrine.

^f Euripides.^g A river in Sussex.

There picture's toils shall well relate,
How chance, or hard involving fate,

O'er mortal bliss prevail :

The buskin'd muse shall near her stand,
And sighing prompt her tender hand,
With each disastrous tale.

There let me oft, retir'd by day,
In dreams of passion melt away,

Allow'd with thee to dwell :

There waste the mournful lamp of night,
Till, virgin, thou again delight
To hear a British shell !



ODE TO SIMPLICITY.

BY THE SAME.

O Thou by nature taught,
To breathe her genuine thought,
In numbers warmly pure, and sweetly strong :
Who first on mountains wild,
In fancy, loveliest child,
Thy babe, or pleasure's, nurs'd the powers of song !

Thou, who with hermit heart
 Disdain'st the wealth of art,
 And gauds, and pageant weeds, and trailing pall :
 But com'st a decent maid,
 In attic robe array'd,
 O chaste, unboastful nymph, to thee I call !

By all the honey'd store
 On Hybla's thymy shore,
 By all her blooms and mingled murmurs dear,
 By her, whose love-lorn woe,
 In evening musings flow,
 Sooth'd sweetly sad Electra's poet's ear :

By old Cephissus deep,
 Who spread his wavy sweep
 In warbled wand'rings round the green retreat,
 On whose enamel'd fide,
 When holy freedom died,
 No equal haunt allur'd thy future feet.

O sister meek of truth,
 To my admiring youth,
 Thy sober aid and native charms infuse !
 The flow'rs that sweetest breathe,
 Tho' beauty cull'd the wreath,
 Still ask thy hand to range their order'd hues.

While

While Rome could none esteem,
 But virtue's patriot theme,
 You lov'd her hills, and led the laureat band :
 But staid to sing alone
 To one distinguish'd throne,
 And turn'd thy face, and fled her alter'd land.

No more, in hall or bower,
 The passions own thy power,
 Love, only love her forceless numbers mean :
 For thou hast left her shrine,
 Nor olive more, nor vine,
 Shall gain thy feet to bless the servile scene.

Tho' taste, tho' genius bless
 To some divine excess,
 Faint's the cold work till thou inspire the whole ;
 What each, what all supply,
 May court, may charm your eye,
 Thou, only thou can't raise the meeting soul !

Of these let others ask,
 To aid some mighty task,
 I only seek to find thy temperate vale :
 Where oft my reed might sound
 To maids and shepherds round,
 And all thy sons, O nature, learn my tale.



O D E T O P E A C E.

BY THE SAME.

O Thou, who bad'st thy turtles bear
 Swift from his grasp thy golden hair,
 And fought'st thy native skies :
 When war, by vultures drawn from far,
 To Britain bent his iron car,
 And bad his storms arise !

Tir'd of his rude tyrannic sway,
 Our youth shall fix some festive day,
 His fullen shrines to burn :
 But thou, who hear'st the turning spheres,
 What sounds may charm thy partial ears,
 And gain thy blest return !

O Peace, thy injur'd robes up-bind,
 O rise, and leave not one behind
 Of all thy beamy train :
 The British lion, goddess sweet,
 Lies stretch'd on earth to kiss thy feet,
 And own thy holier reign.

Let

Let others court thy transient smile,
 But come to grace thy western isle,
 By warlike honour led!
 And, while around her ports rejoice,
 While all her sons adore thy choice,
 With him for ever wed!



O D E T O M E R C Y.

BY THE SAME.

STROPHE.

O Thou, who sit'st a smiling bride
 By valour's arm'd and awful side,
 Gentlest of sky-born forms, and best ador'd:
 Who oft with songs, divine to hear,
 Win'st from his fatal grasp the spear,
 And hid'st in wreaths of flow'rs his bloodless sword!
 Thou who, amidst the deathful field,
 By godlike chiefs alone beheld,
 Oft with thy bosom bare art found,
 Pleading for him the youth who sinks to ground:
 See, mercy, see, with pure and loaded hands,
 Before thy shrine my country's genius stands,
 And decks thy altar still, tho' pierc'd with many a wound!

ANTISTROPHE.

When he whom even our joys provoke,
 The fiend of nature join'd his yoke,
 And rush'd in wrath to make our isle his prey ;
 Thy form from out thy sweet abode,
 O'ertook him on his blasted road,
 And stop'd his wheels, and look'd his rage away.
 I see recoil his fable steeds,
 That bore him swift to savage deeds,
 Thy tender melting eyes they own ;
 O maid, for all thy love to Britain shown,
 Where justice bars her iron tower,
 To thee we build a roseate bower,
 Thou, thou shalt rule our queen, and share our monarch's
 throne !

O D E T O L I B E R T Y.

BY THE SAME.

STROPHE.

WH O shall awake the Spartan fire,
 And call in solemn sounds to life,
 The youths, whose locks divinely spreading,
 Like vernal hyacinths in fullen hue,

At

At once the breath of fear and virtue shedding,
 Applauding freedom lov'd of old to view ?
 What new Alcæus ^h, fancy-blest,
 Shall sing the sword in myrtles drest,
 At wisdom's shrine awhile its flame concealing,
 (What place so fit to seal a deed renown'd ?)
 Till she her brightest lightnings round revealing,
 It leap'd in glory forth, and dealt her prompted wound !
 O goddess, in that feeling hour,
 When most its sounds would court thy ears,
 Let not my shell's misguided pow'r,
 E'er draw thy sad, thy mindful tears.
 No, freedom, no, I will not tell,
 How Rome, before thy weeping face,
 With heaviest sound, a giant-statue, fell,
 Push'd by a wild and artless race,
 From off its wide ambitious base,
 When time his northern sons of spoil awoke,
 And all the blended work of strength and grace
 With many a rude repeated stroke,
 And many a barbarous yell, to thousand fragments broke.

E P O D E.

Yet even, where'er the least appear'd,
 Th' admiring world thy hand rever'd ;

^h Alluding to a beautiful fragment of Alcæus.

Still, 'midst the scatter'd states around,
 Some remnants of her strength were found;
 They saw, by what escap'd the storm,
 How wond'rous rose her perfect form;
 How in the great, the labour'd whole,
 Each mighty master pour'd his soul!
 For sunny Florence, seat of art,
 Beneath her vines preserv'd a part,
 Till they ⁱ, whom science lov'd to name,
 (O who could fear it?) quench'd her flame.
 And lo, an humbler relic laid
 In jealous Pisa's olive shade!
 See small Marino ^k joins the theme,
 Tho' least, not last in thy esteem:
 Strike, louder strike th' ennobling strings
 To those ^l, whose merchant sons were kings;
 To him ^m, who, deck'd with pearly pride,
 In Adria weds his green-hair'd bride;
 Hail port of glory, wealth, and pleasure,
 Ne'er let me change this Lydian measure:
 Nor e'er her former pride relate,
 To sad Liguria's ⁿ bleeding state.

ⁱ The family of the Medici.

^k The little republic of San Marino.

^l The Venetians.

^m The Doge of Venice.

ⁿ Genoa.

Ah no ! more pleas'd thy haunts I seek,
 On wild Helvetia's ° mountains bleak :
 (Where, when the favour'd of thy choice,
 The daring archer heard thy voice ;
 Forth from his eyrie rous'd in dread,
 The rav'ning eagle northward fled.)
 Or dwell in willow'd meads more near,
 With those p to whom thy stork is dear :
 Those whom the rod of Alva bruis'd,
 Whose crown a British queen 9 refus'd !
 The magic works, thou feel'st the strains,
 One holier name alone remains ;
 The perfect spell shall then avail,
 Hail nymph, ador'd by Britain, hail !

ANTISTROPHE.

Beyond the measure vast of thought,
 The works, the wizzard time has wrought !

° Switzerland.

p The Dutch, amongst whom there are very severe penalties for those who are convicted of killing this bird. They are kept tame in almost all their towns, and particularly at the Hague, of the arms of which they make a part. The common people of Holland are said to entertain a superstitious sentiment, that if the whole species of them should become extinct, they should lose their liberties.

9 Queen Elizabeth.

The

The Gaul, 'tis held of antique story,
 Saw Britain link'd to his now adverse strand †,
 No sea between, nor cliff sublime and hoary,
 He pass'd with unwet feet thro' all our land.
 To the blown Baltic then, they say,
 The wild waves found another way,
 Where Orcas howls, his wolfish mountains rounding ;
 Till all the banded west at once 'gan rise,
 A wide wild storm even nature's self confounding,
 Withering her giant sons with strange uncouth surprise.
 This pillar'd earth so firm and wide,
 By winds and inward labours torn,
 In thunders dread was push'd aside,
 And down the should'ring billows born.
 And see, like gems her laughing train,
 The little isles on every side,
 Mona^s, once hid from those who search the main,
 Where thousand elfin shapes abide,

And

† This tradition is mentioned by several of our old historians. Some naturalists too have endeavoured to support the probability of the fact, by arguments drawn from the correspondent disposition of the two opposite coasts. I do not remember that any poetical use has been hitherto made of it.

^s There is a tradition in the isle of Man, that a mermaid becoming enamoured of a young man of extraordinary beauty, took an opportunity of meeting him one day as he walked on the shore, and opened her passion to him, but was received with a coldness, occasioned by his horror and surprise at her appearance. This however was so misconstrued by the sea-lady, that in revenge for his treatment of her, she punish'd the whole island,

And Wight who checks the westering tide,
 For thee consenting heav'n has each bestow'd,
 A fair attendant on her sov'reign pride :
 To thee this blest divorce she ow'd,
 For thou hast made her vales thy lov'd, thy last abode!

S E C O N D E P O D E .

Then too, 'tis said, an hoary pile,
 'Midst the green navel of our isle,
 Thy shrine in some religious wood,
 O soul-enforcing goddess stood !
 There oft the painted native's feet
 Were wont thy form celestial meet :
 Tho' now with hopeless toil we trace
 Time's backward rolls, to find its place ;
 Whether the fiery-tressed Dane,
 Or Roman's self o'erturn'd the fane,
 Or in what heaven-left age it fell.
 'Twere hard for modern song to tell.
 Yet still, if truth those beams infuse,
 Which guide at once, and charm the muse,
 Beyond yon braided clouds that lie,
 Paving the light-embroider'd sky :
 Amidst the bright pavillion'd plains,
 The beauteous model still remains.

island, by covering it with a mist, so that all who attempted to carry on any commerce with it, either never arrived at it, but wandered up and down the sea, or were on a sudden wrecked upon its cliffs.

The

There happier than in islands blest,
 Or bowers by spring or Hebe drest,
 The chiefs who fill our Albion's story,
 In warlike weeds, retir'd in glory,
 Hear their consofited druids sing
 Their triumphs to th' immortal string.

How may the poet now unfold,
 What never tongue or numbers told ?
 How learn delighted, and amaz'd,
 What hands unknown that fabric rais'd ?
 Even now, before his favour'd eyes,
 In Gothic pride it seems to rise !
 Yet Græcia's graceful orders join,
 Majestic thro' the mix'd design ;
 The fecret builder knew to chuse,
 Each sphere-found gem of richest hues :
 Whate'er heaven's purer mould contains,
 When nearer funs emblaze its veins ;
 Their on the walls the patriot's fight
 May ever hang with fresh delight,
 And, grav'd with fome prophetic rage,
 Read Albion's fame thro' every age.

Ye forms divine, ye laureat band,
 That near her inmost altar stand !
 Now sooth her, to her blifsful train
 Blythe concord's focial form to gain :
 Concord, whose myrtle wand can fleep :
 Even anger's blood-shot eyes in fleep :

Before whose breathing bosom's balm,
 Rage drops his steel, and storms grow calm;
 Her let our fires and matrons hoar
 Welcome to Britain's ravag'd shore,
 Our youths, enamour'd of the fair,
 Play with the tangles of her hair,
 Till, in one loud upplauding sound,
 The nations shout to her around,
 O how supremely art thou blest,
 Thou, lady, thou shalt rule the west!



O D E T O F E A R.

BY THE SAME.

THOU, to whom the world unknown
 With all its shadow shapes is shown;
 Who seest appall'd th' unreal scene,
 While fancy lifts the veil between:
 Ah fear! ah frantic fear!
 I see, I see thee near.
 I know thy hurried step, thy haggard eye!
 Like thee I start, like thee disorder'd fly,
 For lo what monsters in thy train appear!
 Danger, whose limbs of giant mold
 What mortal eye can fix'd behold?

Who

Who stalks his round, an hideous form,
 Howling amidst the midnight storm,
 Or throws him on the ridgy steep
 Of some loose hanging rock to sleep :
 And with him thousand phantoms join'd,
 Who prompt to deeds accurs'd the mind :
 And those, the fiends, who near allied,
 O'er nature's wounds, and wrecks preside ;
 While vengeance, in the lurid air,
 Lifts her red arm, expos'd and bare :
 On whom that ravening brood of fate,
 Who lap the blood of sorrow, wait ;
 Who, fear, this ghastly train can see,
 And look not madly wild, like thee ?

E P O D E.

In earliest Greece to thee, with partial choice,
 The grief-full muse address her infant tongue ;
 The maids and matrons, on her awful voice,
 Silent and pale in wild amazement hung.

Yet he, the Bard † who first invok'd thy name,
 Disdain'd in Marathon its power to feel :
 For not alone he nurs'd the poet's flame,
 But reach'd from virtue's hand the patriot's steel.

† Æschylus.

But who is he whom later garlands grace,
 Who left a-while o'er Hybla's dew to rove,
 With trembling eyes thy dreary steps to trace,
 Where thou and furies shar'd the baleful grove ?

Wrapt in thy cloudy veil th' incestuous queen ^a
 Sigh'd the sad call her son and husband hear'd,
 When once alone it broke the silent scene,
 And he the wretch of Thebes no more appear'd.

O fear, I know thee by my throbbing heart,
 Thy with'ring pow'r inspir'd each mournful line,
 Tho' gentle pity claim her mingled part,
 Yet all the thunders of the scene are thine !

ANTISTROPHE.

Thou who such weary lengths hast past,
 Where wilt thou rest, mad nymph, at last ?
 Say, wilt thou shroud in haunted cell,
 Where gloomy rape and murder dwell ?
 Or in some hallow'd seat,
 'Gainst which the big waves beat ?
 Hear drowning seamens cries in tempests brought !
 Dark pow'r, with shudd'ring meek submitted thought,
 Be mine, to read the visions old,
 Which thy awakening bards have told :
 And, lest thou meet my blasted view,
 Hold each strange tale devoutly true ;

^a Jocasta.

Ne'er be I found, by thee o'er-aw'd,
 In that thrice-hallow'd eve abroad,
 When ghosts, as cottage-maids believe,
 Their pebbled beds permitted leave,
 And goblins haunt from fire, or fen,
 Or mine, or flood, the walks of men !

O thou whose spirit most possiest
 The sacred seat of Shakespear's breast !
 By all that from thy prophet broke,
 In thy divine emotions spoke :
 Hither again thy fury deal,
 Teach me but once like him to feel :
 His cypress wreath my meed decree,
 And I, O fear, will dwell with thee !



ODE ON THE POETICAL CHARACTER.

BY THE SAME.

AS once, if not with light regard,
 I read aright that gifted bard,
 (Him whose school above the rest
 His loveliest Elfin queen has blest)
 One, only one, unrival'd fair *,
 Might hope the magic girdle wear,

* Florimel. See Spenser Leg. 4th.

At solemn turney hung on high,
The wish of each love-darting eye :

Lo! to each other nymph in turn applied,
As if, in air unseen, some hovering hand,
Some chaste and angel-friend to virgin-fame,
With whisper'd spell had burst the starting band,
It left unblest her loath'd dishonour'd side ;

Happier hopeless fair, if never
Her baffled hand with vain endeavour
Had touch'd that fatal zone to her denied !

Young fancy thus, to me divinest name,
To whom, prepar'd and bath'd in heaven,
The cest of amplest pow'r is given :
To few the god-like gift assigns,
To gird their blest prophetic loins,

- And gaze her visions wild, and feel unmix'd her flame.
The band, as fairy legends say,
Was wove on that creating day,
When he, who call'd with thought to birth
• Yon tented sky, this laughing earth,
And drest with springs, and forests tall,
And pour'd the main engiting all,
Long by the lov'd enthusiast wooed,
Himself in some diviner mood,
Retiring, fate with her alone,
And plac'd her on his saphire throne,

The whiles, the vaulted shrine around,
 Seraphic wires were heard to sound,
 Now sublimest triumph swelling,
 Now on love and mercy dwelling ;
 And she, from out the veiling cloud,
 Breath'd her magic notes aloud :
 And thou, thou rich-hair'd youth of morn,
 And all thy subject life was born !
 The dangerous passions kept aloof,
 Far from the fainted growing woof :
 But near it fate ecstatic wonder,
 Lift'ning the deep applauding thunder :
 And truth, in sunny vest array'd,
 By whose the Tarfol's eyes were made :
 All the shadowy tribes of mind,
 In braided dance their murmurs join'd,
 And all the bright uncounted powers,
 Who feed on heavens ambrosial flowers.
 Where is the bard, whose soul can now
 Its high presuming hopes avow ?
 Where he who thinks, with rapture blind,
 This hallow'd work for him design'd ?

High on some cliff, to heav'n up-pil'd,
 Of rude access, of prospect wild,
 Where, tangled round the jealous steep,
 Strange shades o'erbow the vallies deep,

And

And holy genii guard the rock,
 Its glooms embrown, its springs unlock,
 While on its rich ambitious head,
 An Eden, like his own, lies spread.
 I view that oak, the fancy'd glades among,
 By which as Milton lay, his ev'ning ear,
 From many a cloud that drop'd ethereal dew,
 Nigh spher'd in heaven its native strains could hear:
 On which that antient trump he reach'd was hung;
 Thither oft his glory greeting,
 From Waller's myrtle shades retreating,
 With many a vow from hope's aspiring tongue,
 My trembling feet his guiding steps pursue;
 In vain—Such bliss to one alone,
 Of all the sons of soul was known,
 And heaven, and fancy, kindred powers,
 Have now o'erturn'd th' inspiring bowers,
 Or curtain'd close such scene from ev'ry future view.

THE MANNERS. AN ODE.

BY THE SAME.

Farewel, for clearer ken design'd,
 The dim-discover'd tracts of mind:
 Truths which, from action's paths retir'd,
 My silent search in vain requir'd!
 No more my sail that deep explores,
 No more I search those magic shores,
 What regions part the world of soul,
 Or whence thy streams, opinion, roll:
 If e'er I round such fairy field,
 Some pow'r impart the spear and shield,
 At which the wizzard passions fly,
 By which the giant follies die!

Farewel the porch, whose roof is seen,
 Arch'd with th' enliv'ning olive's green:
 Where science, prank'd in tissu'd vest,
 By reason, pride, and fancy drest,
 Comes like a bride, so trim array'd,
 To wed with doubt in Plato's shade!

Youth of the quick uncheated fight,
 Thy walks, observance, more invite!

O thou,

O thou, who lov'st that ampler range,
 Where life's wide prospects round thee change,
 And, with her mingling sons allied,
 Throw'st the prattling page aside:
 To me in converse sweet impart,
 To read in man the native heart,
 To learn, where science sure is found,
 From nature as she lives around:
 And gazing oft her mirror true,
 By turns each shifting image view!
 Till meddling art's officious lore,
 Reverse the lessons taught before,
 Alluring from a safer rule,
 To dream in her enchanted school;
 Thou heaven, whate'er of great we boast,
 Hast blest this social science most.

Retiring hence to thoughtful cell,
 As fancy breathes her potent spell,
 Not vain she finds the charmful task,
 In pageant quaint, in motley mask,
 Behold, before her musing eyes,
 The countless manners round her rise;
 While ever varying as they pass,
 To some contempt applies her glass:
 With these the white-rob'd maids combine,
 And those the laughing satyrs join!
 But who is he whom now she views,
 In robe of wild contending hues?

Thou by the passions nurs'd; I greet
 The comic sock that binds thy feet!
 O humour, thou whose name is known,
 To Britain's favour'd isle alone:
 Me too amidst thy band admit,
 There where the young-ey'd healthful wit,
 (Whose jewels in his crisped hair
 Are plac'd each other's beams to share,
 Whom no delights from thee divide)
 In laughter loos'd attends thy side!

By old Miletus ^y who so long
 Has ceas'd his love-inwoven song:
 By all you taught the Tuscan maids,
 In chang'd Italia's modern shades:
 By him ^z, whose knight's distinguish'd name
 Refin'd a nation's lust of fame;
 Whose tales even now, with echoes sweet,
 Castilia's moorish hills repeat:
 Or him ^a, whom Seine's blue nymphs deplore,
 In watchet weeds on Gallia's shore,
 Who drew the sad Sicilian maid,
 By virtues in her fire betray'd:

^y Alluding to the Milesian tales, some of the earliest romances.

^z Cervantes.

^a Monsieur Le Sage, author of the incomparable adventures of Gil Blas de Santillane, who died in Paris in the year 1745.

O nature boon, from whom proceed
 Each forceful thought, each prompted deed ;
 If but from thee I hope to feel,
 On all my heart imprint thy seal !
 Let some retreating Cynic find
 Those oft-turn'd scrolls I leave behind,
 The sports and I this hour agree,
 To rove thy scene-full world with thee !

THE PASSIONS. AN ODE.

BY THE SAME.

WHEN music, heav'nly maid, was young,
 While yet in early Greece she sung,
 The passions oft, to hear her shell,
 Throng'd around her magic cell,
 Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
 Possess'd beyond the muse's painting ;
 By turns they felt the glowing mind
 Disturb'd, delighted, rais'd, refin'd.
 Till once, 'tis said, when all were fir'd,
 Fill'd with fury, rapt, inspir'd,
 From the supporting myrtles round
 They snatch'd her instruments of sound,
 And as they oft had heard apart
 Sweet lessons of her forceful art,

Each,

Each, for madness rul'd the hour,
Would prove his own excessive power.

First fear his hand, its skill to try,
Amid the chords bewilder'd laid
And back recoil'd he knew not why,
Even at the sound himself had made.

Next anger rush'd, his eyes on fire,
In lightnings own'd his secret stings,
In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
And swept with hurried hand the strings.

With woeful measures wan despair
Low fullen sounds his grief beguil'd,
A solemn, strange, and mingled air,
'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.

But thou, O hope, with eyes so fair,
What was thy delighted measure?
Still it whisper'd promis'd pleasure,
And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail!
Still would her touch the strain prolong,
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She call'd on echo still thro' all the song;
And where her sweetest theme she chose,
A soft responsive voice was heard at every close,
And hope enchanted smil'd, and wav'd her golden hair.

And

And longer had she sung, — but, with a frown,

Revenge impatient rose,

He threw his blood-stain'd sword in thunder down,

And, with a withering look,

The war-denouncing trumpet took,

And blew a blast so loud and dread,

Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe.

And ever and anon he beat

The doubling drum with furious heat:

And tho' sometimes, each dreary pause between,

Dejected pity at his side,

Her soul-subduing voice applied,

Yet still he kept his wild unalter'd mien,

While each strain'd ball of fight seem'd bursting from his
head.

Thy numbers, jealousy, to nought were fix'd,

Sad proof of thy distressful state,

Of differing themes the veering song was mix'd,

And now it courted love, now raving call'd on hate.

With eyes up-rais'd, as one inspir'd,

Pale melancholy sat retir'd,

And from her wild sequester'd seat,

In notes by distance made more sweet,

Pour'd thro' the mellow horn her pensive soul :

And dashing soft from rocks around,

Bubbling runnels join'd the sound ;

Thro'

Thro' glades and glooms the mingled measure stole,
 Or o'er some haunted stream with fond delay,
 Round an holy calm diffusing,
 Love of peace, and lonely musing,
 In hollow murmurs died away.
 But O, how alter'd was its sprightlier tone!
 When cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,
 Her bow across her shoulder flung,
 Her buskins gemm'd with morning dew,
 Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung,
 The hunter's call to Faun and Dryad known!
 The oak-crown'd sisters, and their chaste-eyed queen,
 Satyrs and sylvan boys were seen,
 Peeping from forth their alleys green;
 Brown exercise rejoic'd to hear,
 And sport leapt up, and seiz'd his beechen spear.
 Last came joy's ecstatic trial,
 He with viny crown advancing,
 First to the lively pipe his hand address'd,
 But soon he saw the brisk awakening viol,
 Whose sweet entrancing voice he lov'd the best.
 They would have thought, who heard the strain,
 They saw in Tempe's vale her native maids,
 Amidst the festal sounding shades,
 To some unwearied minstrel dancing,
 While, as his flying fingers kiss'd the strings,
 Love fram'd with mirth, a gay fantastic round,
 Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound,

And he, amidst his frolic play,
As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thousand odours from his dewy wings.

O music, sphere-descended maid,
Friend of pleasure, wisdom's aid,
Why, goddess, why to us denied?
Lay'st thou thy antient lyre aside?
As in that lov'd Athenian bower,
You learn'd an all-commanding power,
Thy mimic soul, O nymph endear'd,
Can well recall what then it heard.
Where is thy native simple heart,
Devote to virtue, fancy, art?
Arise, as in that elder time,
Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime!
Thy wonders, in that god-like age,
Fill thy recording sifter's page—
'Tis said, and I believe the tale,
Thy humblest reed could more prevail,
Had more of strength, diviner rage
Than all which charms this laggard age,
Even all at once together found
Cæcilia's mingled world of sound—
O bid our vain endeavours cease,
Revive the just designs of Greece,
Return in all thy simple state!
Confirm the tales her sons relate!

WRITTEN

WRITTEN ON A PAPER, WHICH CONTAINED
A PIECE OF BRIDE CAKE: GIVEN TO THE
AUTHOR BY A LADY.

BY THE SAME.

YE curious hands, that hid from vulgar eyes,
By search profane shall find this hallow'd cake,
With virtue's awe forbear the sacred prize
Nor dare a theft for love and pity's sake!

This precious relic, form'd by magic pow'r
Beneath the shepherd's haunted pillow laid,
Was meant by love to charm the silent hour,
The secret present of a matchless maid.

The Cyprian queen, at Hymen's fond request,
Each nice ingredient chose with happiest art ;
Fears, sighs, and wishes of th' enamour'd breast,
And pains that please are mixt in every part.

With rosy hand the spicy fruit she brought,
From Paphian hills, and fair Cythera's isle;
And temper'd sweet with these the melting thought,
The kiss ambrosial and the yielding smile.

Ambiguous

Ambiguous looks, that scorn and yet relent,

Denials mild, and firm unalter'd truth,

Reluctant pride, and amorous faint consent

And meeting ardours and exulting youth.

Sleep, wayward God! hath sworn while these remain,

With flatt'ring dreams to dry his nightly tear,

And chearful hope, so oft invoc'd in vain,

With fairy songs shall sooth his pensive ear.

If bound by vows to friendship's gentle side,

And fond of soul, thou hop'st an equal grace,

If youth or maid thy joys and griefs divide,

O much intreated leave this fatal place.

Sweet peace, who long hath shunn'd my plaintive day,

Consents at length to bring me short delight,

Thy careless steps may scare her doves away,

And grief with raven note usurp the night.



LONDON:

L O N D O N :
 O R, T H E
 P R O G R E S S O F C O M M E R C E .

B Y M R. G L O V E R .

YE northern blasts, and ^b Eurus, wont to sweep
 With rudest pinions o'er the furrow waves,
 Awhile suspend your violence, and waft
 From sandy ^c Weser and the broad-mouth'd Elb
 My freighted vessels to the destin'd shore,
 Safe o'er th' unruffled main; let ev'ry thought,
 Which may disquiet, and alarm my breast,
 Be absent now; that, dispossest of care,
 And free from every tumult of the mind,
 With each disturbing passion hush'd to peace,
 I may pour all my spirit on the theme,
 Which opens now before me, and demands
 The loftiest strain. The eagle, when he tow'rs
 Beyond the clouds, the fleecy robes of heaven,

^b The east wind.

^c Bremen is situated on the Weser, and Hamburgh on the Elb.

Disdains all objects but the golden sun,
 Full on th' effulgent orb directs his eye,
 And sails exulting through the blaze of day ;
 So, while her wing attempts the boldest flight,
 Rejecting each inferior theme of praise,
 Thee, ornament of Europe, Albion's pride,
 Fair seat of wealth and freedom, thee my muse
 Shall celebrate, O London : thee she hails.
 Thou lov'd abode of commerce, last retreat,
 Whence she contemplates with a tranquil mind
 Her various wandrings from the fated hour,
 That she abandon'd her maternal clime ;
 Neptunian commerce, whom Phœnicé bore,
 Illustrious nymph, that nam'd the fertile plains
 Along the sounding main extended far,
 Which flow'ry Carmel with its sweet perfumes,
 And with its cedars Libanus o'er shades :
 Her from the bottom of the watry world,
 As once she stood, in radiant beauties grac'd,
 To mark the heaving tide, the piercing eye
 Of Neptune view'd enamour'd : from the deep
 The God ascending rushes to the beach,
 And clasps th' affrighted virgin. From that day
 Soon as the paly regent of the night
 Nine times her monthly progress had renew'd
 Through heav'ns illumin'd vault, Phœnicé led
 By shame, once more the sea-worn margin sought :
 There pac'd with painful steps the barren sands,

A solitary mourner, and, the surge,
Which gently roll'd beside her, now no more
With placid eyes beholding, thus exclaim'd.

Ye fragrant shrubs, and cedar's lofty shade,
Which crown my native hills, ye spreading palms,
That rise majestic on these fruitful meads,
With you, who gave the lost Phœnicé birth,
And you, who bear th' endearing name of friends,
Once faithful partners of my chaster hours,
Farewel ! to thee, perfidious God, I come,
Bent down with pain and anguish on thy sands,
I come thy suppliant ; death is all, I crave ;
Bid thy devouring waves inwrap my head,
And to the bottom whelm my cares and shame !

She ceas'd, when sudden from th' inclosing deep
A crystal car emerg'd, with glitt'ring shells,
Cull'd from their oozy beds by Tethys' train,
And blushing coral deck'd, whose ruddy glow
Mix'd with the watry lustre of the pearl.
A smiling band of sea-born nymphs attend,
Who from the shore with gentle hands convey
The fear-subdu'd Phœnicé, and along
The lucid chariot place. As there with dread
All mute, and struggling with her painful throes
She lay, the winds by Neptune's high command
Were silent round her ; not a zephyr dar'd
To wanton o'er the cedar's branching top,
Nor on the plain the stately palm was seen

To wave its graceful verdure; o'er the main
 No undulation broke the smooth expanse,
 But all was hush'd and motionless around,
 All but the lightly-sliding car, impell'd
 Along the level azure by the strength
 Of active Tritons, rivalling in speed
 The rapid meteor, whose sulphurous train
 Glides o'er the brow of darkness, and appears
 The livid ruins of a falling star.

Beneath the Lybian skies a blissful isle,
 By ^e Triton's floods encircled, Nyfa lay.
 Here youthful nature wanton'd in delights,
 And here the guardians of the bounteous horn,
 While it was now the infancy of time,
 Nor yet th' uncultivated globe had learn'd
 To smile, ^f Eucarpé, ^g Dapfiléa dwelt,
 With all the nymphs, whose secret care had nurs'd
 The eldest Bacchus, From the flow'ry shore
 A turf-clad valley opens, and along
 Its verdure mild the willing feet allures;
 While on its sloping sides ascends the pride
 Of hoary groves, high-arching o'er the vale
 With day-rejecting gloom. The solemn shade
 Half round a spacious lawn at length expands,

^e Triton, a river and lake of ancient Lybia.

^f Fruitfulness.

^g Plenty.

^h Clos'd by a tow'ring cliff, whose forehead glows
 With azure, purple, and ten thousand dyes,
 From its resplendent fragments beaming round ;
 Nor less irradiate colours from beneath
 On ev'ry side an ample grot reflects,
 As down the perforated rock the sun
 Pours his meridian blaze ; rever'd abode
 Of Nyfa's nymphs, with ev'ry plant attir'd,
 That wears undying green, refresh'd with rills
 From ever-living fountains and enrich'd
 With all Pomona's bloom : unfading flow'rs
 Glow on the mead, and spicy shrubs perfume
 With inexhausted sweets the cooling gale,
 Which breathes incessant there ; while ev'ry bird
 Of tuneful note his gay or plaintive song
 Blends with the warble of meandering streams,
 Which o'er their pebbled channels murm'ring lave
 The fruit-invested hills, that rise around.
 The gentle Nereids to this calm recess
 Phœnicé bear ; nor Dapfiléa bland,
 Nor good Eucarpé, studious to obey
 Great Neptune's will, their hospitable care
 Refuse ; nor long Lucina is invok'd,
 Soon as the wondrous infant sprung to day,
 Earth rock'd around ; with all their nodding woods,

^h This whole description of the rock and grotto is taken from Diod.
 Siculus, lib. 3. pag. 202.

And streams reverting to their troubled source,
 The mountain shook, while Lybia's neighb'ring god,
 Mysterious Ammon from his hollow cell
 With deep-resounding accent thus to heav'n,
 To earth, and sea the mighty birth proclaim'd.

A new born pow'r behold ! whom fate hath call'd
 The gods' imperfect labour to complete,
 This wide creation. She in lonely sands
 Shall bid the tow'r-encircled city rise,
 The barren sea shall people, and the wilds
 Of dreary nature shall with plenty cloath ;
 She shall enlighten man's unletter'd race,
 And with endearing intercourse unite
 Remoteſt nations, ſcorch'd by fultry ſuns,
 Or freezing near the ſnow-encruſted pole :
 Where'er the joyous vine diſdains to grow,
 The fruitful olive, or the golden ear ;
 Her hand divine with interpoſing aid
 To ev'ry climate ſhall the gifts ſupply
 Of Ceres, Bacchus, and ⁱ the Athenian maid :
 The graces, joys, emoluments of life
 From her inexhauſtible bounty all ſhall flow.

The heav'nly prophet ceaſ'd. Olympus heard.
 Streight from their ſtar-beſpangled thrones deſcend
 On blooming Nyſa a celeftial band

ⁱ Minerva, the tutelary goddeſs of the Athenians, to whom ſhe gave the olive.

The ocean's lord to honour his in child ;
 When o'er his offspring smiling thus began
 The trident-ruler. Commerce be thy name:
 To thee I give the empire of the main.
 From where the morning breathes its eastern gale,
 To th' undiscover'd limits of the west,
 From chilling boreas to extremest south
 Thy fires obsequious billows shall extend
 Thy universal reign. Minerva next
 With wisdom blest'd her, Mercury with art,
 * The Lemnian god with industry, and last
 Majestic Phœbus' o'er the infant long
 In contemplation pausing, thus declar'd
 From his enraptur'd lip his matchless boon.

Thee with divine invention I endow,
 That secret wonder, goddess, to disclose,
 By which the wise, the virtuous, and the brave,
 The heav'n-taught poet, and exploring sage
 Shall pass recorded to the verge of time.

Her years of childhood now were number'd o'er,
 When to her mother's natal soil repair'd
 The new divinity, whose parting sleep
 Her sacred nurses follow'd, ever now
 To her alone inseparably join'd ;
 Then first deserting their Nyseian shore
 To spread their hoarded blessings round the world;

* Vulcan, the tutelary deity of Lemnos.

Who with them bore the inexhausted horn
 Of ever-smiling plenty. Thus adorn'd,
 Attended thus, great goddess, thou beganst
 Thy all-enlivening progress o'er the globe
 Then rude and joyless, destin'd to repair
 The various ills, which earliest ages ru'd
 From one, like thee, distinguish'd by the gifts
 Of heav'n, Pandora, whose pernicious hand
 From the dire vase releas'd th' imprison'd woes.

Thou gracious commerce, from his cheerless caves
 In horrid rocks, and solitary woods,
 The helpless wand'rer man forlorn and wild
 Didst charm to sweet society ; didst cast
 The deep foundations, where the future pride
 Of mightiest cities rose ; and o'er the main
 Before the wond'ring Nereids didst present
 The surge-dividing keel, and stately mast,
 Whose canvass wings, distending with the gale,
 The bold Phœnician through Alcides' straits
 To northern Albion's tin-embowel'd fields,
 And oft beneath the sea-obscuring brow
 Of cloud-envelop'd Teneriff convey'd.
 Next in sagacious thought th' ethereal plains
 Thou trodst, exploring each propitious star
 The danger-braving mariner to guide ;
 Then all the latent and mysterious pow'rs
 Of number didst unravel ; last to crown
 Thy bounties, goddess, thy unrival'd toils

For man, still urging thy inventive mind,
 Thou gav'st him ¹ letters ; there imparting all,
 Which lifts th' ennobled spirit near to heav'n,
 Laws, learning, wisdom, nature's works reveal'd
 By godlike fages, all Minerva's arts,
 Apollo's music, and th' eternal voice
 Of virtue founding from th' historic roll,
 The philosophic page, and poet's song.

Now solitude and silence from the shores
 Retreat on pathless mountains to reside,
 Barbarity is polish'd, infant arts
 Bloom in the desert, and benignant peace
 With hospitality begin to sooth
 Unsocial rapine, and the thirst of blood ;
 As, from his tumid urn when Nilus spreads
 His genial tides abroad, the favour'd soil,
 That joins his fruitful border, first imbibes
 The kindly stream ; anon the bounteous god
 His waves extends, embracing Ægypt round,
 Dwells on the teeming champain, and endows
 The sleeping grain with vigour to attire
 In one bright harvest all the Pharian plains :
 Thus, when Pygmalion from Phœnician Tyre
 Had banish'd freedom, with disdainful steps
 Indignant commerce, turning from the walls,

¹ Here the opinion of Sir Isaac Newton is follow'd, that letters were first invented amongst the trading parts of the world.

Herself had rais'd, her welcome sway enlarg'd
 Among the nations, spreading round the globe
 The fruits of all its climes ; ^m Cecropian oil,
 The Thracian vintage, and Panchaïan gums,
 Arabia's spices, and the golden grain,
 Which old Ofiris to his Ægypt gave,
 And Ceres to ⁿ Sicania. Thou didst raise
 Th' Ionian name, O commerce, thou the domes
 Of sumptuous Corinth, and the ample round
 Of Syracuse didst people.—All the wealth
 Now thou assemblest from Iberia's mines,
 And golden-channel'd Tagus, all the spoils
 From fair ^o Trinacria wasted, all the pow'rs
 Of conquer'd Afric's tributary realms
 To fix thy empire on the Lybian verge,
 Thy native tract ; the nymphs of Nyfa hail
 Thy glad return, and echoing joy resounds
 O'er Triton's sacred waters, but in vain :
 The irreverfible decrees of heav'n
 To far more northern regions had ordain'd
 Thy laſting feat ; in vain th' imperial port
 Receives the gather'd riches of the world ;
 In vain whole climates bow beneath its rule ;

^m Athenian. Athens was call'd Cecropia from Cecrops its firſt king.

ⁿ Sicily.

^o Another name of Sicily, which was frequently ravag'd by the Carthaginians.

Behold the toil of centuries to Rome
 Its glories yields, and mould'ring leaves no trace
 Of its deep-rooted greatness ; thou with tears
 From thy extinguish'd Carthage didst retire,
 And these thy perish'd honours long deplore.
 What though rich ^p Gades, what though polish'd Rhodes,
 With Alexandria, Ægypt's splendid mart,
 The learn'd ^q Massylians, and ^r Ligurian tow'rs,
 What though the potent Hanseatic league,
 And Venice, mistress of the Grecian isles,
 With all th' Ægean floods, awhile might sooth
 The sad remembrance ; what though, led through climes
 And seas unknown, with thee th' advent'rous sons
 Of ^s Tagus pass'd the stormy cape, which braves
 The huge Atlantic ; what though Antwerp grew
 Beneath thy smiles, and thou propitious there
 Didst show'r thy blessings with unsparing hands :
 Still on thy grief-indented heart impress'd
 The great Amilcar's valour, still the deeds
 Of Asdrubal and Mago, still the loss
 Of thy unequal Annibal remain'd :
 Till from the sandy mouths of echoing Rhine,

^p Cadiz.

^q Marseilles, a Grecian colony, the most civilized, as well as the greatest trading city of antient Gaul.

^r Genoa.

^s The Portuguese discover'd the cape of Good Hope in 1487.

And founding margin of the Scheld and Maese,
 With sudden roar the angry voice of war
 Alarm'd thy languor ; wonder turn'd thy eye,
 Lo ! in bright arms a bold militia stood,
 Arrang'd for battle : from afar thou saw'st
 The snowy ridge of Apennine, the fields
 Of wild Calabria, and Pyrene's hills,
 The Guadiana, and the Duro's banks,
 And rapid Ebro gath'ring all their pow'rs
 To crush this daring populace. The pride
 Of fiercest kings with more inflam'd revenge
 Ne'er menac'd freedom ; nor since dauntless Greece,
 And Rome's stern offspring none hath e'er surpass'd
 The bold † Batavian in his glorious toil
 For liberty or death. At once the thought
 Of long-lamented Carthage flies thy breast,
 And ardent, goddess, thou dost speed to save
 The gen'rous people. Not the vernal show'rs,
 Distilling copious from the morning clouds,
 Descend more kindly on the tender flow'r,
 New-born and op'ning on the lap of spring,
 Than on this rising state thy cheering smile,
 And animating presence ; while on Spain,
 Prophetic thus, thy indignation broke.

Infatiate race ! the shame of polish'd lands !
 Disgrace of Europe ! for inhuman deeds

† The Dutch.

And insolent renown'd ! what demon led
 Thee first to plough the undiscover'd furge,
 Which lav'd an hidden world ? whose malice taught
 Thee first to taint with rapine, and with rage,
 With more than savage thirst of blood the arts,
 By me for gentlest intercourse ordain'd,
 For mutual aids, and hospitable ties
 From shore to shore ? or, that pernicious hour,
 Was heav'n disgusted with its wond'rous works,
 That to thy fell exterminating hand
 Th' immense Peruvian empire it resign'd,
 And all, which lordly ^u Montezuma sway'd ?
 And com'st thou, strengthen'd with the shining stores
 Of that gold-teeming hemisphere, to waste
 The smiling fields of Europe, and extend
 Thy bloody shackles o'er these happy seats
 Of liberty ? Presumptuous nation, learn,
 From this dire period shall thy glories fade,
 Thy slaughter'd youth shall fatten Belgium's sands,
 And victory against her Albion's cliffs
 Shall see the blood-empurpled ocean dash
 Thy welt'ring hosts, and stain the chalky shore :
 Ev'n those, whom now thy impious pride would bind
 In servile chains, hereafter shall support
 Thy weaken'd throne ; when heav'n's afflicting hand
 Of all thy pow'r despoils thee, when alone

^u Montezuma emperor of Mexico.

Of all, which e'er hath signaliz'd thy name,
Thy insolence and cruelty remain.

Thus with her clouded visage, wrapt in frowns,
The goddess threaten'd, and the daring train
Of her untam'd militia, torn with wounds,
Despising fortune, from repeated foils
More fierce, and braving famine's keenest rage,
At length through deluges of blood she led
To envied greatness; ev'n while clam'rous Mars
With loudest clangor bade his trumpet shake
The Belgian champain, she their standard rear'd
On tributary Java, and the shores
Of huge Borneo; thou, Sumatra, heard'st
Her naval thunder, Ceylon's trembling sons
Their fragrant stores of cinnamon resign'd,
And odour-breathing Ternate and Tidore
Their spicy groves: and O whatever coast
The Belgians trace, where'er their pow'r is spread,
To hoary Zembla, or to Indian furs,
Still thither be extended thy renown,
O William, pride of Orange, and ador'd
Thy virtues, which disdaining life, or wealth,
Or empire, whether in thy dawn of youth,
Thy glorious noon of manhood, or the night,
* The fatal night of death, no other care

* He was assassinated at Delf. His dying words were, Lord have mercy upon this people. See Grot. de Bell. Belg.

Besides the public own'd : and dear to fame
 Be thou, harmonious ^y Douza ; ev'ry muse
 Your laurel strow around his hero's urn,
 Whom fond Minerva grac'd with all her arts,
 Alike in letters and in arms to shine,
 A dauntless warrior, and a learned bard.
 Him Spain's surrounding host for slaughter mark'd,
 With massacre yet reeking from the streets
 Of blood-stain'd Harlem ; he on Leyden's tow'rs
 With famine his companion, wan, subdu'd
 In outward form, with patient virtue stood
 Superior to despair ; the heav'nly nine
 His suff'ring soul with great examples cheer'd
 Of memorable bards, by Mars adorn'd
 With wreaths of fame, ^z Oeagrus tuneful son,
 Who with melodious praise to noblest deeds
 Charm'd the Iölchian heroes, and himself
 Their danger shar'd, ^a Tyrtæus, who reviv'd
 With animating verse the Spartan hopes,

^y Janus Douza, a famous poet, and the most learned man of his time.
 He commanded in Leyden when it was so obstinately besieged by the Spaniards in 1570. See Meursii Athen. Bat.

^z Orpheus, one of the Argonauts, who set sail from Iölcos, a town in Thessalia.

^a When the Spartans were greatly distressed in the Messenian war, they applied to the Athenians for a general, who sent them the poet Tyrtæus.

Brave

Brave ^b Æschylus and ^c Sophocles, around,
 Whose sacred brows the tragic ivy twin'd,
 Mix'd with the warrior's laurel; all surpass'd
 By Douza's valour: and the gen'rous toil,
 His and his country's labours soon receiv'd
 Their high reward, when fav'ring commerce rais'd
 Th' invincible Batavians, till, rever'd
 Among the mightiest, on the brightest roll
 Of fame they shone, by splended wealth and pow'r
 Grac'd and supported; thus a genial soil
 Diffusing vigour through the infant oak,
 Affords it strength to flourish, till at last
 Its lofty head, in verdant honours clad,
 It rears amidst the proudest of the grove.

Yet here th' eternal fates thy last retreat
 Deny, a mightier nation they prepare
 For thy reception, sufferers alike
 By th' unremitted insolence of pow'r
 From reign to reign, nor less than Belgium known
 For bold contention oft on crimson fields,
 In free-tongu'd senates oft with nervous laws
 To circumscribe, or conqu'ring to depose
 Their sceptred tyrants: Albion sea embrac'd,

^b Æschylus, one of the most ancient tragic poets, who signalized himself in the battles of Marathon and Salamis.

^c Sophocles commanded his countrymen, the Athenians, in several expeditions.

The joy of freedom, dread of treach'rous kings,
 The destin'd mistress of the subject main,
 And arbitress of Europe, now demands
 Thy presence, goddess. It was now the time,
 Ere yet perfidious Cromwel dar'd profane
 The sacred senate, and with impious feet
 Tread on the pow'rs of magistrates and laws,
 While ev'ry arm was chill'd with cold amaze,
 Nor one in all that dauntless train was found
 To pierce the ruffian's heart; and now thy name
 Was heard in thunder through th' affrighted shores
 Of pale Iberia, of submissive Gaul,
 And Tagus, trembling to his utmost source,
 O ever faithful, vigilant, and brave,
 Thou bold assertor of Britannia's fame,
 Unconquerable Blake : propitious heav'n
 At this great æra, and ^d the sage decree
 Of Albion's senate, perfecting at once,
 What by ^e Eliza was so well begun,
 So deeply founded, to this favour'd shore
 The goddess drew, where grateful she bestow'd
 Th' unbounded empire of her father's floods,
 And chose thee, London, for her chief abode,
 Pleas'd with the silver Thames, its gentle stream,

^d The act of navigation.

^e Queen Elizabeth was the first of our princes, who gave any considerable encouragement to trade.

And smiling banks, its joy-diffusing hills,
 Which clad with splendour, and with beauty grac'd,
 O'erlook his lucid bosom ; pleas'd with thee,
 Thou nurse of arts, and thy industrious race ;
 Pleas'd with their candid manners, with their free
 Sagacious converse, to enquiry led,
 And zeal for knowledge ; hence the opening mind
 Relinquish its errors, and unseals the eye
 Of blind opinion ; merit hence is heard
 Amidst its blushes, dawning arts arise,
 The gloomy clouds, which ignorance or fear
 Spread o'er the paths of virtue, are dispell'd,
 Servility retires, and ev'ry heart
 With public cares is warm'd ; thy merchants hence,
 Illustrious city, thou dost raise to fame :
 How many names of glory may'st thou trace
 From earliest annals down to Bernard's times !
 And, O ! if like that eloquence divine,
 Which forth for commerce, for Britannia's rights,
 And her insulted majesty he pour'd,
 These humble measures flow'd, then too thy walls
 Might undisgrac'd resound thy poet's name,
 Who now all fearful to thy praise attunes
 His lyre, and pays his grateful song to thee,
 Thy votary, O commerce ! gracious pow'r !
 Continue still to hear my vows, and bless
 My honourable industry which courts
 No other smile but thine ; for thou alone
 Can'st wealth bestow with independance crown'd :

Nor yet exclude contemplative repose,
 But to my dwelling grant the solemn calm
 Of learned leisure, never to reject
 The visitation of the tuneful maids,
 Who seldom deign to leave their sacred haunts,
 And grace a mortal mansion; thou divide
 With them my labours; pleasure I resign,
 And, all devoted to my midnight lamp,
 Ev'n now, when Albion o'er the foaming breast
 Of groaning Tethys spreads its threat'ning fleets,
 I grasp the sounding shell, prepar'd to sing
 That hero's valour, who shall best confound
 His injur'd country's foes: ev'n now I feel
 Celestial fires descending on my breast,
 Which prompt thy daring suppliant to explore,
 Why, though deriv'd from Neptune, though rever'd
 Among the nations, by the gods endow'd,
 Thou never yet from eldest times hast found
 One permanent abode, from clime to clime hast borne
 Thy wand'ring steps, why London late hath seen
 (Thy lov'd, thy last retreat) desponding care
 O'ercloud thy brow: O listen, while the muse,
 Th' immortal progeny of Jove, unfolds
 The fatal cause. What time in Nyssa's cave
 Th' ethereal train in honour to thy fire
 Show'r'd on thy birth their blended gifts, the pow'r
 Of war was absent; hence, unblest'd by Mars,
 Thy sons relinquish'd arms, on other arts

Intent,

Intent, and still to mercenary hands
 The sword entrusting, vainly deem'd, that wealth
 Could purchase lasting safety, and protect
 Unwarlike freedom; hence the Alps in vain
 Were pass'd, their long impenetrable snows
 And dreary torrents; swoln with Roman dead,
 Astonish'd 'f Trebia overflow'd its banks
 In vain, and deep-dy'd Trasimènus roll'd
 Its crimson waters; Cannæ's signal day
 The fame alone of great Amilcar's son
 Enlarg'd, while still undisciplin'd, dismay'd,
 Her head commercial Carthage bow'd at last
 To military Rome: th' unalter'd will
 Of heav'n in ev'ry climate hath ordain'd,
 And ev'ry age, that empire shall attend
 The sword, and steel shall ever conquer gold.
 Then from thy suff'rings learn; th' auspicious hour
 Now smiles; our wary magistrates have arm'd
 Our hands, thou, goddess, animate our breasts
 To cast inglorious indolence aside,
 That once again, in bright battalions rang'd,
 Our thousands and ten thousands may be seen
 Their country's only rampart, and the dread
 Of wild ambition. Mark the Sweedish hind:
 He, on his native soil should danger lour,

'f Trebia, Trasimènus lacus, and Cannæ, famous for the victories
 gained by Annibal over the Romans.

Soon from the entrails of the dusky mine
 Would rise to arms ; and other fields and chiefs
 With ^g Helsingburg and Steinboch soon would share
 The admiration of the northern world :
 Helvetia's hills behold, th' aerial feat
 Of long-supported liberty, who thence,
 Securely resting on her faithful shield
 The warrior's corselet on her flaming breast,
 Looks down with scorn on spacious realms, which groan
 In servitude around her, and, her sword
 With dauntless skill high-brandishing, defies
 The Austrian eagle, and imperious Gaul :
 And O could those ill-fated shades arise,
 Whose valiant ranks along th' ensanguin'd dust
 Of ^h Newbury lay crouded, they could tell,

^g Helsingburg, a small town in Schonen, celebrated for the victory, which Count Steinboch gain'd over the Danes with an army, for the most part composed of Sweedish peasants, who had never seen an enemy before ; it is remarkable, that the defeated troops were as compleat a body of regular forces as any in Europe.

^h The London train'd bands, and auxiliary regiments (of whose inexperience of danger, or any kind of service, beyond the easy practice of their postures in the artillery ground, had till then too cheap an estimation) behaved themselves to wonder ; and were, in truth, the preservation of that army that day. For they stood as a bulwark and rampire to defend the rest ; and when their wings of horse were scattered and dispersed, kept their ground so steadily, that though prince Rupert himself led up the choice horse to charge them, and endured the storm of small shot, he could make no impression on their stand of pikes ; but was forced to wheel about. Clarend. book 7. pag. 347.

How

How their long-matchless cavalry, so oft
 O'er hills of slain by ardent Rupert led,
 Whose dreaded standard victory had wav'd,
 Till then triumphant, there with noblest blood
 From their gor'd squadrons dy'd the restive spear
 Of London's firm militia, and resign'd
 The well-disputed field; then, goddess, say,
 Shall we be now more timid, when behold,
 The black'ning storm now gathers round our heads,
 And England's angry genius sounds to arms?
 For thee, remember, is the banner spread,
 The naval tow'r to vindicate thy rights
 Will sweep the curling foam, the thund'ring bomb
 Will roar, and startle in the deepest grotts
 Old Nereus' daughters, with combustion stor'd
 For thee our dire volcano's of the main,
 Impregnated with horror, soon will pour
 Their flaming ruin round each hostile fleet;
 Thou then, great goddess, summon all thy pow'rs,
 Arm all thy sons, thy vassals, ev'ry heart
 In flame: and you, ye fear-disclaiming race,
 Ye mariners of Britain, chosen train
 Of liberty and commerce, now no more
 Secrete your gen'rous valour; hear the call
 Of injur'd Albion; to her foes present
 Those daring bosoms, which alike disdain
 The death-disploding cannon, and the rage
 Of warring tempests, mingling in their strife

The seas and clouds : though long, in silence hush'd,
 Hath slept the British thunder ; though the pride
 Of weak Iberia hath forgot the roar ;
 Soon shall her ancient terrors be recall'd,
 When your victorious shouts affright her shores :
 None now ignobly will your warmth restrain,
 • Nor hazard more indignant valour's curse,
 Their country's wrath, and time's eternal scorn ;
 Then bid the furies of Bellona wake,
 And silver-mantled peace with welcome steps
 Anon shall visit your triumphant isle.
 And that perpetual safety may possess
 Our joyous fields, thou, genius, who presid'st
 O'er this illustrious city, teach her sons
 To wield the noble instruments of war ;
 And let the great example soon extend
 Through ev'ry province, till Britannia sees
 Her docile millions fill the martial plain.
 Then, whatsoe'er our terrors now suggest
 Of desolation and th'invading sword,
 Though with his massy trident Neptune heav'd
 A new-born isthmus from the British deep,
 And to its parent continent rejoin'd
 Our chalky shore ; though Mahomet could league
 His pow'rful crescent with the hostile Gaul,
 And that new Cyrus of the conquer'd east,
 Who now in trembling vassalage unites
 The Ganges and Euphrates, could advance
 With his auxiliar host ; our warlike youth

With

With ⁱ equal numbers, and with keener zeal
 For children, parents, friends, for England fir'd,
 Her fertile glebe, her wealthy towns, her laws,
 Her liberty, her honour, should sustain
 The dreadful onset, and resistless break
 Th' immense array: thus ev'n the lightest thought
 E'er to invade Britannia's calm repose
 Must die the moment, that auspicious Mars
 Her sons shall bless with discipline and arms;
 That exil'd race, in superstition nurs'd,
 The servile pupils of tyrannic Rome,
 With distant gaze despairing shall behold
 The guarded splendors of Britannia's crown;
 Still from their abdicated sway estrang'd,
 With all th' attendance on despotic thrones,
 Priests, ignorance, and bonds; with watchful step
 Gigantic terror, striding round our coast,
 Shall shake his gorgon ægis, and the hearts
 Of proudest kings appal; to other shores
 Our angry fleets, when insolence and wrongs
 To arms awaken our vindictive pow'r,
 Shalt bear the hideous waste of ruthless war;
 But liberty, security, and fame
 Shall dwell for ever on our chosen plains.

ⁱ If the computation, which allots near two millions of fighting men to this kingdom, may be relied on; it is not easy to conceive, how the united force of the whole world could assemble together, and subsist in an enemy's country greater numbers, than they would find opposed to them here.

MODERN VIRTUE. A SATIRE.

Excutienda damus Præcordia — P E R S.

- “ **L**ET venal annals boast a Cæsar’s reign
“ When Rome’s great genius hug’d th’ imperial chain,
“ Freedom, gay goddess, glads our happier isle,
“ Peace smoothes her brow, as plenty decks her smile ;
“ In every son th’ inspirer lives confess’d,
“ And lights up all the patriot in his breast,
“ Breaths the same social warmth from soul to soul,
“ Till widening nature pants but for a whole.
“ Shines he in life’s meridian beam display’d,
“ Or gives his milder virtues to the shade ;
“ Glares the proud ribbon, nods the martial crest,
“ Or flaunt the tatters on his motly vest ?
“ The godlike Briton fills his every sphere
“ Without a frailty, and without a fear.
“ If rich : bright image of the eternal mind,
“ His opening bosom takes in all mankind ;
“ Where’er he comes, health triumphs o’er disease,
“ Hope glads despair, and anguish melts to ease.
“ Is knowledge his ? he lends his every art,
“ To rear the genius and to mould the heart ;

“ Fondly

" Fondly pursues with Boyle's auspicious blaze
 " Truth thro' her masques, and nature thro' her maze;
 " To heedless justice gives the well-poiz'd scale,
 " And raises commerce as he guides the sail.
 " Is pow'r his orb? he lives but to defend;
 " The statesman only dignifies the friend;
 " Disarms oppression, prunes ambition's wing,
 " And stifles faction e'er she darts her sting;
 " Enriches every coffer but his own,
 " And shields the cottage while he guards the throne;
 " Sees at his nod our plunder'd rights restor'd,
 " And Europe trembling when he grasps the sword.

Thus sung the muse when fancy vigorous ran,
 And warm'd the youth, e'er reason form'd the man;
 Life thro' opinion's false perspective seen,
 With mimic beauty glow'd in every scene;
 Dress'd in an angel's visionary form,
 Vice aim'd to please, and madness learn'd to charm:
 Rebellion soften'd into public love,
 And each enormous villain seem'd a Jove.
 Doubly deceiv'd, what Lelius could I find
 To chase the phantoms, or to free the mind?
 No Lelius came, no seraph lent his aid,
 No pitying genius whisper'd in the glade.

It chanc'd that virtue heard th' untutor'd lays,
 Still madly lisping with the voice of praise,
 She heard, as thro' the mall the goddess stray'd,
 When the gay world had peopled all the shade,

Mild as the softness of a vernal sky,
 Youth flush'd her cheek, while caution arm'd her eye;
 Half loose majestic flow'd her azure vest,
 A spotless ruby bled upon her breast.
 At every step kind nature felt her pow'r,
 Soft blew the zephyr, and soft sprung the flow'r;
 A brighter freshness hung on every green,
 And a new Eden stole upon the scene.

Awhile she paus'd, and with a frown survey'd
 The mingling swarm of tatters and brocade.
 When, as the goddess wav'd th' ethereal spear,
 Pride dropt her smile, and artifice her tear;
 Lust threw aside religion's borrow'd grace,
 A leering satyr gloated in her face;
 The prude, who fainted at the name of vice,
 Now hug'd the bottle, and now grasp'd the dice;
 While tortur'd with the town's obscener ail,
 A faint flood melting o'er a luscious tale.
 Here, the bribe glitter'd in a courtier's hand;
 There, the grave patriot bellow'd—for a wand;
 Full in his eye th' enchanting object hung,
 And dying freedom gasp'd upon his tongue.
 All who to Drury's deadly stews resort,
 Rob at the change, or plunder in the court,
 Strip'd of their masques in wild disorder rose,
 One with a halter, one without a nose;
 So odly mix'd, so excellently ill,
 Such motly spectres of Quevedo's hell;

They'd

They'd make a jesuite quit the absolving chair,
A brothel tremble, and a conclave stare.

So when, where Bedlam's air-dress'd vision's dwell,
Tom stalks a straw-crown'd monarch in his cell;
Just as he soars tremendous to a god,
And the wing'd thunder only waits his nod;
Shud'ring, he hears his keepers furly tone,
He hears, and horror wraps his tot'ring throne;
Crowns drop their lustre, scepters lose their awe,
Robes fly to rags, and empires sink to straw.

" Learn hence, fair virtue cry'd, mistaken youth,
" What various monsters wear the guise of truth.
" Deck'd with each grace, immortal merit shews
" The cheek that reddens, and the soul that glows;
" With heav'n's own image beaming in his eye,
" Man smiles a dagger, and he looks a lie."
She spoke, and lo! the long-misguided fire,
With every number, slept along the lyre.

Say then, my friend! whose virtues are my pride,
Whose candour sooths me, while thy precepts guide;
Thou whose quick eye has look'd thro' every age,
View'd every scene, and studied every sage;
Say, shall I praise th' escutcheon's proud record,
When a lost Brutus sinks into a lord?
With fulsome sing-song after shadows run,
And still mistake a meteor for a sun?
Shall I be silent, while from day to day
Bellville in bagnio's revels life away;

Flagitious

Flagitious drops the majesty of pow'r
 In the mad mitchiefs of the midnight hour ;
 No flatt'rer left to daub, no friend to aid,
 By strumpets plunder'd, and by wits betray'd ?

Rous'd at the thought, keen satire spurns her chain,
 Springs with new life, and pants in every vein,
 On vice impatient, wreaks her gath'ring rage,
 And bids the tyrant bleed thro' all the page.
 Broods she in purple o'er the venal bar,
 Struts in a gown, or blazes in a star ;
 My pen shall trace her out from slave to slave,
 Nor dares oblivion screen her in the grave.

Come then, ye self-curs'd atheists ! who degrade
 Truth to a sound, and scripture to a trade,
 Ye bearded sycophants ! who life supply
 With the warm sun-shine of a minion's eye :
 Ye French editions of a British fool ;
 Abroad a cypher and at home, a fool !
 Ye——

FRIEND.

Are you mad ? or have you lost all grace ?
 What, write a satire when you want a place !
 Hold, hold, for god's sake, e'er your friends bestow
 A few stout cords, and send you to Munro. *

Would you avoid the pedant's learned sneer ?
 Awe the pert fop ? or sooth a doctor's ear ?

* Physician to Bethlem hospital.

Heedless of all the phantom sisters play'd,
 From cloud-topt Pindus to the Latian shade,
 Pursue deep science thro' her mazy road,
 Hunt every page, and crawl from code to code;
 Where musty systems solid joy dispense,
 And wise Smiglecius fills the void of sense;
 Or proud some more important truths to learn,
 Dream o'er the labour'd glossaries of H—n:
 So you may live, approv'd, perhaps prefer'd,
 Your wisdom gravely measur'd by your beard.

But soft—Your aim's to civilize mankind,
 To wake each social virtue of the mind;
 To strip from vice the gay disguise of art,
 And bare the villain lurking in the heart;
 For this you grasp the falchion, spread the shield,
 A pigmy Quixot in the 'list'd field.

Time was, when satire delicately nice
 Cou'd rouse each virtue, and cou'd blast each vice;
 Truth learn'd to please from Æsop's fabling tongue,
 And Rome grew virtuous when her Ennius sung.
 Once lost to goodness, but now lost to shame,
 We court dishonour, as we laugh'd at fame;
 With the same raptures plunge in ev'ry crime,
 Tho' fifty Oldhams stab in ev'ry rhyme.

A native sin each vigorous Frenchman hails,
 Politely partial to his own Versailles.
 There, toujours gai, he loves a looser rein;
 His Mifs, la Contesse, and his wine Champagne.

Britain,

Britain, more generous, every vice provides,
 That Europe ripens, and that Asia hides.
 Th' enormous harvest to our ports consign'd,
 Loads every ship, and busies every wind.
 Soon a vast group of follies croud the shore,
 As soon they cloy.—Fly hence, and fetch us more,
 Quick spread th' impatient sail from pole to pole,
 Ye zephyrs, waft her! and ye oceans, roll!

Strike whom you please, and write whate'er you will,
 Harpax will cheat, and Phillis hide spadille,
 Hircus in brothels impotently toil,
 And Verres murder merit with a smile :
 Murder, secure of fame, for vulgar eyes
 Will still adore him, tho' the good despise ;
 At his rich coat and gorgeous chariot gaze,
 And lose at once th' assassin in the blaze.

E'en Young himself, distinguish'd, lov'd, carest,
 Mark'd by each eye, and hugg'd to every breast,
 Sees he among this vicious race of men
 One rascal mended when he grasps the pen ?
 Still at the levee swarms the vernal tribe,
 And still corruption longs for every bribe.

A U T H O R.

What then? If vice unblushing hears the sage,
 Shall reason struggle in the check of age?
 Shall truth shut up in complaisance her heart,
 Young lend a smile, and satire drop her dart?

No,

No, let the fiend like heads of Hydra grow,
 Rise as he strikes, and double from the blow;
 One honest drudge our Hercules has found,
 To fear the monster sprouting in the wound.

Come, come, my friend! throw off this rising frown,
 Nor curb my passions while you loose your own.
 Oft have you bid proud Thrafo mend his life,
 Who kick'd a sifter, and who starv'd a wife.
 Nay, insolently dar'd to tell her grace,
 That virtue made a goddess, not the face.

FRIEND.

When brisker spirits thro' the bosom roll,
 And life's mad tumult rushes on the soul;
 Each beardless Cato wings with awkward zeal,
 His little arrow e'er he learns to feel;
 Fierce as old Appius, apes th' insulting air,
 Th' uplifted eye-brow, and the lordly stare.
 So I—But now that age with smooth career
 Wafts cooler notions on my sixtieth year;
 Lost to each hope, each visionary joy,
 Poms that disturb, and vanities that cloy;
 Heedless what wit's cashier'd, what fool's carest,
 Who lives an hero, or who lives a jest,
 I view the world's romantic scene pass by,
 And stifle all my anger in a sigh.

While thus my days steal on the wing of time,
 Unstain'd by wit, and guiltless of a rhyme,

Unnumber'd

Unnumber'd ills the dreaded fat'rist wait,
 Stand fast, Olympus! and support him, Fate!
 See! frantic dulness panting for the war,
 Grasps the keen spear, and mounts th' imperial car,
 Shrill clarions found, attending furies yell,
 The length'ning echo howls thro' ev'ry cell;
 Rous'd by th' inspiring clang, each mighty son
 Congenial offspring of his fire, the Hun,
 Slides from his garret formidably gay,
 An human vulture darting on his prey.
 All they whose science loads th' incumber'd stall,
 Who wound the wainfcot, and who daub the wall,
 Luxurious rogues, that revel once a week
 On the rich feast of visto's and ox-cheek;
 From the soft lyric to the wretch who squalls
 The mint-born ballad at the end of Paul's,
 Around the flag in martial pomp appear,
 C—l in the van, and O—n in the rear.
 Th' impatient battle joins, and lo! at once
 The same wild phrenzy spreads from dunce to dunce,
 Fir'd with one soul, the shirtless legions run,
 One hurls a journal, and one darts a pun,
 In snip-snap prose vindictive lightnings play,
 And loud hoarse thunders rattle thro' the lay.
 Quick and more quick, the dire discordant din
 Rolls thro' each hall, and roars from inn to inn;
 Wakes the loud horrors of the wrangling school,
 Where Priscian bawls, and fool re-echoes fool.

But

But should you all the mighty mad defeat,
 Who howl in Bedlam, and who stun the fleet,
 See the pert critic tremble to engage,
 Wit blunt her sting, and envy drop her rage;
 Yet can poor innocence to mercy awe
 Those deadlier pests, the harpies of the law?
 Another P—n shields each worthless lord,
 Arms the dread scourge, and whets th' avenging sword,
 Where he, great genius! throws his letter'd eye,
 Truth stares a libel, honesty a lie,
 Young embryo treasons in each period shine,
 And fancy'd poisons kill thro' every line.
 He sure will curb you, tho' my precepts fail,
 No stoic bullies when he smells a jail,
 Conscious that wisdom mounts her throne too late,
 When doom'd to warble ethics thro' a grate.

A U T H O R.

Speak you of Claudius? let the minion rave,
 Say P—t's a fool, and Litt—n's a knave,
 Call wit a libel, and yet never see
 Swords in a brief, or poisons in a fee.
 But from my soul all scandal I detest,
 Truth forms my numbers, as she warms my breast,
 Learns me to triumph o'er a pimp's disdain,
 And bids me laugh, when Claudius threatens the chain.

What, shall I strive to dignify disgrace?
 And hail a patriot less'ning in a place?

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G

Rear

Rear the proud trophy on a soldier's grave,
 Who liv'd a coward, and why dy'd a slave?
 Shall I on vice's pageantry attend,
 Croud to her car, and at her altars bend?
 Rather, where Indian suns their rays unfold,
 And ripen half Potozi into gold,
 Let me beneath a Spaniard's insult pine,
 Crouch to the scourge, and drudge from mine to mine.

Yet is there one, my friend! who shines confest
 With all that heaven stamps upon the breast,
 Who nobly conscious of paternal fire,
 Feeds the bright blaze, and beams upon his fire.
 Mine be the task to swell from day to day
 Th' applauding pæan, and the loud huzza;
 To bid our sons with filial fondness warm,
 Eye every grace, and copy every charm;
 Explore his purpose, catch his God-like rage,
 And be the Maltons of another age.

My verse, you say, will certainly offend.
 Who? not the man whom virtue calls her friend.
 Virtue, like gold, of genuine worth possess'd,
 Shines out more radiant when she dares the test,
 Swords arm her bosom, racks her vigour raise,
 And all hell's fires but give her strength to blaze.
 Can truth then hurt her? wound her sacred ear?
 Wake the keen pang? or rouze th' impassion'd tear?
 'Tis true, the selfish mercenary train,
 Whom honours libel, and whom titles stain,

Struck with the face in satire's mirror shown,
 Perhaps may tremble, and perhaps may frown.
 Thanks to their rage, my days will happier flow,
 And my joys brighten when a knave's my foe.

Yet think not that the muse, to spleen resign'd,
 Aims monster-like to swallow up mankind,
 Bids her keen shafts with baleful vengeance fly,
 Taint the pure breeze, and poison half the sky,
 Or fond to spread destruction thro' the land,
 Exults with Nero as she lights the brand;
 With honest warmth she wishes to controul
 Each deadly weed that blossoms on the soul,
 That wildly vig'rous mocks at virtue's toil,
 That choaks the scion, and that robs the soil;
 But sadly conscious that just heav'n has made
 Each grace to border on its kindred shade;
 That in the gem some sullyng vein will run,
 And the disk darken while there shines a sun;
 The melting image gains upon her heart,
 And spite of justice half disarms the dart.

Oh! let me then in fable's empire rove,
 Where talks the forest, and where laughs the grove;
 Attend the goddess thro' her airy scene,
 Her pictures borrow, and her morals glean;
 From wolves and lions draw th' instructive tale,
 And hide the glare of reason in a veil.

Blest be the thought. Here guiltless of offence,
 Dispassion'd truth, may sneer you into sense;

On vicious men her whole artill'ry play,
 Sublimely grave, or whimsically gay ;
 Thro' the wide world in moral vision range,
 Glide thro' the court, and steal upon the change ;
 Lust's rampant empress keenly-ey'd pursue,
 Or op'ning in her paphos, or the stew.
 Lethargic justice on the bench assail,
 Edge the dull sword, and poise th' unequal scale :
 With Rablais' jest display th' officious knave,
 In life's mad vortex whirling to the grave ;
 Point at opinion's self-embroider'd vest,
 Folly's gay plume, and pride's enormous crest,
 Each frenzy mortify, each vice confound,
 And self-conviction only feel the wound.



A MONODY

A M O N O D Y

TO THE MEMORY OF

MRS. MARGARET WOFFINGTON.

*Flebilis indignos elegia solve capillos,**Ab ! nimis ex vero nunc tibi nomen erit. OVID.*

THERE fled the fair, that all beholders charm'd,
 Whose beauty fir'd us, and whose spirit warm'd !
 In that sad sigh th' unwilling breath retir'd ;
 The grace, the glory of our scene expir'd !
 And shall she die, the muse's rites unpaid,
 No grateful lays to deck her parting shade ?
 While on her bier the sister graces mourn,
 And weeping tragedy bedews her urn ?
 While comedy her chearful vein foregoes,
 And learns to melt with unaccustom'd woes ?

Accept (O once admir'd) these artless lays ;
 Accept this mite of tributary praise.
 Oh ! could I paint thee with a master's hand,
 And give thee all thy merits could demand ;
 These lines should glow with true poetic flame,
 Bright as thy eyes, and faultless as thy frame !

We mourn'd thy absence, from our scene retir'd,
 Each longing heart again thy charms desir'd.
 Yet still, alas ! we hop'd again to view
 Our wish, our pleasure, ev'ry joy in you !
 Again thy looks might grace the tragic rage ;
 Again thy spirit fill the comic stage.
 But lo ! disease hangs hov'ring o'er thy head ;
 Dire danger stalks around thy frightened bed !
 Those starry eyes have lost each beamy ray,
 And ghastly sickness makes the fair her prey !
 Death shuts the scene !—and all our hopes are o'er !
 Those beauties now must glad the fight no more !

Say ye, whose features youthful lustre bloom,
 Whose lips exhale Arabia's soft perfume,
 Must ev'ry gift in silent dust be lost,
 No more the wish of man, or female boast ?
 Ah me ! with time must ev'ry grace be fled !
 She, once the pride of all our stage, is dead !
 Clos'd are those eyes that ev'ry bosom fir'd ;
 Pale are those charms that ev'ry heart inspir'd !
 Where now the mien with majesty endu'd,
 Which oft surpriz'd a ravish'd audience view'd ?

What forms too oft the tragic scene disgrace ;
 What tasteless airs the comic scene deface ?
 Tho' tuneful Cypber still the muse sustains,
 By nature fram'd to pour the moving strains,
 Tho' from her eye each heart-felt passion breaks,
 And more than music warbles when she speaks ;

When

When shall we view again, like thine, conjoin'd,
 A form angelic and a piercing mind?
 Alike in ev'ry mimic scene to steer,
 The gay, the grave, the lively and severe.
 Thy judgment saw, thy taste each beauty caught,
 No senseless parrot of the poet's thought!
 Thy bosom well cou'd heave with fancy'd woe,
 And, from thy own, our tears were taught to flow.
 Whene'er we view'd the Roman's sullied fame,
 Thy beauty justify'd the hero's shame.
 What heart but then must Anthony approve,
 And own the world was nobly lost for love?
 What ears cou'd hear in vain thy cause implor'd,
 When soothing arts appeas'd thy angry lord?
 Each tender breast the rough Ventidius blam'd,
 And Egypt gain'd the sigh Octavia claim'd.
 Thy eloquence each hush'd attention drew,
 While love usurp'd the tears to virtue due.

See! Phœdra rise majestic o'er the scene,
 What raging pangs distract the hapless queen!
 How does thy sense the poet's thought refine,
 Beam thro' each word, and brighten ev'ry line!
 What nerve, what vigour glows in ev'ry part,
 While classic lays appear with classic art!

Who now can bid the proud Roxana rise,
 With love and anger sparkling in her eyes?
 Who now shall bid her breast in fury glow,
 With all the semblance of imperial woe?

While the big passion, raging in her veins,
Would hold the master of the world in chains :—
But Alexander now forsakes our coast :—
And, ah ! Roxana is for ever lost !

Nor less thy pow'r when rigid virtue fir'd
The chaster bard, and purer thoughts inspir'd :
What kneeling form appears with stedfast eyess,
Her bosom heaving with devotion's sighs !
'Tis she ! in thee we own the mournful scene,
The fair resemblance of a martyr¹ queen !
Here Guido's skill might mark thy speaking frame,
And catch from thee the painter's magic flame !

Blest in each art ! by nature form'd to please,
With beauty, sense, with elegance and ease !
Whose piercing genius study'd all mankind,
All Shakespear op'ning to thy vig'rous mind.
In ev'ry scene of comic humour known ;
In sprightly sallies wit was all thy own.
Whether you seem'd the cit's more humble wife ;
Or shone in Townley's higher sphere of life :
Alike thy spirit knew each turn of wit ;
And gave new force to all the poet writ.

Nor was thy worth to public scenes confin'd,
Thou knew'st the noblest feelings of the mind.
Thy ears were ever open to distress ;
Thy ready hand was ever stretch'd to bless.

¹ Lady Jane Grey, Act V.

Thy breast humane for each unhappy felt ;
 Thy heart for other's sorrows prone to melt.
 In vain did envy point her scorpion sting ;
 In vain did malice shake her blasting wing :
 Each gen'rous breast disdain'd th' unpleasing tale,
 And cast o'er ev'ry fault oblivion's veil :
 Confess'd, thro' ev'ry cloud, thy deeds to shine,
 And own'd the virtues of compassion thine !
 Saw mild benevolence her wand disclose,
 And touch thy heart at ev'ry suff'rer's woes :
 Saw meek-ey'd charity thy steps attend,
 And guide thy hand the wretched to befriend :
 Go, ask the breast that teems with mournful sighs,
 Who wip'd the sorrows from affliction's eyes :
 Go, ask the wretch, in want and sickness laid,
 Whose goodness brighten'd once misfortune's shade.

O ! snatch me hence to lone sequester'd scenes,
 To arching grottoes and embow'ring greens :
 Where scarce a ray can pierce the dusky shade,
 Where scarce a footstep marks the dewy glade :
 Where pale hu'd grief her secret dwelling keeps ;
 Where the chill blood with lazy horror creeps :
 Where awful silence spreads her noiseless wing ;
 And sorrow's harp may tune the dismal string.—
 Or rather lead my steps to distant plains,
 Where closing earth enfolds her last remains :
 What time the moon displays her silver beam,
 And groves and floods reflect the milder gleam :

When

When contemplation broods with thought profound,
And fairy visions haunt the sylvan ground.

Lo! fancy now, on airy pinions spread;
With scenes ideal hovers o'er my head.
I see! I see! more pleasing themes arise:
What mystic shadows flit before my eyes!
Imagination paints the sacred grove,
The place devote to poesy and love.
Here grateful poets hail the actors' name,
And pay the rightful tribute to their fame:
Around their tomb, in gen'rous sorrow, mourn,
And twine the laurels o'er the favour'd urn.

Methinks I view the last sepulchral frame,
That bears inscrib'd her much-lamented name.
See! to my view the drama's sons display'd:
What laurell'd phantoms croud the awful shade!
First of the choir immortal Shakespear stands,
Whose searching eye all nature's scene commands:
Bright in his look celestial spirit blooms,
And genius o'er him waves his eagle plumes!
Next tender Southern skill'd the soul to move;
And gentle Rowe, who tunes the breast to love.
The witty Congreve near with sprightly mien;
And easy Farquhar with his lighter scene.
A num'rous train of bards the shrine surround,
In tragic strains and comic lore renown'd.

See! on the tomb yon pensive form appear,
Heave the full sigh, and drop the frequent tear:

The

The garments loose her throbbing bosom show ;
 Dispers'd in air her careless tresses flow :
 Round her pale brows a myrtle wreath is spread,
 A gloomy cypress nods above her head.
 See ! while her hand a solemn lyre sustains,
 Her trembling fingers wake the languid strains :
 Soft to the touch the vocal strings reply,
 And tune the notes to answer ev'ry sigh.
 She, (child of grief!) at human mis'ry weeps ;
 At ev'ry death her dismal vigil keeps.
 But chief she mourns, when fate's relentless doom
 Gives wit and beauty victims to the tomb.
 Her lays their merits and their loss proclaim,
 (A mournful task !) and elegy her name !
 Now bending o'er the pile she vents her moan,
 And pours these sorrows o'er the senseless stone.

Ah ! lost, for ever lost ! the breath that warm'd,
 The wit that ravish'd, and the mien that charm'd !
 Here sleeps, beneath, the fairest of the fair,
 The graces' darling, and the muses' care !
 Who once could fix a thousand gazers' eyes,
 Now cold and lifeless unregarded lies !
 Who once the soul in bonds of love detain'd,
 Now lies, alas ! in stronger bonds restrain'd.
 Pale death has rifled all her pleasing store,
 And nature loaths a form so lov'd before !
 Is there a fair whose features point the dart,
 Charm the fix'd eye, and fascinate the heart ?

Behold

Behold what soon disarms the childish sting,
 And plucks the wanton plume from Cupid's wing!
 Then boast no longer wit's fallacious store;
 The sweets of sprightly converse boast no more:
 Those lips so fram'd to each persuasive art,
 No more shall touch the ear, and win the heart!
 Let beauty here her transient blessing weigh:
 Let humbled wit her pitying tribute pay:
 Let female grace vouchsafe the kindly tear:
 Wit, grace, and beauty, once were center'd here!
 Ye sacred bards, who tun'd the drama's lays,
 Here pay your incense of distinguish'd praise!
 She gave your scenes with ev'ry grace to shine:
 She gave new feeling to the nervous line:
 Her beauties well supply'd each tragic lore,
 And shew'd those charms your muse but feign'd before!
 Here round her shrine your votive wreaths bestow,
 Around her shrine eternal greens shall grow.
 The list'ning groves shall learn her name to sing,
 And zephyrs waft it on their downy wing;
 Till ev'ry shade these doleful sounds return,
 And ev'ry gale in fullen dirges mourn!

The mourner ends with sighs; her hand she rears
 And with her vesture dries the gushing tears.
 Behold each bard the soft contagion feels;
 From ev'ry eye the trickling sorrow steals.
 See! nature's son lament her hapless doom,
 See! Shakespear bending o'er his fav'rite's tomb.

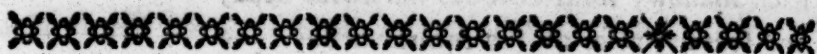
Each

Each shadowy form declines his awful head,
And scatters roses on the fun'ral bed.

In slow procession round the shrine they move,
And chant her praises thro' the tuneful grove.

Farewel the glory of a wondring age',
The second Oldfield of a sinking stage!
Farewel the boast and envy of thy kind,
A female softness, and a manly mind!
Long as the muses can record thy praise,
Thy fame shall last to far succeeding days:
While wit survives, thy name shall ever bloom,
And wreaths unfading flourish round thy tomb!

While thus I tune the plaintive notes in vain,
For her, whose worth demands a nobler strain;
Lo! to my thought some warning genius cries:
Attempt not, swain, beyond thy flight to rise,
Shall thy weak skill attempt to raise our woes,
Or paint a loss that ev'ry bosom knows?
'Tis not thy lays can teach us tears to shed;
What eye refrains?—for Woffington is dead!



OF BENEVOLENCE : AN EPISTLE TO EUMENES.

BY DR. ARMSTRONG.

KIND to my frailties still, Eumenes, hear;
Once more I try the patience of your ear.

Not oft I sing; the happier for the town,
So stun'd already they're quite stupid grown
With monthly, daily—charming things I own.

Happy for them, I seldom court the nine;

Another art, a serious art, is mine,
Of nauseous verses offer'd once a week,

You cannot say I did it, if you're sick.

'Twas ne'er my pride to shine by flashy fits

Amongst the Daily Advertiser wits.

Content if some few friends indulge my name,

So slightly am I stung with love of fame,

I would not scrawl one hundred idle lines—

Not for the praise of all the magazines.

Yet once a moon, perhaps, I steal a night;

And if our fire Apollo pleases, write.

You smile; but all the train the muse that follow,

Christians and dunces, still we quote Apollo.

Unhappy still our poets will rehearse

To Goths, that stare astonish'd at their verse;

To the rank tribes submit their virgin lays;
So gross, so bestial, is the lust of praise!

I to sound judges from the mob appeal,
And write to those who most my subject feel.
Eumenes, these dry moral lines I trust
With you, whom nought that's moral can disgust.
With you I venture, in plain home-spun sense,
What I imagine of benevolence.

Of all the monsters of the human kind,
What strikes you most is the low selfish mind.
You wonder how, without one liberal joy,
The steady miser can his years employ;
Without one friend, how'er his fortunes thrive,
Despis'd and hated, how he bears to live.
With honest warmth of heart, with some degree
Of pity that such wretched things should be,
You scorn the sordid knave—He grins at you,
And deems himself the wiser of the two.
'Tis all but taste, how'er we sift the case;
He has his joy, as every creature has.
'Tis true, he cannot boast an angel's share,
Yet has what happiness his organs bear.
Thou likewise mad'st the high seraphic soul,
Maker omnipotent! and thou the owl.
Heav'n form'd him too, and doubtless for some use;
But Crane-court knows not yet all nature's views.

'Tis chiefly taste, or blunt, or gross, or fine,
Makes life insipid, bestial, or divine.

Better

Better be born with taste to little rent,
 Than the dull monarch of a continent.
 Without this bounty which the gods bestow,
 Can fortune make one favourite happy?—no.
 As well might fortune in her frolic vein,
 Proclaim an oyster sovereign of the main.
 Without fine nerves, and bosom justly warm'd,
 An eye, an ear, a fancy to be charm'd,
 In vain majestic Wren expands the dome;
 Blank as pale Stucco Rubens lines the room;
 Lost are the raptures of bold Handel's strain;
 Great Tully storms, sweet Virgil sings in vain.
 The beauteous forms of nature are effac'd;
 Tempe's soft charms, the raging watry waste,
 Each greatly-wild, each sweet romantic scene
 Unheeded rises, and almost unseen.

Yet these are joys, with some of better clay,
 To sooth the toils of life's embarras'd way.
 These the fine frame with charming horrors chill,
 And give the nerves delightfully to thrill.
 But of all taste the noblest and the best,
 The first enjoyment of the generous breast,
 Is to behold in man's obnoxious state
 Scenes of content, and happy turns of fate.
 Fair views of nature, shining works of art,
 Amuse the fancy: but those touch the heart.
 Chiefly for this proud epic song delights,
 For this some riot on th' Arabian Nights.

Each case is ours : and for the human mind
 'Tis monstrous not to feel for all mankind.
 Were all mankind unhappy, who could taste
 Elysium ? or be solitarily blest ?
 Shock'd with surrounding shapes of human woe,
 All that or sense or fancy could bestow,
 You would reject with sick and coy disdain,
 And pant to see one chearful face again.

But if life's better prospects to behold
 So much delight the man of gen'rous mould ;
 How happy they, the great, the godlike few,
 Who daily cultivate this pleasing view !
 This is a joy possess'd by few indeed !
 Dame Fortune has so many fools to feed,
 She cannot oft afford, with all her store,
 To yield her smiles where nature smil'd before.
 To sinking worth a cordial hand to lend ;
 With better fortune to surprise a friend ;
 To cheer the modest stranger's lonely state ;
 Or snatch an orphan family from fate ;
 To do, possess'd with virtue's noblest fire,
 Such generous deeds as we with tears admire ;
 Deeds that, above ambition's vulgar aim,
 Secure an amiable, a solid fame :
 These are such joys as heaven's first favourites seize ;
 These please you now, and will for ever please.

Too seldom we great moral deeds admire ;
 The will, the power, th' occasion must conspire.

Yet few there are so impotent and low,
 But can some small good offices bestow.
 Small as they are, however cheap they come,
 They add still something to the gen'ral sum:
 And him who gives the little in his power,
 The world acquits; and heaven demands no more.

Unhappy he! who feels each neighbour's woe,
 Yet no relief, no comfort can bestow.
 Unhappy too, who feels each kind essay,
 And for great favours has but words to pay;
 Who, scornful of the flatterer's fawning art,
 Dreads even to pour his gratitude of heart;
 And with a distant lover's silent pain
 Must the best movements of his soul restrain.
 But men sagacious to explore mankind
 Trace even the coyest passions of the mind.

Not only to the good we owe good-will;
 In good and bad distress demands it still.
 This with the generous lays distinction low,
 Endears a friend, and recommends a foe.
 Not that resentment never ought to rise;
 For even excess of virtue ranks with vice:
 And there are villanies no bench can awe,
 That sport without the limits of the law.
 No laws th' ungenerous crime would reprehend
 Could I forget Eumenes was my friend:
 In vain the gibbet or the pillory claim
 The wretch who blasts a helpless virgin's fame.

Where

Where laws are dup'd, it's nor unjust nor mean
 To seize the proper time for honest spleen.
 An open candid foe I could not hate,
 Nor even insult the base in humbled state;
 But thriving malice tamely to forgive—
 'Tis somewhat late to be so primitive.

But I detain you with these tedious lays,
 Which few perhaps would read, and fewer praise.
 No matter: could I please the polish'd few
 Who taste the serious or the gay like you,
 The squeamish mob may find my verses bare
 Of every grace—but curse me if I care.
 Besides, I little court Parnassian fame;
 There's yet a better than a poet's name.
 'Twould more indulge my pride to hear it said
 That I with you the paths of honour tread,
 Than that amongst the proud poetick train
 No modern boasted a more classic vein,
 Or that in numbers I let loose my song,
 Smooth as the Thames, and as the Severn strong.



T H E C U R E O F S A U L.

A S A C R E D O D E.

B Y D R. B R O W N.

“ V E N G E A N C E, arise from thy infernal bed ;
“ And pour thy tempest on his guilty head !”

Thus heav’n’s decree, in thunder’s found,
Shook the dark abyfs profound.—

The unchain’d furies come !

Pale melancholy stalks from hell :

Th’ abortive offspring of her womb,

Despair and anguish round her yell.

By sleepless terror Saul possess’d,

Deep feels the fiend within his tortur’d breast.

Midnight spectres round him howl :

Before his eyes

In troops they rise ;

And seas of horror overwhelm his soul.

Haste ; to Jesse’s son repair :

He best can sweep the lyre,

Wake the solemn sounding air,

And lead the vocal choir :

On ev'ry string soft-breathing raptures dwell,
 To sooth the throbbings of the troubled breast;
 Whose magic voice can bid the tides of passion swell,
 Or lull the raging storm to rest.

Sunk on his couch, and loathing day,
 The heav'n-forfaken monarch lay:
 To the sad couch the shepherd now drew near;
 And, while th' obedient choir stood round,
 Prepar'd to catch the soul-commanding sound,
 He drop'd a gen'rous tear.—
 Thy pitying aid, O God, impart!
 For lo, thy poison'd arrows drink his heart!

The mighty song from chaos rose.—
 Around his throne the formless atoms sleep,
 And drowzy darkness broods upon the deep.—
 Confusion, wake!

Bid the realms of chaos shake!
 Rouse him from his dread repose!—
 Hark! loud discord breaks her chain:
 The hostile atoms clash with deaf'ning roar:
 Her hoarse voice thunders through the drear domain;
 And kindles ev'ry element to war.—

“ Tumult cease!

“ Sink to peace!

“ Let there be light!”—Th' Almighty said:
 And lo, the radiant sun,
 Flaming from his orient bed,
 His endless course begun.

See, the twinkling Pleiads rise :
Thy star, Orion, reddens in the skies :
While slow around the northern plain,
Arcturus wheels his nightly wane.

Thy glories, too, refulgent moon, he sung ;
Thy mystic mazes, and thy changeful ray :
O fairest of the starry throng !
Thy solemn orb of light
Guides the triumphant carr of night
O'er silver clouds, and sheds a softer day !

Ye planets, and each circling constellation,
In songs harmonious tell your generation !
Oh, while yon radiant seraph turns the spheres,
And on the stedfast pole-star stands sublime ;
Wheel your rounds
To heav'nly sounds ;
And sooth his song-inchanted ears,
With your celestial chime.

In dumb surprize the list'ning monarch lay ;
(His woe suspended by sweet music's sway ;)
And awe-struck, with uplifted eye
Mus'd on the new-born wonders of the sky.

Lead the soothing verse along :
He feels, he feels the pow'r of song.—
Ocean hastens to his bed :
The lab'ring mountain rears his rock-encumber'd head :

Down

Down his steep and shaggy side
 The torrent rolls his thund'ring tide ;
 Then smooth and clear, along the fertile plain
 Winds his majestic waters to the distant main.

Flocks and herds the hills adorn :
 The lark, high-soaring, hails the morn.
 And while along yon-crimson-clouded steep
 The slow sun steals into the golden deep,
 Hark ! the solemn nightingale
 Warbles to the woodland dale.

See, descending angels show'r
 Heav'n's own bliss on Eden's bow'r :
 Peace on nature's lap reposes ;
 Pleasure strews her guiltless roses :
 Joys divine in circles move,
 Link'd with innocence and love.

Hail, happy love, with innocence combin'd !
 All hail, ye sinless parents of mankind !

They paus'd :—the monarch, prostrate on his bed,
 Submissive bow'd his head ;
 Ador'd the works of boundless pow'r divine :
 Then, anguish-struck, he cry'd (and smote his breast)
 Why, why is peace the welcome guest
 Of ev'ry heart but mine !

Now let the solemn numbers flow,
 Till he feel that guilt is woe.

Heav'nly harp, in mournful strain
 O'er yon weeping bow'r complain :
 What sounds of bitter pangs I hear !
 What lamentations wound mine ear !
 In vain, devoted pair, these tears ye shed :
 Peace with innocence is fled.
 The messengers of grace depart :
 Death glares, and shakes the dreadful dart !
 Ah, whither fly ye, by yourselves abhor'd,
 To shun that frowning cherub's fiery sword ?—
 Lo !
 Hapless, hapless pair,
 Goaded by despair,
 Forlorn, thro' desert climes they go !
 Wake, my lyre ! can pity sleep,
 When heav'n is mov'd, and angels weep !
 Flow, ye melting numbers, flow ;
 Till he feel, that guilt is woe.—

The king, with pride, and shame, and anguish, torn,
 Shot fury from his eyes, and scorn.
 The glowing youth,
 Bold in truth,
 (So still should virtue guilty pow'r engage)
 With brow undaunted met his rage.
 See, his cheek kindles into gen'rous fire :
 Stern, he bends him o'er his lyre ;
 And, while the doom of guilt he sings,
 Shakes horror from the tortur'd strings.

What

What sounds of terror and distress

Rend yon howling wilderness!

The dreadful thunders sound;

The forked lightnings flash along the ground.

Why yawns that deep'ning gulph below?—

'Tis for heav'n's rebellious foe:—

Fly, ye sons of Israel, fly,

Who dwells in Korah's guilty tents must die!—

They sink!—Have mercy, Lord!—Their cries

In dreadful tumult rise!

Hark, from the deep their loud laments I hear!

They lessen now, and lessen on the ear!

Now, destruction's strife is o'er!

The countless host

For ever lost!

The gulph is clos'd!—Their cries are heard no more!—

But oh, my lyre, what accents can relate

Sinful man's appointed fate!

He comes, he comes! th' avenging God!

Clouds and darkness round him rowl:

Tremble, earth! Ye mountains, nod!

He bows the skies, and shakes the pole.

The gloomy banners of his wrath unfurl'd,

He calls the floods, to drown a guilty world:

“ Ruin, lift thy baleful head;

“ Rouze the guilty world from sleep:

“ Lead up thy billows from their cavern'd bed,

“ And burst the rocks that chain thee in the deep.—

Now,

Now, th' impetuous torrents rise ;
 The hoarse-ascending deluge roars :
 Down rush the cataracts from the skies ;
 The swelling waves o'erwhelm the shores.

Just, O God, is thy decree !

Shall guilty man contend with thee !

Lo, hate and envy, sea-intomb'd,

And rage with lust in ruin sleep ;

And scoffing luxury is doom'd

To glut the vast and rav'nous deep !—

In vain from fate th' astonish'd remnant flies :—

“ Shrink, ye rocks ! Ye oceans, rise ! ”—

The tott'ring cliffs no more the floods controul ;

Sea following sea ingulphs the ball :

O'er the sunk hills the watry mountains roll,

And wide destruction swallows all !—

Now fiercer let th' impassion'd numbers glow :

Swell the song, ye mighty choir !

Wing your dreadful darts with fire !

Hear me, monarch !—Guilt is woe !—

Thus while the frowning shepherd pour'd along

The deep impetuous torrent of his song ;

Saul, stung by dire despair,

Gnash'd his teeth, and tore his hair :

From his blood, by horror chill'd,

A cold and agonizing sweat distill'd :

Then, foaming with unutterable smart,

He aim'd a dagger at his heart.

His watchful train prevent the blow ;

And call each lenient balm, to sooth his frantic woe :

But

But pleas'd, the shepherd now beheld
 His pride by heav'n's own terrors quell'd:
 Then bade his potent lyre controul
 The mighty storm that rent his soul.

Cease your cares : the body's pain
 A sweet relief may find :

But gums and lenient balms are vain,
 To heal the wounded mind.

Come, fair repentance, from the skies,
 O fainted maid, with upcast eyes !
 Descend in thy celestial shroud,
 Vested in a weeping cloud !
 Holy guide, descend, and bring
 Mercy from th' eternal king !
 To his soul your beams impart,
 And whisper comfort to his heart !—

They come : O king, thine ear incline :
 Listen to their voice divine :
 Their voice shall ev'ry pang compose,
 To gentle sorrow sooth thy woes ;
 Till each pure wish to heav'n shall soar,
 And peace return, to part no more !

Behold, obedient to their great command,
 The lifted dagger quits his trembling hand :
 Smooth'd is his brow, where fullen care
 And furrow'd horror couch'd with fell despair :

No

No more his eyes with fury glow;
 But heav'nly grief succeeds to hell-born woe.—
 See, the signs of grace appear;
 See the soft relenting tear,
 Trickling at sweet mercy's call!
 Catch it, angels, ere it fall!
 And let the heart-sent offering rise,
 Heav'n's best-accepted sacrifice!—

Yet, yet again?—Ah see, the pang returns!
 Again with inward fire his heaving bosom burns!
 Now, shepherd, wake a mightier strain;
 Search the deep, heart-rending pain;
 Till the large floods of sorrow roll,
 And quench the tortures of his soul.
 Almighty Lord, accept his pang sincere!
 Let heav'nly hope dispel each dark temptation!
 And, while he pours the penitential tear,
 O visit him with thy salvation!—

Stoop from heav'n, ye raptur'd throng;
 Sink, ye swelling tides of song!
 For lo! dissolv'd by music's melting pow'r,
 Celestial sorrow rolls her plenteous show'r,
 O'er his wan cheek the colours rise;
 And beams of comfort brighten in his eyes.
 Happy king, thy woes are o'er!
 Thy God shall wound thy soul no more:
 The pitying Father of mankind
 Meets the pure-returning mind.

Now lowly let the rustic measure glide,
 To quell the dark remains of self-consuming pride;
 Till nature's home-sprung blessings he confess,
 And own that calm content is happiness.—
 Ye woods and lakes, ye cliffs and mountains!
 Haunted grots, and living fountains!

Listen to your shepherd's lay,
 Whose artless carols close the day.
 Bounding kids around him throng;
 The steep rock echoes back his song:
 While all unseen to mortal eye,
 Sliding down the evening sky,
 Holy peace, tho' born above,
 Daughter of innocence and love,
 Quits her throne and mansion bright,
 Her crown of stars, and robe of light,
 Serene, in gentle smiles array'd,
 To dwell beneath his palm-tree shade.
 Hail, meek angel! awful guest!
 Still pour thy radiance o'er my breast!
 Pride and hate in courts may shine:
 The shepherd's calm and blameless tent is thine!—

Softly, softly breath your numbers;
 And wrap his weary'd soul in slumbers!
 Gentle sleep, becalm his breast,
 And close his eyes in healing rest!

Descend

Descend, celestial visions, ye who wait,
 God's ministr'ring pow'rs, at heav'n's eternal gate!

Ye, who nightly vigils keep,
 And rule the silent realms of sleep,
 Exalt the just to joys refin'd,
 And plunge in woe the guilty mind,
 Descend!—Oh, waft him to the skies,
 And open all heav'n's glories to his eyes!

Beyond yon starry roof, by seraphs trod,
 Where light's unclouded fountains blaze;
 Where choirs immortal hymn their God,
 Intranc'd in extasy of ceaseless praise.

Angels, heal his anguish!
 Your harps and voices join!
 His grief to bliss shall languish,
 When sooth'd by sounds divine.

Behold, with dawning joy each feature glows!

See, the blissful tear o'erflows!—

The fiend is fled!—Let music's rapture rise:

Now harmony, thy ev'ry nerve employ:

Shake the dome, and pierce the skies:

Wake him, wake him into joy.—

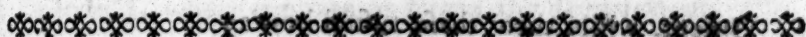
What pow'r can ev'ry passion's throe controul?

What pow'r can boast the charm divine,

To still the tempest of the soul?

Celestial harmony, that mighty charm is thine!

She, heav'nly-born, came down to visit earth,
 When from God's eternal throne
 The beam of all-creative wisdom shone,
 And spake fair order into birth.
 At wisdom's call she robed yon glitt'ring skies,
 Attun'd the spheres, and taught consenting orbs to rise,
 Angels wrapt in wonder stood,
 And saw that all was fair, and all was good.
 'Twas then, ye sons of God, in bright array
 Ye shouted o'er creation's day:
 Then kindling into joy,
 The morning stars together sung;
 And thro' the vast ethereal sky
 Seraphic hymns and loud hosannahs rung.



AN INSCRIPTION WRITTEN AT A FAVOURITE
 RETIREMENT IN MAY MDCCLVIII.

BY THE SAME.

WHAT tho' nor glitt'ring turret rise,
 Nor splendor gild these mild retreats?
 Yet nature here, in modest guise,
 Displays her unambitious sweets:

Along

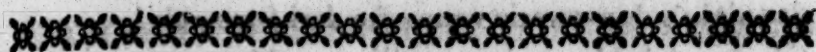
Along each gentle swelling lawn
 She strays, with rustic garlands crown'd;
 And wakes the flowers at early dawn,
 To fling their bosom'd fragrance round.

Here teach thy vot'ry blameless guide
 To trace thy step serene and free;
 To shun the toilsome heights of pride,
 Thro' these calm scenes to follow thee.

His silent walk do thou adorn,
 O'er these green slopes, from tumult far;
 Whether he greet the blushing morn,
 Or welcome up yon evening star:

Intent, while thro' these tufted bow'rs
 Thy gen'rous whispers charm his ear,
 To hail from heav'n thy kindred pow'rs
 And meet fair peace and freedom here.

Yet prompt to stay his country's fall,
 The stormy city's war he'll join,
 When thou, and truth, and freedom call:
 For freedom's voice, and truth's, are thine.



ODE TO MELANCHOLY.

BY JOHN OGILVIE, M. A.

HAIL. queen of thought sublime! propitious power,
Who o'er th' unbounded waste art joy'd to roam,
Led by the moon, when at the midnight hour
Her pale rays tremble thro' the dusky gloom.

O bear me, goddess, to thy peaceful seat!
Whether to Hecla's cloud-wrapt brow convey'd,
Or lodg'd, where mountains screen thy deep retreat,
Or wand'ring wild thro' Chili's boundless shade.

Say, rove thy steps o'er Libia's naked waste?
Or seek some distant solitary shore?
Or on the Andes' topmost mountain placed,
Do'st fit, and hear the solemn thunder roar?

Fix'd on some hanging rock's projected brow,
Hear'st thou low murmurs from the distant dome?
Or stray thy feet where pale dejected woe
Pours her long wail from some lamented tomb?

VOL. II. Hark!

Hark ! yon deep echo strikes the trembling ear !
 See night's dun curtain wraps the darksome pole !
 O'er heav'n's blue arch yon rolling worlds appear,
 And rouse to solemn thought th' aspiring soul.

O lead my steps beneath the moon's dim ray,
 Where Tadmor stands all-desert and alone !
 While from her time-shook tow'rs, the bird of prey
 Sounds thro' the night her long-resounding moan.

Or bear me far to yon bleak dismal plain,
 Where fell-eyed tygers all-athirst for blood
 Howl to the desert ;—while the horrid train
 Roams o'er the wild where once great Babel stood.

That queen of nations ! whose superior call
 Rouz'd the broad east, and bid her arms destroy !
 When warm'd to mirth—let judgment mark her fall,
 And deep reflection dash the lip of joy.

Short is ambition's gay deceitful dream ;
 Though wreaths of blooming lawrel bind her brow,
 Calm thought dispels the visionary scheme,
 And time's cold breath dissolves the with'ring bough.

Slow as some miner saps th' aspiring tow'r,
 When working secret with destructive aim :
 Unseen, unheard, thus moves the stealing hour,
 But works the fall of empire, pomp, and name.

Then

Then let thy pencil mark the traits of man ;
 Full in the draught be keen-eyed hope portray'd ;
 Let flutt'ring cupids croud the growing plan :
 Then give one touch, and dash it deep with shade.

Beneath the plume that flames with glancing rays,
 Be care's deep engines on the soul impress'd ;
 Beneath the helmet's keen refulgent blaze,
 Let grief sit pining in the canker'd breast.

Let love's gay fons, a smiling train, appear,
 With beauty pierc'd,—yet heedless of the dart :
 While closely couch'd, pale sick'ning envy near,
 Whets her fell sting, and points it at the heart.

Perch'd like a raven on some blasted yew,
 Let guilt revolve the thought-distracting sin ;
 Scared,—while her eyes survey th' etherial blue,
 Lest heav'n's strong lightning burst the dark within.

Then paint,—impending o'er the mad'ning deep
 That rock, where heart-struck Sappho vainly brave
 Stood firm of soul ;—then from the dizzy steep
 Impetuous sprung, and dash'd the boiling wave.

Here wrapt in studious thought let fancy rove,
 Still prompt to mark suspicion's secret snare ;
 To see where anguish nips the bloom of love,
 Or trace proud grandeur to the domes of care.

Should e'er ambition's tow'ring hopes inflame,
 Let judging reason draw the veil aside;
 Or fir'd with envy at some mighty name,
 Read o'er the monument that tells,—He dy'd.

What are the ensigns of imperial sway?
 What all that fortune's lib'ral hand has brought?
 Teach they the voice to pour a sweeter lay?
 Or rouse the soul to more exalted thought?

When bleeds the heart as genius blooms unknown,
 When melts the eye o'er virtue's mournful bier;
 Not wealth, but pity swells the bursting groan,
 Not pow'r, but whisp'ring nature prompts the tear.

Say, gentle mourner, in yon mouldy vault,
 Where the worm fattens on some scepter'd brow,
 Beneath that roof with sculptur'd marble fraught,
 Why sleeps unmov'd the breathless dust below?

Sleeps it more sweetly than the simple swain,
 Beneath some mossy turf that rests his head?
 Where the 'lone widow tells the night her pain,
 And eve' with dewy tears embalms the dead.

The lily, screen'd from ev'ry ruder gale,
 Courts not the cultur'd spot where roses spring:
 But blows neglected in the peaceful vale,
 And scents the zephyrs balmy breathing wing.

The

The bufts of grandeur, and the pomp of pow'r,
 Can thefe bid ſorrow's guſhing tears ſubſide?
 Can theſe avail, in that tremendous hour,
 When death's cold hand congeals the purple tide?

Ah no!—the mighty names are heard no more:
 Pride's thought ſublime and beauty's kindling bloom
 Serve but to ſport one flying moment o'er,
 And ſwell with pompous verſe the 'ſcutcheon'd tomb.

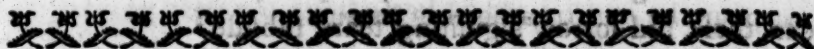
For me:—may paſſion ne'er my ſoul invade,
 Nor be the whims of tow'ring frenzy giv'n;
 Let wealth ne'er court me from the peaceful ſhade,
 Where contemplation wings the ſoul to heav'n.

O guard me ſafe from joy's enticing ſnare!
 With each extreme that pleaſure tries to hide,
 The poiſon'd breath of ſlow-conſuming care,
 The noiſe of folly, and the dreams of pride.

But oft when midnight's ſadly ſolemn knell
 Sounds long and diſtant from the ſky-top't tow'r;
 Calm let me ſit in Proſper's lonely cell¹,
 Or walk with Milton thro' the dark obſcure.

Thus when the tranſient dream of life is fled,
 May ſome ſad friend recal the former years;
 Then ſtretch'd in ſilence o'er my duſty bed,
 Pour the warm gush of ſympathetic tears.

¹ See Shakeſpear's tempeſt.



ODE TO THE GENIUS OF SHAKESPEARE.

BY THE SAME.

I. 1.

RAPT from the glance of mortal eye,
 Say bursts thy genius to the world of light?
 Seeks it yon star-bespangled sky?
 Or skims it's fields with rapid flight?
 Or mid' yon plains where fancy strays,
 Courts it the balmy-breathing gale?
 Or where the violet pale
 Droops o'er the green-embroider'd stream?
 Or where young zephyr stirs the rustling sprays,
 Lies all dissolv'd in fairy dream?
 O'er yon bleak desert's unfrequented round
 See'st thou where nature treads the deep'ning gloom,
 Sits on you hoary tow'r with ivy crown'd,
 Or wildly wails o'er thy lamented tomb;
 Hear'st thou the solemn music wind along?
 Or thrills the warbling note in thy mellifluous song?

I. 2.

Oft while on earth 'twas thine to rove
 Where'er the wild-ey'd goddess lov'd to roam,
 To trace serene the gloomy grove,
 Or haunt meek quiet's simple dome;

Still

Still hovering round the nine appear,
 That pour the soul-transporting strain;
 Join'd to the love's gay train,
 The loose-rob'd graces crown'd with flow'rs,
 The light-wing'd gales that lead the vernal year,
 And wake the rosy-featur'd hours.
 O'er all bright fancy's beamy radiance shone,
 How flam'd thy bosom as her charms reveal!
 Her fire-clad eye sublime, her starry zone,
 Her tresses loose that wanton'd on the gale;
 On thee the goddess fix'd her ardent look,
 Then from her glowing lips these melting accents broke.

I. 3.

- " To thee, my favourite son, belong
 " The lays that steal the listening hour;
 " To pour the rapture-darting song
 " To paint gay hope's elysian bower.
 " From nature's hand to snatch the dart,
 " To cleave with pangs the bleeding heart;
 " Or lightly sweep the trembling string,
 " And call the loves with purple wing
 " From the blue deep where they dwell
 " With Naiads in the pearly cell,
 " Soft on the sea-born goddess gaze^m;
 " Or in the loose robe's floating maze,

^m Venus.

I 4

" Dissolv'd

" Dissolv'd in downy slumbers rest ;
 " Or flutter o'er her panting breast.
 " Or wild to melt the yielding soul,
 " Let sorrow clad in fable stole
 " Slow to thy musing thought appear ;
 " Or pensive pity pale ;
 " Or love's desponding tale
 " Call from th' intender'd heart the sympathetic tear."

H. 1.

Say, whence the magic of thy mind ?
 Why thrills thy music on the springs of thought ?
 Why, at thy pencil's touch refin'd
 Starts into life the glowing draught ?
 On yonder fairy carpet laid,
 Where beauty pours eternal bloom,
 And zephyr breathes perfume ;
 There nightly to the tranced eye
 Profuse the radiant goddesses stood display'd,
 With all her smiling offspring nigh.
 Sudden the mantling cliff, the arching wood,
 The broider'd mead, the landskip, and the grove,
 Hills, vales, and sky-dipt seas, and torrents rude,
 Grotts, rills and shades, and bowers that breath'd of love
 All burst to fight !—while glancing on the view,
 Titania's sporting train brush'd lightly o'er the dew.

II. 2.

The pale-ey'd genius of the shade
 Led thy bold step to Prosper's magic bower ;

Whole

Whose voice the howling winds obey'd,
 Whose dark spell chain'd the rapid hour:
 Then rose serene the sea-girl isle;
 Gay scenes by fancy's touch refin'd
 Glow'd to the musing mind:
 Such visions bless the hermit's dream,
 When hov'ring angels prompt his placid smile,
 Or paint some high extatic theme.
 Then flam'd Miranda on th' enraptur'd gaze,
 Then sail'd bright Ariel on the bat's fleet wing:
 Or starts the list'ning throng in still amaze!
 The wild note trembling on th' aerial string!
 The form in heav'n's resplendent vesture gay
 Floats on the mantling cloud, and pours the melting lay^a.

II. 3.

O lay me near yon limpid stream,
 Whose murmur sooths the ear of woe!
 There in some sweet poetic dream
 Let fancy's bright Elysium glow!
 'Tis done:—o'er all the blushing mead
 The dark wood shakes his cloudy head;
 Below, the lily-fringed dale,
 Breathes its mild fragrance on the gale;
 While in pastime all-unseen,
 Titania rob'd in mantle green

^a Ariel: see the Tempest.

Sports on the mossy bank :—her train
 Skims light along the gleaming plain ;
 Or to the flutt'ring breeze unfold
 The blue wing streak'd with beamy gold ;
 Its pinions opening to the light !—
 Say, bursts the vision on my sight ?
 Ah, no ! by Shakespear's pencil drawn
 The beauteous shapes appear ;
 While mock-eyed Cynthia near
 Illumes with streamy ray the silver-mantled lawn *.

III. 1.

But hark ! the tempest howls afar !
 Bursts the loud whirlwind o'er the pathless waste !
 What cherub blows the trump of war ?
 What demon rides the stormy blast ?
 Red from the lightning's livid blaze,
 The bleak heath rushes on the sight ;
 Then wrapt in sudden night
 Dissolves.—But ah ! what kingly form
 Roams the lone desert's desolated maze † !
 Unaw'd ! nor heeds the sweeping storm.
 Ye pale-ey'd lightnings spare the cheek of age !
 Vain wish ;—though anguish heaves the bursting groan,
 Deaf as the flint, the marble ear of rage
 Hears not the mourner's unavailing moan ;

* See the Midsummer's Night's Dream.

† Lear,

Heart-pierc'd he bleeds, and stung with wild despair
Bares his time-blasted head, and tears his silver hair.

III. 2.

Lo! on yon long-resounding shore,
Where the rock totters o'er the headlong deep;
What phantoms bathed in infant gore
Stand muttering on the dizzy steep!
Their murmur shakes the zephyr's wing!
The storm obeys their pow'rful spell;
See, from his gloomy cell
Fierce winter starts! his scowling eye
Bloats the fair mantle of the breathing spring,
And lowers along the ruffled sky.
To the deep vault the yelling harpies run,^a
Its yawning mouth receives th' infernal crew.
Dim thro' the black gloom winks the glimmering fun,
And the pale furnace gleams with brimstone blue.
Hell howls: and fiends that join the dire acclaim
Dance on the bubbling tide, and point the livid flame.

III. 3.

But ah! on sorrow's cypress bough
Can beauty breathe her genial bloom?
On death's cold cheek will passion glow?
Or music warble from the tomb?
There sleeps the bard, whose tuneful tongue
Pour'd the full stream of mazy song.
Young spring with lip of ruby, here
Showers from her lap the blushing year;

^a The witches in Macbeth.

While along the turf reclin'd,
 The loose wing swimming on the wind,
 The loves with forward gesture bold,
 Sprinkle the sod with spangling gold;
 And oft the blue-eyed graces trim
 Dance lightly round on downy limb;
 Oft too, when Eve demure and still
 Chequers the green dale's purling rill,
 Sweet fancy pours the plaintive strain,
 Or wrapt in soothing dream,
 By Avon's ruffled stream,
 Hears the low-murmuring gale that dies along the plain.



O D E T O T I M E :

OCCASIONED BY SEEING THE RUINS OF AN OLD CASTLE.

BY THE SAME.

I. I.

O THOU who mid' the world-involving gloom,
 Sit'st on yon solitary spire!
 Or slowly shak'st the sounding dome,
 Or hear'st the wildly-warbling lyre;
 Say when thy musing soul
 Bids distant times untroll,

And

And marks the flight of each revolving year,
 Of years whose slow-consuming power
 Has clad with moss yon leaning tower,
 That saw the race of glory run,
 That mark'd ambition's setting sun,
 That shook old empire's tow'ring pride,
 That swept them down the floating tide,
 Say when these long-unfolding scenes appear,
 Streams down thy hoary cheek the pity-darting tear?

I. 2.

Cast o'er yon trackless waste thy wand'ring eye:
 Yon hill whose gold illumin'd brow
 Just trembling thro' the bending sky,
 O'erlooks the boundless wild below;
 Once bore the branching wood
 That o'er yon murmur'ing flood
 Hung wildly-waving to the rustling gale;
 The naked heath with moss o'ergrown
 That hears the 'lone owl's nightly moan,
 Once bloom'd with summer's copious store,
 Once rais'd the lawn-bespangling flow'r,
 Or heard some lover's plaintive lay,
 When by pale Cynthia's silver ray,
 All wild he wander'd o'er the lonely dale,
 And taught the list'ning moon the melancholy tale.

I. 3.

Ye wilds where heav'n-rapt fancy roves,
 Ye sky-crown'd hills, and solemn groves!

Ye

Ye low-brow'd vaults, ye gloomy cells!
 Ye caves where night-bred silence dwells !
 Ghosts that in yon lonely hall,
 Lightly glance along the wall ;
 Or beneath yon ivy'd tow'r,
 At the silent mid-night hour,
 Stand array'd in spotless white,
 And stain the dusky robe of night ;
 Or with slow solemn pauses, roam
 O'er the long, sounding, hollow dome !
 Say mid yon desert' solitary round,
 When darkness wraps the boundless spheres,
 Does ne'er some dismal dying sound
 On night's dull serious ear rebound,
 That mourns the ceaseless lapse of life-consuming years ;

II. I.

O call th' inspiring glorious hour to view,
 When Caledonia's martial train,
 From yon steep rock's high-arching brow
 Pour'd on the heart-struck flying Dane !
 When war's blood-tinctur'd spear
 Hung o'er the trembling rear ;
 When light-heel'd terror wing'd their headlong flight !
 Yon tow'rs then rung with wild alarms !
 Yon desert gleam'd with shining arms !
 While on the bleak hill's brightning spire,
 Bold vict'ry flam'd, with eyes of fire ;

Her

Her limbs celestial robes infold,
 Her wings were ring'd with spangling gold,
 She spoke :—her words infus'd resistless might,
 And warm'd the bounding heart, and rous'd the soul of fight.

II. 2.

But ah, what hand the smiling prospect brings !
 What voice recalls th' expiring day !
 See darting swift on eagle wings,
 The glancing moment bursts away !
 So from some mountain's head,
 In mantling gold array'd,
 While bright-ey'd fancy stands in sweet surprise :
 The vale where musing quiet treads,
 The flow'r-clad lawns, and bloomy meads,
 Or streams where zephyr' loves to stray
 Beneath the pale eve's twinkling ray ;
 Or waving woods detain the sight :—
 —When from the gloomy cave of night
 Some cloud sweeps shadowy o'er the dusky skies,
 And wraps the flying scene that fades, and swims, and dies.

II. 3.

Lo ! rising from yon dreary tomb,
 What spectres stalk across the gloom !
 With haggard eyes, and visage pale,
 And voice that moans with feeble wail !
 O'er yon long resounding plain
 Slowly moves the solemn train ;

Wailing

Wailing wild with shrieks of woe
 O'er the bones that rest below !
 While the dull night's startled ear
 Shrinks, aghast with thrilling fear !
 Or stand with thin robes wafting soon,
 And eyes that blast the sick'ning moon !
 Yet these, ere time had roll'd their years away,
 Ere death's fell arm had mark'd its aim ;
 Rul'd yon proud tow'rs with ample sway,
 Beheld the trembling swains obey ;
 And wrought the glorious deed that swell'd the trump of fame.

III. 1.

But why o'er these indulge the bursting sigh ?
 Feels not each shrub the tempests pow'r ?
 Rocks not the dome when whirlwinds fly ?
 Nor shakes the hill when thunders roar ?
 Lo ! mould'ring, wild, unknown,
 What fanes, what tow'rs o'erthrown,
 What tumbling chaos marks the waste of time !
 I see Palmyra's temples fall !
 Old ruin shakes the hanging wall !
 Yon waste where roaming lions howl,
 Yon aisle where moans the grey-ey'd owl,
 Shows the proud Persian's great abode :
 Where sceptur'd once, an earthly god !
 His pow'r-clad arm controul'd each happier clime,
 Where sports the warbling muse, and fancy soars sublime.

r. Persepolis,

Hark !

III. 2.

Hark!—what dire sound rolls murm'ring on the gale?
 Ah! what soul-thrilling scene appears!
 I see the column'd arches fail!
 And structures hoar, the boast of years!
 What mould'ring piles decay'd
 Gleam thro' the moon-streak'd shade,
 Where Rome's proud genius rear'd her awful brow!
 Sad monument!—Ambition near,
 Rolls on the dust and pours a tear;
 Pale honour drops the flutt'ring plume,
 And conquest weeps o'er Cæsar's tomb,
 Slow patience sits with eye deprest,
 And courage beats his fobbing breast;
 Ev'n war's red cheek the gushing streams o'erflow,
 And fancy's list'ning ear attends the plaint of woe.

III. 3.

Lo on yon Pyramid sublime,
 Whence lies old Egypt's desert clime,
 Bleak, naked, wild! where ruins low'rs,
 Midst' fanes, and wrecks, and tumbling tow'rs:
 On the steep height waste and bare,
 Stands the pow'r with hoary hair!
 O'er his scythe he bends;—his hand
 Slowly shakes the flowing sand,
 While the hours, an airy ring
 Lightly flit with downy wing;

And sap the works of man ;—and shade
 With silver locks his furrow'd head ;
 Thence rolls the mighty pow'r his broad survey,
 And seals the nations awful doom ;
 He sees proud grandeur's meteor ray,
 He yields to joy the festive day ;
 Then sweeps the length'ning shade, and marks them for the
 tomb.



O D E T O S L E E P.

BY THE SAME.

SWEET god of ease, whose opiate breath
 Pour'd gently o'er the heaving breast ;
 Steals like the solemn hand of death ;
 And sheds the balm of visionary rest ;
 Come with ev'ry pow'rful spell
 From the hermit's gloomy cell,
 From the swallow's mossy bed,
 When bleak winter blasts the mead ;
 Come with night's cold, cloudy brow,
 With sky-rob'd thought demure, and slow,
 With rest that charms the drousy air,
 And folds the wakeful eyes of melancholy care.

2.

O by thy robe of purest white,
 Thy tresses bound with funeral yew,
 Thy voice that soothes the ear of night,
 Thine ebon-rod that sweeps the pearly dew;
 By the pale moon's trembling beam,
 By the ghosts on Lethe's stream;
 By the silent solemn gloom,
 By the beetle's drowsy hum,
 By the zephyr's dying breath,
 When sleeps the ruffled wave beneath,
 By the long voice of murmuring seas,
 Lull each reposing sense in calm oblivious ease:

RECITATIVE.

Pour on my soul the sweetly melting lay,
 That once on Argus could prevail;
 When sooth'd by Hermes' wondrous tale,
 Each listning sense dissolv'd and dy'd away:
 Lull'd by the magic doubling sound,
 Slow-stealing slumber lock'd his iron breast;
 His thoughts in sweet delirium drown'd,
 His falling arms the god confest;
 On his numb'd ear remote and dull,
 The hollow murmur feebly stole;
 O'erpower'd at last he yields the beauteous prize,
 And drops supinely down, and folds an hundred eyes.

3.

Then too let bold-ey'd fancy come
 With brightning look and bosom bare;
 Her features flush'd with vivid bloom,
 With flutt'ring wings, and loosely-flowing hair:
 Then let all the bursting soul
 Boldly dart from pole to pole;
 Starting from the airy steep,
 Lightly skim the wavy deep;
 Up the rough rock let me climb,
 'Till thy strong voice with note sublime
 Wakes, fires, and thrills with rapid strains,
 And leads the lighten'd mind to soft Elysian plains.

4.

Yet then let no fantastic tale;
 No ruder thought disturb the dream;
 But bear me to yon lonely dale,
 Where weeps the willow o'er the murmuring stream:
 Or where in the bow'ry shade
 Quiet leans her drooping head,
 Where from yonder cave beneath
 Sweeps the wild wind through the heath,
 Or with notes that deeply move,
 Wake all the tuneful soul of love;
 Let bright Lucinda's charms arise,
 With all the dazzling flame, the lightning of her eyes.

RECITATIVE.

Then on the rapid wings of fancy born,
 Bold let me soar with steady flight,
 Where bursts the radiant blaze of light;
 Or where Aurora sheds the rosy morn:
 Or lead me where the warbling nine,
 With flying fingers sweep the melting lyre;
 There soothe with harmony divine,
 Or nobly breathe celestial fire.
 Or in the soft Idalian grove,
 With all the graces let me rove,
 Where gay Anacreon haunts the genial bow'r,
 And crowns the blushing nymph with ev'ry balmy flow'r

5.

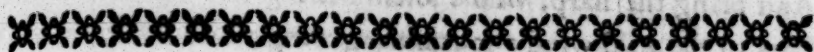
Oft too with Spencer let me tread
 The fairy field where Una strays;
 Or loll in pleasure's flow'ry bed^s,
 Or burst to heav'n in Milton's high-wrought lays.
 Or on Ariel's airy wing,
 Let me chase the young-ey'd spring,
 Where the powder'd cowslips bloom,
 Where the wild thyme breathes perfume:
 Or with solemn steps, and sad,
 Slow let me haunt the deep'ning shade,
 Where Richard, thro' the op'ning ground
 Beheld the white-rob'd ghost, and mark'd the gushing wound.

^s See Thompson's Castle of Indolence.

Come, gentle god, with magic wand
 Of pow'r to calm the soul of care :
 From envy's grasp to loose the brand,
 Or lull th' envenom'd snakes that prompt despair :
 Bring the vision's airy show,
 Yews that wave o'er Lethe flow,
 Glimm'ring beams, and taper blue,
 Rod, that drops with Stygian dew ;
 Sloth, on down supinely laid,
 And slow-ey'd ease that droops the head,
 Pale languor wrapt in thoughtless gaze,
 And wild oblivion lost in fancy's boundless maze.

RECITATIVE.

See night's dun robe involves the pathless waste !
 Black clouds in heaps confus'dly thrown,
 Roll awful o'er her gloomy throne :
 While thro' the dark cave sweeps the whistling blast :
 Yon car by boding ravens led,
 Bears the 'lone goddess thro' the murky gloom ;
 Before slow darkness breathes her shade,
 And rest forsakes the yawning tomb.
 Around at mid-night's solemn noon,
 Rapt fancy gazes on the moon :
 Care folds her arms, nor knows th' unpleasing theme,
 And grief dissolving shares the sweetly-soothing dream.



O D E T O E V E N I N G.

BY THE SAME.

MEEK power! whose balmy-pinion'd gale
Steals o'er the flower-enamell'd dale;

Whose voice in gentle whispers near
Oft sighs to quiet's listening ear;
As on her downy couch at rest,
By thought's inspiring visions blest
She sits, with white-rob'd silence nigh,
And musing heaves her serious eye,
To mark the slow sun's glimmering ray,
To catch the last pale gleam of day;
Or sunk in sweet repose, unknown
Lies on the wild hill's van alone;
And sees thy gradual pencil flow
Along the heav'n-illumined bow.

Come, nymph demure, with mantle blue,
Thy tresses bath'd in balmy dew,
With step smooth sliding o'er the green,
The graces breathing in thy mien;
And thy vesture's gather'd fold
Girt with a zone of circling gold;

K 4

And

And bring the harp, whose solemn string
 Dies to the wild wind's murmuring wing ;
 And the nymph, whose eye serene
 Marks the calm, breathing woodland scene ;
 Thought, mountain-fage ! who loves to climb,
 And haunt the dark rock's summit dim ;
 Let fancy falcon wing'd be near :
 And through the cloud-enveloped sphere,
 Where musing roams retirement hoar,
 Lull'd by the torrent's distant roar ;
 O bid with trembling light to glow
 The raven-plume that crowns his brow.

Lo, where thy meek-ey'd train attend !
 Queen of the solemn thought descend !
 O hide me in romantic bowers !
 Or lead my step to ruin'd towers !
 Where gleaming thro' the chinky door
 The pale ray gilds the moulder'd floor :
 While beneath the hallowed pile
 Deep in the desert shrieking ifle
 Rapt contemplation stalks along,
 And hears the flow clock's pealing tongue ;
 Or mid' the dun discoloured gloom,
 Sits on some hero's peaceful tomb,
 Throws life's gay glittering robe aside,
 And tramples on the neck of pride.

Oft shelter'd by the rambling sprays,
 Lead o'er the forest's winding maze ;

Where

Where through the mantling boughs, afar
 Glimmers the silver-streaming star;
 And, shower'd from every rustling blade
 The loose light floats along the shade:
 So hovering o'er the human scene
 Gay pleasure sports with brow serene;
 By fancy beam'd, the glancing ray
 Shoots, flutters, gleams, and fleets away:
 Unsettled, dubious, restless, blind,
 Floats all the busy bustling mind;
 While memory's unstain'd leaves retain
 No trace from all th' ideal train.

But see the landskip opn'ing fair
 Invites to breathe the purer air!
 O when the cowslip-scented gale
 Shakes the light dew-drop o'er the dale,
 When on her amber-dropping bed
 Loose ease reclines her downy head;
 How blest! by fairy-haunted stream
 To melt in wild ecstatic dream!
 Die to the pictured wish, or hear
 (Breathed soft on fancy's trembling ear)
 Such lays, by angel-harps refined,
 As half unchain the fluttering mind,
 When on life's edge it eyes the shore,
 And all its pinions stretch to soar.

Lo, where the sun's broad orb withdrawn
 Skirts with pale gold the dusky lawn!

While

While led by every gentler power,
 Steals the slow, solemn, musing hour.
 Now from the green hill's purple brow
 Let me mark the scene below ;
 Where feebly-glancing thro' the gloom
 Yon myrtle shades the silent tomb :
 Not far, beneath the evening beam
 The dark lake rolls his azure stream,
 Whose breast the swan's white plumes divide,
 Slow-sailing o'er the floating tide.
 Groves, meads, and spires, and forests bare
 Shoot glimmering thro' the misty air ;
 Dim as the vision-pictured bower
 That gilds the saint's expiring hour,
 When rapt to ecstasy, his eye
 Looks thro' the blue ethereal sky.
 All heav'n unfolding to his sight !
 Gay forms that swim in floods of light !
 The sun-pav'd floor, the balmy clime,
 The ruby-beaming dome sublime,
 The towers in glittering pomp display'd ;—
 The bright scene hovers o'er his bed.
 He starts:—but from his eager gaze
 Black clouds obscure the less'ning rays ;
 On memory still the scene is wrought,
 And lives in fancy's featur'd thought.
 On the airy mount reclin'd
 What wishes soothe the musing mind !

How soft the velvet lap of spring !
 How sweet the zephyr's violet wing !
 Goddess of the plaintive song,
 That leads the melting heart along ;
 O bid thy voice of genial power
 Reach contemplation's lonely bower ;
 And call the sage with tranced sight
 To climb the mountain's steepy height ;
 To wing the kindling wish, or spread
 O'er thought's pale cheek enlivening red ;
 Come hoary power with serious eye,
 Whose thought explores yon distant sky ;
 Now when the busy world is still,
 Nor passion tempts the wavering will,
 When sweeter hopes each power controul,
 And quiet whispers to the soul,
 Now sweep from life th' illusive train
 That dance in folly's dizzy brain ;
 Be reason's simple draught pourtrayed,
 Where blends alternate light and shade :
 Bid dimpled mirth, with thought belied,
 Sport on the bubble's glittering side ;
 Bid hope pursue the distant boon,
 And frenzy watch the fading moon ;
 Paint superstition's starting eye,
 And wit that leers with gesture sly,
 Let censure whet her venom'd dart,
 And green-eyed envy gnaw the heart ;

Let

Let pleasure lie on flowers reclin'd,
While anguish aims her shaft behind.

Hail, fire sublime, whose hallow'd cave
Howls to the hoarse deep's dashing wave;
Thee solitude to Phœbus bore,
Far on the lone deserted shore,
Where Orellano's rushing tide
Roars on the rock's projected side.
Hence bursting o'er thy ripened mind,
Beams all the father's thought refined:
Hence oft in silent vales unseen,
Thy footsteps prints the fairy green;
Or thy soul melts to strains of woe,
That from the willow's quivering bough
Sweet warbling breathe;—the zephyrs round
O'er Dee's smooth current waft the sound,
When soft on bending osiers laid
The broad sun trembling thro' the bed;
All-wild thy heav'n-rapt fancy strays,
Led thro' the soul-dissolving maze,
Till slumber downy-pinion'd, near
Plants her strong fetlocks on thy ear;
The soul unfetter'd bursts away,
And basks enlarged in beamy day.

ODE TO INNOCENCE.

BY THE SAME.

'T WAS when the flow-declining ray
Had ting'd the cloud with evening gold ;
No warbler pour'd the melting lay,
No sound disturb'd the sleeping fold.

When by a murmuring rill reclin'd
Sat wrapt in thought a wandering swain :
Calm peace compos'd his musing mind ;
And thus he rais'd the flowing strain.

- " Hail innocence ! celestial maid !
" What joys thy blushing charms reveal !
" Sweet, as the arbour's cooling shade,
" And milder than the vernal gale.
" On thee attends a radiant quire,
" Soft-smiling peace, and downy rest ;
" With love that prompts the warbling lyre,
" And hope that soothes the throbbing breast.

" O

- " O sent from heav'n to haunt the grove,
 " Where squinting envy ne'er can come!
 " Nor pines the cheek with luckless love,
 " Nor anguish chills the living bloom.
- " But spotless beauty rob'd in white
 " Sits on yon moss-grown hill reclin'd;
 " Serene as heav'n's unfully'd light,
 " And pure as Delia's gentle mind.
- " Grant, heav'nly power! thy peaceful sway
 " May still my ruder thoughts controul;
 " Thy hand to point my dubious way,
 " Thy voice to soothe the melting soul.
- " Far in the shady sweet retreat
 " Let thought beguile the lingering hour;
 " Let quiet court the mossy seat,
 " And twining olives form the bower.
- " Let dove-ey'd peace her wreath bestow,
 " And oft' sit listening in the dale,
 " While night's sweet warbler from the bough,
 " Tells to the grove her plaintive tale.
- " Soft as in Delia's snowy breast,
 " Let each consenting passion move;
 " Let angels watch its silent rest,
 " And all its blissful dreams be love.



VERSES WRITTEN IN LONDON ON THE
APPROACH OF SPRING.

EARLY the sun his radiant axle guides
Sloping his steep course with the Pleiades;
On ev'ry fragrant briar the flowret blooms,
And the wild woodlark chaunts his early song
In heedless carol, to the smiling hours,
Young Maia's festive train; their wavy dance
She jocund leads, and from her horn profuse
Pours roses, violets, woodbines, eglantine,
Fair Flora's dow'r, what time the youthful spring
Clasp'd her all blushing in a secret bower:
Thou the mild offspring of their warm embrace,
Oh lovely May, and these thine heritage,
Which bounteous thou with an unsparing hand
Scatterest to all, tho' chief thou lov'st to deck
The village Phæbe's brow, and fairer far
Is thy adorning, than the sunny glow
Of eastern ruby, ill assorted grace
That decks not but deforms the faded cheek
Of the wan courtier.—Far more raptur'd greets
Fancy's fond ear, where'er she musing roves
Thy minstrelsy untutor'd, than the trill
And languid descant of Italian art.

Yet

Yet sings the woodlark, and the hawthorn blooms,
 Unheard the song, the fragrance unperceiv'd
 By me; tho' not among the sons of men
 There lives, who listens with more raptur'd ear,
 Or feels more lively, nature's varied boon,
 For tho' confined in the city walls
 To dwell with busy care, and with him watch
 The call of interest, is my lot affix'd,
 Far happier seems to me the peasant's life,
 Who treads the furrow lab'ring, yet his mind
 Vacant of thought can muse of what around
 Strikes his rapt eye with beauty, or his ear
 With pleasing song, than if a golden mine
 Disclos'd its boundless treasures, but condemn'd
 My carking thought, to watch the gilded mischief
 And cunningly devise t'increase the store.

Bereav'd of every pleasure nature gives
 Each plain but heart-felt rapture, what is wealth?
 In artful mazes we but toil for bliss:
 True pleasure dwells not in the arched roof,
 She sings no carol to the midnight ball,
 The loaded board and Bacchus' flust'ring draughts
 In vain are tryed, for ah she dwells not there,
 She dwells not with such rude ill-manner'd mirth,
 But seeks with her mild sister cheerfulness
 The russet plain, there prompts the virgin's song
 Breathes the brisk carol from the cottage reed,
 Strikes the quick tabor glad with echoing pulse,

And

And animates the village holiday.

Nor then alone but when his honest labour
Calls the good swain, she early joins his step.
For the mild radiance of the op'ning dawn
Gives to her sight the wide-extended view
Of hill and dale, hoar forest, flow'ring heath,
Rich harvest, verdant meadow, where the stream
Rolls far its plenteous wave, and all around
To pleasure's ear most grateful, thousand birds
Lark, linnet, thrush, and thou of all the grove
The sweetest songster, witching Philomel,
Art rising to hymn out thy morning song

Thou too at eve, when all his labour o'er
He at the furrow's end unyokes the steer,
And seeks with weary step his rest at home,
Dost with thy tranquil warble sooth his soul;
Best prelude to the peace his cottage gives.

There at the door his hum'rous offspring watch
Their fire's return, and eager run to tell
The tyding of his coming, while his dame
Plys her glad evening care, to deck the board
With food uncater'd by the baleful hand
Of luxury, and fittest to refresh
His toil-worn spirit, and her smiling welcome
Gives its due relish to the simple fare.

What are to this the proud luxurious feasts,
The city's boast, where distant colonies
Of east and western worlds must be explor'd

To strike the sickly palate's feeble sense
 With faint delight ; oh what are all our joys,
 Ev'n those of monarchs, to the thousand beauties
 That strike the rapt soul of the rudest hind ?

Can art's best mimicry their form express ?
 Can rich Loraine mix up the glowing tint
 Bright as Aurora ? can he form a shade
 To strike the fancy with a gloom so solemn
 As ev'ry thicket, copse, or secret grove
 At twilight hour affords ? can savage Rosa
 With ought so wildly noble fill the mind,
 As where the ancient oak in the wood's depth
 Has shed his leafy honours, and around
 The woodman with fell axe has low'r'd the pride
 Of many a tall tree, he deserted stands
 A barren trunk, while rude winds howl around,
 And dreary torrents lash his naked limbs ?
 Mean time the rifting thunder dreadful roars,
 The livid light'nings flash, and elements
 Conjoin'd pour out their wrath, as if to rend
 The lone, defenceless, aged, feeble oak.
 Such scenes awake imagination's pow'rs
 To sacred thought, such Rosa cannot paint ;
 'Tis his alone to show the shatter'd trunk ;
 The winds keen howl, the thunder's awful sound,
 The dreary rain, these mock the pencil's pow'r.

Can aught of artful music sooth the soul
 To so serene a temper, as the flight

Of songsters in the grove? or can thy strain,
 (Tho' there enchantment strike the magic chord)
 Oh matchless Purcell! with so wild a charm
 Transport the mind, as when at dusk of eve
 From the hoar battlement the lone owl's cry
 Pierces the awful silence, and the fall'n
 And time-worn hollow tow'rs convey the sound.
 To the near wood, where in the devious path
 Retired fancy wanders, on her ear
 The faint sound murmurs, strait the distant low
 Of unyok'd heifer, strait the cuckow's note
 She hears, while oft the roving zephyr's tread
 Rustling alarms her, and the measur'd step
 Of the slow steer, who brushes thro' the thicket
 To seek his food, beats duly regular.
 As on he wanders, thro' the op'ning bower
 He sees the pale moon rising, clouds on clouds
 Pil'd mountainous awhile obstruct her beam,
 Till lab'ring thence she lifts her silver brow,
 And pours her full ray on the ivy'd steeple,
 And hark its bell now tolls the minute knell,
 And thro' the churchway path the surplic'd priest
 Walks slowly forward, while the snowy pall
 Cov'ring the relicks of some love-lorn virgin
 Passes with awful pace along the glade.
 Wrapt harmonist! what tho' thy studied chord
 Can sound the slow knell, echo to the note
 The lone owl utters, breathe the heifer's low.

And mark the funeral step with pausing cadence,
 And music can no more, where is the tower
 O'er-hung with ivy, seen by the pale moon
 Whose faint beam glimmers on the snowy pall,
 Where are the rocky clouds from whence she breaks?
 Yet do not these, does not the rustling breeze
 And the slow-treading heifer add delight?
 Do not accordant senses join to fill
 The musing mind with calm and holy rapture?
 And can the city by the utmost force
 Of mimic art, with labour'd imitation
 So soothe the soul, or give such mild delight?

Ye gay and sportive votaries of joy,
 Forgive the thoughtless muse, for she has led me
 To talk of pleasing horror, and the bliss
 Which melancholy gives, ye cannot form
 Amid the circling follies, which urge on
 Your laughing hours, perhaps ye cannot form
 A notion of these joys, and with a taunt
 Of high contempt, despise the wild enthusiasm.
 Yet on the well-trod stage have ye not seen
 Your Roscius fired by the natural bard,
 Immortal Shakespear, wander the bleak heath
 A poor and outcast king, nor blame the winds
 Whose keen tooth seiz'd his age, nor chide the elements
 For their unkindness, while the rustling storm
 Tore the proud garments from his shiv'ring trunk,
 And the fierce lightnings fir'd his mad'ning brain?

Have

Have you not then felt horror, would ye not
 Change your rich pomp, for Edgar's naked hovel,
 And be the poor king's host?—have ye not wish'd
 To range with Rosaline the forest wild,
 Or live beneath the shelter of some oak
 With melancholy Jaques? tell me why then
 Ye look'd on wealth and greatness with a scorn?
 Why but because the muse with native strength
 Pour'd truth on fancy's eye, and yet the muse
 Can only boast in the most warm description
 A faint resemblance, nor has she such force
 To strike as nature has; alas her voice
 But wakes remembrance of our absent bliss;
 And when she sings of incense-breathing spring
 She wafts no odours to the longing sense,
 But only prompts our sigh, that we must dwell
 Confin'd in the full city, distant far
 From every scene of rural innocence,
 Whose woods, whose shades, whose storms, or funerals,
 Ev'n raise a sense of pleasure. What can then
 The brighter views, what can the happy hour
 That gives the blushing bride to the true arms
 Of faithful Damon? Thenot pleas'd revives
 To former youth, and gayest of the day
 Provokes the village mirth, and from his soul
 Enjoys the spousal of his boy, who scarce
 (O'ercome with rapture) can himself conduct
 His festival, and but for busy Thenot

Each due rite were neglected, and the guests
 Unbidden by the tabor's sprightly sound
 To seek the green, and in the jocund dance
 Each maiden with her youth breathe sport and joy,
 Save the still happier pair, their greater bliss
 Fills the whole breast, nor leaves a vacant place
 For lighter mirth, unnotic'd speaks the pipe,
 They hear no sound but the endearing voice
 Of mutual love, they do not mark the joy
 In every face around, for their attention,
 Fix'd on each other, watches every glance
 Diffused by the lovely languid eye.
 Well may all else be unperceiv'd, for who
 Observes bright Hesper dart his pointed ray,
 When riding high mild Cynthia pours serene
 Her steady beam, oh tell me when compar'd
 To these true raptures, what's the shadowy pomp
 And artful splendour, when the golden shackles
 Fetter two venal souls, by interest call'd
 To prostitute the ever-hallow'd rites
 Of holy Hymen?—On the village plain
 Nought joins but mutual love, no forced motive
 Promotes unnatural union, but the flame
 That first united glows throughout their life
 A steady fire, whose unabating light
 Gilds youth with rapture, and with fost'ring warmth
 Cheers drooping age, who smiling sees his offspring
 Step forth to claim the joys he celebrates

With

With annual hospitality, what time
 The circling year brings round the happy day
 That show'r'd down blessings on him, when it gave
 To his fond vow the willing Sylvia's charms,
 Then blooming young, now hoary, but her heart
 Unchang'd by time, for still the same desire
 To add to every joy, or fondly soothe
 Each woe he feels, reigns unabated there;
 His social roof receives each welcome guest,
 His open heart diffuses round his pleasure,
 And each plain neighbour with unfeigning tongue
 Congratulates his bliss. Who would not leave
 For these sincere delights, the pageant pomp,
 The rich array, the courtly formal speech
 Unutter'd by the heart, the birth-day wish
 Of venal hirelings, who for interest croud
 The glittering levee? happier (reason deems
 View'd in each light) the simple village life
 Than all that courtiers wish, or kings bestow.
 Kings cannot give a boon of so rich price
 As are thy smiles, O lovely health! and thou
 Shunning the tumult, to the rural green
 Retirest, there not built by mortal hand
 Stands on the southern slope of the fresh hill
 Thy temple, from whose roof the eglantine
 And vagrant woodbine hang, and at the porch
 Sits thy good priestess ease, administering
 To exercise (who up the gentle slope

By moderate footing moves) the holy cup
 Of temperance, nymph of the crystal spring
 That dwells beneath thy altar, and from thence
 Warbling with gentle lapse joins the full stream
 That winding wild delays its silver course
 In the rich mead, whose bank the peasant oft
 Approaches to allay his thirst, and quaffs
 The simple beverage from thy limpid fount.
 Bright virgin, thee of all the pow'rs who range
 The rural plain, I woo with constant vow
 Most ardent, deign around my temples bind
 Thy fragrant wreath, and deck my purpled cheek
 With thy rich glow. Then undisturb'd the mind
 Musing pursues its holy meditation,
 And rapt in trance, can trace a thousand gifts
 Show'r'd by the gracious hand of nature's king
 To deck the various field, the wond'ring eye
 Roams o'er the fair creation, then to heav'n
 Unbidden soars, for the full soul imprest
 With holy transport, there directs its view
 From whence its blessings flow, and the rapt voice
 Accordant hymns the grateful song of praise,
 The rapid gusts of passion, which or pride,
 Or folly, or the thousand varying forms
 Of courtly affectation ever raise,
 Here all subside, and the composed breast
 Expands with love, and to its utmost pow'r
 Diffuses blessings to mankind, nor fears

Ingratitude

Ingratitude should check, or pride should spurn
The offer'd bounties of the gen'rous heart.

Bless'd be the day, and doubly bless'd the hour,
When my Fidele with unfeigned vow
Gave her fond hand, and own'd her constant love;
Tho' since that hour already thrice the sun
From ev'ry sign has seen our growing blifs,
And tho' thy smile of unaffected love
Adds joy to every joy, and charms to ease
The brow of care, tho' thou art all that heav'n
Could give in woman, tenderness, and truth,
And all my heart e'er wish'd, when warmest fancy
Form'd the fond future view of household blifs;
Yet happier still perhaps our lot had been,
Had'st thou beneath the rural thatch receiv'd
My faithful vow, and we had never heard
Of towns or city life, a Marian thou
And rustic Corin I. Then on the plain
Contented we had pass'd life's little day.
While youth with sprightly beam illum'd our hours
They would move on with joy, and when at noon
Firm manhood call'd us forth to till the soil,
And with our lab'ring hand direct the plough,
We would be ready, nor refuse the task,
Due tribute to the public, till at eve
Our vigour lost, when age came creeping on
We would unyoke our heifers, and retire
To welcome ease, our best skill then employ'd

At

At our own home, attentive there to thatch
 The chinks which time had made, and to root up
 Each foul weed that deform'd our little plot.
 This business over, calm we should attend
 Th' approaching hour of our eternal rest ;
 And when it came, borne to our peaceful grave
 By the plain villager ; what tho' no tomb
 Of sculptur'd marble call'd the passing eye
 To read our story, yet the cottage tear
 Should on our ashes fall, and the good heart
 O'erflow sincerely for a neighbour lost ;
 Upon our bier the virgin troop would hang
 Fresh-woven chaplets of the sweetest flow'rs :
 Green turf should deck our grave, and ev'ry year
 In spring-time would some friendly hand with care
 Bind the fresh briar around, to guard the place
 From the rude insult of the careless step,
 And faithful memory to late time record
 We were the happiest pair of human kind.

WOODSTOCK. AN ELEGY.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR MDCCLIX.

AH me what is this mortal life? (I cry'd)
What changes croud the page of flitting time!
What dire reverse of fate have numbers try'd!
What youth, what beauty wither'd in the prime!

Inexorable destiny pursues,
And levels in the chace with rapid wing?
Pity in vain, or mirth, or merit sues,
Equally vain the beggar and the king!

Ah! what is fame the idol of the great?
No solid pleasure can she e'er bestow;
If just to worth, that justice comes too late:
Prompt is her malice, but her mercy slow!—

Thus on the winding Isis willowed bank,
The varying scenes of fortune I deplore;
Wasting in fruitless sighs the evening dank,
Tears adding water to the river's store.

A gloomy

A gloomy mansion open to the view,
Disclosing horror, heighten'd by the shade ;
Where round the nodding walls the mournful yew
Points to the vault where Rosamond was laid.

Where with her birds of night, haggard and foul
In fullen fellowship together dwell
The bat ambiguous, and ill omen'd owl
Screaming to nighted swains a dreadful knell !

Intent I gaz'd, till terror, ruling sight,
Rear'd a pale spectre from the yawning tomb,
A faint delusion of the murky night,
Begot and bred in fancy's fruitful womb !

Semblance of virgin elegance and grace,
The mimic shape in every part adorn'd ;
But wan and languid seem'd the beauteous face,
Which Elen envy'd and which Henry mourn'd.

Now gently gliding o'er the hallow'd ground,
Close by my side the phantom made a stand,
Piercing the night-still'd air. An awful sound !
And claim'd attention with uplifted hand.

" I once was blest with love's deluding joy,
" I also felt the worst extreme of hate !
" And can no length of time (she cry'd) destroy,
" Remembrance of my love and of my fate ?

- " O had oblivion in her peaceful cell
" Shrouded from every eye my mould'ring dust!
" That on the chissel'd stone no verse might tell,
" My crime how great! my punishment how just!
- " But Woodstock's blooming bowers still remain,
" The scenes to me, of pleasure, and of woe;
" And Godstow's walls perpetuate the stain,
" My name reproaching, whilst my grave they shew.
- " O Woodstock, fated long to be the seat
" Of all the charms that wit and beauty boast,
" The hero's guerdon, and his soft retreat,
" Yielding content, in fields and senates lost.
- " Thy glories now are level'd low in earth;
" No longer beauty doth thy bow'rs adorn;
" No more thy woods resound the voice of mirth;
" The laurel from thy victor brow is torn!
- " But thou whose bosom foreign sorrow heaves,
" Whose eyes can stream for anguish not thine own?
" Whose heart the white-rob'd fugitive receives,
" When forc'd by awful rigour from her throne;
- " The scourge of vice, the good man's destiny,
" The wreck of fortune, and the waste of years;
" The miseries thou mournest thou shalt see,
" Sad consolation, granted to thy tears."

Now

Now on the summit of a cloud-built height
 Methought I stood: and from an opening glade
 With fault'ring ray gleam'd forth a magic light,
 And round the plain in lambent circles play'd.

Sudden the ground with inbred motion shook,
 A solemn murmur rustled thro' the trees;
 And on the pebbled shore the surging brook
 Dash'd angry waves, unconscious of a breeze!

Dædalian mystery! from the parted soil,
 A labyrinth 'rose to sounds of melting note;
 A moment's labour mocking all the toil
 Of nation's old, and monarchs long forgot.

High over-arch'd in summer's gayest weed,
 Mæand'ring alleys form the wond'rous maze,
 And puzzle most when best they seem to lead
 The untaught foot, that in their precincts strays.

Deep in a vale impervious to all tread,
 Save by a flower-hid path, a grotto flood;
 And ancient oaks their foliage round it spread,
 O'ershading with their tops the neighb'ring wood.

And nature sporting, with a lavish hand
 'This little spot in gay profusion grac'd,
 With every wanton variation plan'd,
 Luxuriant fancy yielding but to taste,

Here on the brink of a pellucid stream,
 Circling in eddies o'er its moss-grown bed,
 Where ever and anon a quiv'ring beam,
 Piercing the covert, on the surface play'd:

A beauty lay, surpassing all the train
 Of virgin Delia, or Idalia's queen;
 Or what of dryads poets sweetly feign,
 On Ida, or Thessalian Oeta seen.

And by her side a form imperial lay,
 With roses, and with myrtle garlands crown'd;
 The wither'd laurel cast in scorn away,
 The pomp of war in Lydian measures drown'd.

The little loves that flutter'd on the boughs,
 In grateful bondage did their limbs entwine,
 And strove to join them cloſer than their vows,
 With woodbine sweet, and twisted eglantine.

But weak all bonds when those of beauty fail,
 The monarch fated, left the flowery bed
 Nor griev'd to see the maid his loss bewail,
 Nor mingled parting tears with those she shed,

Now swift advancing to the guilty bower,
 With frantic step the injur'd queen drew nigh;
 And arm'd for vengeance seiz'd the fatal hour,
 When all things slept but rage and jealousy.

Each .

Each eager hand a deadly weapon fill'd,
 A pointed dagger, and a poison'd bowl ;
 My ebbing blood her mad demeanor chill'd,
 And anguish unallay'd possess'd my soul.

Ah stop, inhuman ! with a fault'ring tongue,
 And inarticulate voice as in a dream
 I cry'd ; and strait the rattling thunder rung,
 And livid lightnings in the welkin gleam !

No more the mazy grove, or bow'r appear'd,
 But all around a waste and barren plain ;
 The scatter'd trees of leaves and branches bar'd,
 And blanch'd by frowning winds and beating rain.

And murder shrieking hideous wander'd there ;
 And ruthless envy, and relentless hate,
 With snaky locks, and shrivel'd bosoms bare,
 Whilst lurking felons on their motions wait.

And soon the landscape shifting like a cloud,
 To less'ning distance bore the hellish crew ;
 Now twang in fainter sounds their yellings loud,
 Now vanish'd quite ; a milder scene I view.

Of checquer'd light and shade, a sober dawn,
 Faint thro' a lingering vapour did disclose,
 A hamlet seated on an open lawn,
 And from each roof the pillar'd smoke arose.

For now with frequent challenge, had the cock
 His rivals menacing, awak'd the swain;
 Now in the pen impatient bleats the flock,
 And ruddy streaks the horizon distain.

The crouching dog the moon no longer bays,
 But stretch'd supine upon the social hearth
 He lies, rejoicing in the crackling blaze,
 Whilst flaunting sun-beams dry the moist'ned earth.

Whilst to the strain of rural minstrelsy,
 A band forth issuing to a neighb'ring hill
 Welcom'd the morn with decent jollity,
 And all the air their youthful carrols fill.

With unskill'd hands a simple crown they wove
 Of vervain, and the never-fading bay;
 And rais'd a throne within a rude alcove;
 To grace the parent of the British lay.

Old Chaucer, who in rough, unequal verse,
 Sung quaint allusion and facetious tale;
 And ever as his jests he would rehearse,
 Loud peals of laughter echo'd thro' the vale.

And eager gap'd the rustic list'ning throng,
 And still their joy and laughter they renew;
 And warlike barons, soften'd by the song,
 From loud alarms to mute attention drew.

But short-liv'd pleasure soon to sorrow chang'd,
 For melody a sigh, for mirth a tear;
 And now the swains in solemn order rang'd,
 Surround the bard extended on his bier.

What tho' succeeding poets, as they fire,
 Revere his mem'ry, and approve his wit;
 Tho' Spencer's elegance and Dryden's fire,
 His name to ages far remote transmit;

His tuneless numbers hardly now survive,
 As ruins of a dark and gothic age;
 And all his blithsome tales their praise derive,
 From Pope's immortal song, and Prior's page!

Again, quick rising thro' the tufted green,
 Turrets and lofty battlements ascend;
 Trees half obscuring columns, intervene,
 And real boughs with sculptur'd fruitage blend.

And arched windows shine with torches clear,
 Soothing the wanderer. A delusive home!
 And busy crouds of ministers appear,
 Decking with jocund haste a festive room.

And now of sprightly youths and damsels gay,
 A wanton bevy at the board was set,
 And all intent they seem'd on am'rous play,
 For kindling glances, kindling glances met.

There

Their volant fingers o'er the chorded lyre,
 With modulating touch the artists ply;
 Pursuing still to animate desire,
 Strains that in thrilling undulations die.

And every cheek with deep suffusion glow'd,
 Denoting thought inflam'd, and troubled breast,
 And passion, in seducing sighs avow'd
 Mutual, yet still by decency repress.

But soon excess to madding riot led,
 Ensuing meaning jest, and licence bold;
 Till comely order from the banquet fled,
 Asham'd the lustful orgies to behold.

A youth exalted high above the rest,
 In bad pre-eminence conspicuous shone;
 And blind submission to his lewd behest,
 Unrival'd lewdness from them all had won.

And deeply was he skill'd in wanton lore,
 With fertile thought suggesting every art,
 To make impurer, fires impure before,
 Tainting at once the manners and the heart.

Pleasing proportion, youthful beauty's aid,
 And bland complacency and winning smile,
 And wit diffusive tempting to persuade,
 Maintain'd his pow'r, and held him in the toil.

Ah! why should nature in an angel drefs,
 To lure with seeming worth unwary eyes,
 Conceal rank thoughts and grofs voluptuousness,
 Too apt to poison without virtue's guife?

Pride of thy country Wilmot, and her shame!
 By every grace adorn'd and muse inspir'd;
 Thy early fall how pitied! and thy name,
 How much detested, and how much admir'd!

Yet must unbias'd posterity admit,
 For all thou wrot'st and acted'st to atone,
 Thy failings were the age's, but thy wit,
 Thy parts and dying penitence, thine own.

But now prevailing o'er the hubbub wild,
 The clanging trumpet kindles great acclaim;
 And all around are warlike trophies pil'd,
 And crouds triumphant echo Churchill's fame.

And thronging senates in the glorious cause,
 Repell'd oppression, liberty maintain'd,
 Accord with gratulant vote the loud applause;
 The fairest prize by British valour gain'd.

Who erst implor'd, and soon obtain'd relief,
 High-fated monarchs grateful homage pay,
 And fulgent honours crown the matchless chief,
 And verse harmonious, never to decay:

And

And humbled Gallia kneels with distant awe,
 Her generals baffled, and her warriors slain;
 No more to dictate but receive the law,
 No longer to impose but wear the chain

But venom'd faction spreading o'er the land,
 Too soon forgets the mighty debt to owe;
 And envy stretches out her lurid hand,
 The victor's meed to blast and overthrow.

And yet unfinish'd stands the votive dome,
 By all his toil and all his danger bought;
 When just resentment calls him far from home,
 Revisiting the fields where late he fought.

In vain auspicious Brunswick's happy reign,
 Blunting the ranc'rous point of party strife,
 Restores the hero to his friends again;
 Too late to cheer the dregs of lengthned life!

The lofty column and the voice of praise,
 In vain proclaim him great, and just, and brave;
 Tardy repentance merit ill repays,
 Unheard, unheeded, in the silent grave!

In conquest equal, and alike in fate,
 Rome's mounting genius, godlike Scipio stood;
 And prop'd by worth and dignity innate,
 Contemn'd the venal censure of the croud.

Yet once again the visionary scene,
Ductile, for sorrow social beauty yields;
A temp'rate sunshine and an air serene,
Fost'ring the upland downs and level fields.

And tepid showers bedew the frolic herd,
Bounding in gamesome measure o'er the lea,
With daisies crimson-tipt, and green parterr'd,
And shadowing fragrance drops from every tree;

The wide expanded prospect gently clos'd,
On vistor'd walks leading to high arcades;
Each waving copse in symmetry dispos'd,
Points to the terras capt with colonnades.

And more remote the cloister'd wings confine,
In architecture elegant and just,
A portall'd front where niches deep inshrine
The marble statue, and the gilded bust

Unfolding wide the hospitable port
On ready hinges, to the searching eye
Reveals unblemish'd childhood's harmless sport,
And placid parents stand delighted by.

For here unmindful of the call of state.
The smile of favour, or the voice of power;
In tranquil pleasure, even and sedate,
Great Churchill's heir enjoy'd the wasting hour.

And

And beaming rapture glist'ned on his brow,
 And glad dependants share their patron's joy,
 No frowns their heart-bred transports disallow,
 Debasing worth in servitude's alloy.

Such charms hath innocence! such virtues pride!
 From starry height her sacred powers descend,
 The garish pomp of grandeur to deride,
 And giddy fortunes rash decrees amend.

A day he flourish'd in the peaceful soil,
 Another saw him on the hostile strand,
 Guiding the thunders of the white-cliff'd isle,
 Ambition's wasteful rapine to withstand.

To match his great progenitor in war,
 Elate with hope, his gen'rous bosom burns;
 But inauspicious twinkled every star,
 And heaven averted all his wishes spurns.

Too high request in every sphere to shine,
 In peace a pattern, and a chief in blood;
 The gods to each a separate path assign,
 But he alone is great who's truly good.



ODE ON THE REBELLION IN THE YEAR MDCCXLV.

BY R. SCHOMBERG, M. D.

DO thou, fair liberty, descend
 To tune my harp, and guide my hand,
 Thy sacred sister with thee bring,
 She too shall aid me, as I sing,
 And every Briton's breast engage
 With well-becoming zeal, and kindle honest rage,

Daughter of royal Brunswick's line,
 Great Anna, ^t more than half divine,
 Thou too, the happy theme inspire,
 So shall I strike the golden lyre
 With manly force, and raise my voice
 Above a common strain, if thou approv'st my choice.

Britannia hail! hail happy isle
 Where joys inhabit, pleasures smile;
 Great nurse of heroes, seat of charms,
 Supreme in arts, and first in arms,
 Queen of the seas, and distant trade
 Arise majestic nymph, and shew thy awful head.

^t Princess of Orange.

Ambitious

Ambitious Cæsar saw thee fair
(What will not proud ambition dare!)

And strait he courts thee as his own,
Fond to possess thy splendid throne,
Albion submits, tho' not to chains,

But ever uncontroll'd th' imperial virgin reigns.

The Roman eagle shrunk his head,

Before th' invited Saxons fled;

Aspiring nations shook her state

(Dread consequence of being great,)

Wild heptarchy began her reign,

Till over aw'd she yields her scepter to the Dane.

Awhile in ignorance she lay,

The pagan worlds obscur'd her day:

The Goths a wild barbarian train,

And savage Vandals sweep her plain:

Soon of herself thro' clouds she shone,

And brighten'd once again a strong meridian sun.

The royal Alfred greatly born,

Britain to govern and adorn,

His kingdom's honour, subject's good,

This well preserv'd, that understood,

Courted Astræa to his throne

Oppression sunk disarm'd, nor more his people groan.

The

The happy prince nor rested here ;
 His ships to diff'rent regions steer,
 And in Britannia's lap unlade
 The sweet reward of gainful trade ;
 Far distant India's burning shore
 Beheld his floating strength, and wonder'd at his power.

Commerce advance ! by heaven design'd
 To polish, and enrich mankind ;
 Old Maja's daughter, Albion's care,
 Advance, and breath thy native air !
 Here dwell, and fix thy sweet resort,
 Nations shall hither flock, to pay their eager court.

Thou gav'st to hidden knowledge birth,
 By thee, the limits of the earth
 Greatly enlarg'd, show'd worlds unknown,
 The frigid, and the torrid zone ;
 Guided and influenc'd by thee,
 We first were taught to learn divine Astronomy.

To thee her silk rich Persia brings,
 The proud magnificence of kings,
 Arabia's spice, and India's mine
 Peru's vast golden womb is thine,
 Behold the costly pillars rise
 And swell thy lofty seats, and temples to the skies.

Seated along th'Aonian spring
 No more the vocal sisters sing:
 Oxford the seat of learning now
 Crowns with her bay Apollo's brow;
 Again refreshing science streams,
 Pæonian Phœbus hence, sends forth his warmer beams.

Next Cambridge rear'd her awful head
 Whence arts, from Danish arms had fled,
 Virgil and Homer here retir'd,
 And pleas'd her studious sons inspir'd,
 Philosophy shone heavenly bright,
 The thickning clouds dispers'd, and all was wondrous light.

Favour'd of god here Newton saw,
 Errors, obscuring nature's law,
 He saw, and clear'd the gloomy way,
 And shew'd mankind eternal day,
 He shew'd, and worlds beheld with joy
 Labours which distant time, nor envy shall destroy.

Innately bright the di'mond shines,
 Tho' deep conceal'd in Indian mines,
 The lapidary's nicer art
 Luxuriant flames on every part,
 Till then, false jewels we admire
 Behold their tinsel blaze, and artificial fire.

Priests

Priests thus with shew, enslav'd the mind,
 To shew, the human eye inclin'd;
 To papal power our princes bend,
 Nor see the errors they defend,
 While monkish artifices long
 Dazzl'd implicit worlds, and led a bigot throng.

Religion trembled at their crimes,
 But pleas'd, foresaw succeeding times,
 Succeeding times when she alone
 Shou'd govern Britain's royal throne;
 With undisturb'd and downy rest,
 Baffled the sons of Rome but all her children blest.

Edward, the happy theme began,
 A glorious, and immortal plan!
 Skies azure-opening greet his day,
 The Reformation points the way,
 By reason, and by virtue led,
 Behold her beauteous form, and mark her solemn tread!

Not so imperious Mary sways,
 Blind zeal again obscur'd her blaze;
 Disgrac'd, religion mournful stood,
 While persecution smil'd in blood,
 Heav'n saw, enrag'd, the horrid deed,
 Shorten'd her tyrant reign, no more her subjects bleed.

Elizabeth To

Eliza shone serenely bright,
 And on her throne reflected light,
 Her royal brother's will maintain'd,
 For this, the virgin princess reign'd,
 Reign'd most supremely wise and great
 And neighb'ring realms preserv'd, and sav'd her sinking state:

When Spanish fleets her coasts alarm,
 Eliza rais'd her mighty arm,
 Her peoples darling, she secure
 Smiling (of easy conquest sure)
 Quell'd like a Jove their giant rage,
 Her thunders burst aloud, nor dare the foe engage.

As when the sun darts forth his beams
 Whence trembling light refulgent streams,
 And kindly gladdens for a while,
 Alike adorns, and aids our toil,
 A sudden cloud o'erspreads his rays,
 Destroys our flatt'ring hopes, and dims our golden days.

So, when eclips'd, Eliza's reign,
 And heaven recall'd the saint again,
 Too happy to be long admir'd
 With her, our short-liv'd bliss retir'd;
 Darknefs returns, the light disdains
 To shine on a foul series of inglorious reigns.

Thou

Thou awful shade of Pope, inspire,
 And give expression to my lyre!
 Lend harmony to every line,
 And teach my verse to flow like thine!
 Maria's wond'rous charms I'd sing,
 Woud'st thou, lov'd poet, dictate to the silver string.

Her William saw Britannia's grief
 And swift he flew to her relief,
 With noble resolution draws
 The sword vindictive, in her cause;
 The glorious cause demands his sword,
 Religion once again, and liberty restor'd.

With horror, he beheld the state
 Oppress'd beneath the papal weight,
 He kindled not war's fiercer flame
 But like a guardian angel came,
 (Britannia's best and surest friend)
 To save the fading honour's of a groaning land.

The grand event, the bold design
 Th' immortal task; Nassau, were thine;
 The British lion rous'd by thee
 First broke his chain, and dar'd be free,
 The royal line of great Nassau
 Was sent mankind by heaven to keep the world in awe.

The dark horizon clear'd again,
 And shone propitious on his reign,
 Fair liberty assum'd her seat,
 And crush'd oppression at her feet ;
 Religion triumph'd, Albion smiles
 Once more the first of states, again the queen of isles,

Inspir'd by heaven, the wise Nassau
 Her rising greatness well foresaw
 Rising from royal Brunswick's care,
 Brunswick by senates mark'd his heir,
 Britons rejoicing shout applause,
 By him secur'd our faith, our property, our laws,

But first our powerful realms obey
 Illustrious Anne thy easy sway,
 Check'd by thy pow'r, insulting Gaul
 Beheld with grief his legions fall,
 They fell, for Malbro' drew the sword,
 Pre-eminent in arms, victorious, and ador'd.

Gallia beholds with treacherous eyes
 Sophia's high-born offspring rise
 To glory, empire, and renown,
 Deck'd with Britannia's glitt'ring crown,
 Again she dar'd the isle engage,
 And stir intestine war, and raise seditious rage.

The ranc'rous hate of France, in vain
 Threatens Mavortian Brunswick's reign,
 Guardian of liberty and peace,
 He bids rebellious discord cease,
 The injur'd monarch soon forgives,
 And by his nod, again th' offending rebel lives.

With distant conquests, he extends
 The throne, his royal son ascends ;
 Imperial dignity and grace
 Serenely smile upon his face,
 Brunswick to martial honour bred,
 Governs, by virtue counsell'd, and by glory led.

Trade, arts, and science flourish here
 And bless each fair revolving year ;
 Gay-smiling plenty reigns around,
 And golden harvests load the ground
 So liberty, and George, and Britons shou'd be crown'd!

While Brunswick, Europe's rights maintains
 And fights her cause on Flandria's plains,
 Proud Gallia treacherously brave
 Calls coward treason from her cave,
 Tho' Agincourt and Blenheim tell
 How all her valour sunk, and boasting heroes fell.

Fam'd Dettingen still reeks with blood
 Where like a god great Brunswick stood;
 Triumphant fame on filken wing
 Rode smiling on before the king,
 Like Mars he shook the pointed spear
 The Gauls retreat, and all their battle shrunk with fear.

Tremendous death and horror stride
 Close by intrepid William's side,
 William, he blød, and soldiers griev'd
 " Revenge (they cry) the wound receiv'd " !
 Bright Venus mourn'd her fav'rite care
 And quick she bid her nymphs the healing drugs prepare.

The Cyprian goddess stood confest
 As when Æneas' wound she drest:
 Her weeping nymphs around her wait,
 Impatient for the prince's fate ;
 With healing herbs, and balmy sweets
 The Dioncean queen the cannon's rage defeats.

Who are these base, these dastard foes,
 That dare their country's laws oppose !
 Their lives and fortunes not their own,
 But giv'n in mercy from the throne :
 Do they, ungrateful men, presume
 To act the scheme of France, or play the part of Rome.

Discord and horror stalk along
 With pale rebellion in the throng,
 Bellona stains the purple field,
 And Mars displays his brazen shield,
 William his brother god appears,
 To curb the trait'rous war, and ease Britannia's fears.

He comes, the hero comes, and strait
 Conscious rebellion knows her fate ;
 His troops with manly rage inspir'd
 Rush on, by his example fir'd ;
 His name strikes terror to the foe
 Precipitate they fly, nor wait th' impending blow.

Brave Huske and Hawly strive in vain
 To animate th' embattled plain ;
 Train'd up in arms, the warriors fly
 From rank to rank, resolv'd to die,
 Or conquer, in their country's cause,
 But heaven to Cumberland decrees the crown'd applause:

Hence worthless slaves, and wear the chain
 Of punick France, and haughty Spain,
 Blinded by Rome, your ruin court,
 And be your very master's sport,
 Like Cain roam, of bliss bereft,
 No clime, no country yours, no friendly shelter left.

Shall Gauls insult the wide domain,
 When Neptune views them with disdain?
 Shall they with dark invasive schemes
 (The mere result of idle dreams)
 Threaten Britannia's guarded shore
 Nor dread the angry god, nor fear his cannon's roar?

Proud boasters hence, and learn to know
 Our Albion dreads no foreign foe;
 Her fleets but ask propitious gales
 But ask, and conquest swells her sails;
 France strikes the flag, our colours near,
 Whitens her golden flowers, and shrinks with coward fear.

Britons united by their laws,
 Can never swerve from freedom's cause;
 Blest in great George we guard his reign,
 And Gallic insolence disdain;
 Well may we guard th' imperial throne
 Which ev'ry Briton's voice, and virtue made his own.

Calm as a god behold him there,
 Express his soft paternal care,
 Mercy sits mourning on his face,
 To see severer law take place;
 And while rebellious subjects die,
 Sighs swell his royal breast, and tears his pitying eye.

Such Brunswick is who rules our land,
 Such is the monarch we defend,
 Blessing and blest'd! (a mutual good
 By Britons only understood)
 Late may he England's scepter wield,
 Protect our laws at home, and guard us in the field.

A long illustrious race of kings,
 From Frederick and Augusta springs,
 This Brunswick views with joyous eye,
 And knows in them, he ne'er shall die;
 He sees his royal offspring smile,
 The grace of future worlds, and honour of their isle.



H E A V E N. A V I S I O N.

BY MR. SCOTT.

FULL many a tedious hour, with care oppress'd
 Stretch'd on my weary bed, I wakeful lay,
 Sad troublous thoughts, like hornets, stung my breast,
 And brusht the dews of balmy sleep away.
 Ah! what avails, I cry'd, with painful toil,
 By virtue's stedfast star the bark to guide,

Far

Far from ^u Acrasia's wily-wandering isle,
 Where ease and pleasure the frail heart divide;
 If life's short voyage undistinguish'd tends
 To darkness, and the land where all forgotten ends?

Shall worth lie hid in sorrow's baleful shade?
 And no reward shall suff'ring goodness find,
 While vice triumphant lifts her pamper'd head,
 * Nor hears the steps of vengeance close behind?
 Then take me pow'r of beauty, to thy arms,
 And lull, ah lull to peace my troubled soul!
 Disclose O god of wine, thy purple charms,
 I'll drown reflection in the mantling bowl!
 'Gainst wind, and tide, let Stoic dulness fail,
 Be mine the calmest sea, and pleasure's briskest gale.

Pensive I mus'd, 'till rose the blushing morn,
 And spread her saffron mantle o'er the skies;
 When pitying Morpheus shook his opiate horn,
 And slumbrous humours drown'd my weary'd eyes:
 Yet fancy still awake, to sooth my pain,
 Sweet scenes of joy in liveliest hue pourtray'd;
 She call'd forth all her bright ideal train,
 And pleasing truths in mystic dreams convey'd:
 Oh fail me not, thou fair enchanting pow'r,
 At sorrow's grim approach, and care's distressful hour!

^u Spenser's Fairy Queen, Book II.

* Antecedentem scelestum deseruit pœna.

Hor.

Born thro' the yielding air, methought I flew
 To some more blissful clime, sequester'd far
 From this frail world, that just appear'd to view,
 Like the faint glimm'ring of a distant star.
 Deep in the sea's encircling wave 'twas plac'd,
 As gems in silver; hoary ocean smil'd
 Cheer'd with the pleasing sight; and y from his breast
 Sent his sweet children, breezes fresh and mild:
 No clouds nor darkness, veil'd the cheerful scene,
 Nor wintry blasts deform'd the grounds eternal green.

Lo to the west a large and spacious plain,
 Where meet in concert, wood, and hill, and dale;
 Brighter than all that muse-led poets feign
 Of Ida's grove, and Tempe's hallow'd vale:
 Tho' Peneus there revolves his z amber stream,
 And suppliant Daphne spreads her branching arms;
 Still trembling lest the sun's prolific beam,
 Too fiercely wanton, blast her virgin charms:
 Would'st thou escape? Go, coy relentless maid,
 Go chuse some worse retreat, some less luxurious shade!

There blooming groves, gay smiling with delight,
 From her fair womb spontaneous nature brings;

γ Ενθα μακαρων νασαν ωκεανιδες αυραι περιπνευσι. Pind.

z Αλεξιγινον υδωρ. CALLIM.—Amnis purior electo. Virg.

Where

Where perch'd on every bough, all richly dight
 With painted plumes, some ^a harmless firen sings:
 Pleas'd with the wild notes Zephyr flits unseen,
 And on his musky wings the sound conveys;
 While trickling soft, each varying pause between,
 The murm'ring riv'lets roll their silver base;
 Winds, waters, birds in seemly sort agree,
 And am'rous echo blends the liquid melody.

Nor there alone was charm'd one scanty sense:
 The loaded trees ambrosial fruitage bear;
 The ^b weeping shrubs their spicy gums dispense,
 Whose fragrance fresh imbalms the buxom air;
 Thousands of flow'rs their filken webs unfold,
 Amaranths, immortal amaranths arise,
 These beaming bright with ^c vegetable gold,
 And these with azure, these with Tyrian dies;
 There laughing sweetly red the roses glow,
 Where from their breathing souls celestial odours flow:

But hark, a voice soft-warbling strikes my ear!
 " Behold, O man, fair virtue's ample meed;
 " Behold these radiant plains, this star-girt sphere,
 " By righteous Jove her portion are decreed!

^a Nemoris firen, innoxia firen. Strada's Nightin.

^b Flet tamen, et tepidæ manant ex arbore guttæ. Ovid. Met.

^c Ἀνθεμα δὲ χρυσεὺ φλεγει. Pind.

“ Mould not, ah mould not then in idle cell,
 “ But strive these rapt’rous mansions to attain ;
 “ Here all the wise, the brave, the virtuous dwell,
 “ Eternal ages ^d free from care, and pain ;
 “ Here in Elyfian seats, their calm abodes,
 “ Live in communion blest ^e, with heroes, and with gods !

Eastward to this methought a diff’rent scene,
 Of equal beauty, charm’d my raptur’d sight :
 Wide spacious lawns with swelling hills between,
 And groves of bliss, and gardens of delight.
 There lotes, and palms their copious branches twie
 And over-arching form delicious bow’rs ;
 There gush nectareous rills of dulcet wine,
 And honey’d streams revolve their milky stores ;
 Fresh bleeding myrrh, and cassia shed perfume,
 Ananas swell with sweets, and wild pomegranates bloom.

Fast by a fount ^f, whose spicy waters glide
 In am’rous mazes, on the velvet ground
 With blushing flow’rs all goodly beautify’d,
 A smiling troop of virgins dance around ;

^d Ἀθάκρυν νεμονίαι αἰώναι. Pind.

^e Παρά μιν τιμωροῖς Θεῶν. Ibid.

^f Called by the Arabic writers Zenzebîl, and promised by Mahomet to all the faithful,

Fairer

Fairer than Delia's silver-buskin'd train,
 When erst, Ladona, by thy lillied banks,
 Or cool ^z Eurota's laurel-fringed plain,
 To breathing lutes they tript in seemly ranks;
 And fairer, Cypris, than thy wanton quire,
 That melt the soul to love, and kindle fierce desire.

Their eyes ^h, like pearls within their shells conceal'd,
 Beauteous and black; their lips with rubies vye;
 On their fair cheeks, with white and red anneal'd,
 What thousand dimpling smiles in ambush lie!
 See, see they point to yon embow'ring shade,
 Where cool gales fan their odorif'rous wings,
 And Flora's freshest, softest couch is spread;
 The whiles some one this lovely ditty sings!
 Thro' all my veins what thrilling transport flew
 To hear the nectar'd words, dropping like honey'd dew!

" Haste, gentle youth, for lo, the way is plain!
 " Haste, gentle youth, and hear the prophet's call!
 " These are the joys that true believers gain,
 " Immortal joys, that never know to pall.
 " Come then, ah come thy weary limbs recline
 " On filken beds of roses sweetly strow'd,

^z — In Eurotæ ripis

Exercet Diana choros — Virg.

^h See Sale's Koran, chapter the 56th.

" Where

" Where to thy touch compliant bows the vine,
 " All faint, and lab'ring with the luscious load;
 " Where nymphs of paradise their charms reveal,
 " And with their am'rous spoils thy greedy eyes regale!"

She ceas'd — and molten with excess of joy,
 Voluptuous hope was busy in my breast:
 When lo swift-darting from th' extremest sky,
 With seraph-plumes, an angel stood confest!
 A pure immortal crown adorn'd her head,
 Of gold inwove with jewels; in her hand
 The book of life, and mercy was display'd,
 With ruddy drops of dying martyrs stain'd;
 Her eagle-eyes were quick, and passing bright,
 Yet beam'd serene, and mild, with heav'n's celestial light.

" And O fond foolish man," she cry'd, " forbear
 " Idly to glote on forms so light, and vain!
 " What are these jocund scenes, but empty air,
 " The fleeting coinage of a phrenzy'd brain?
 " Yet ev'n in these, asⁱ darkly thro' a glass,
 " Some faint, some glimm'ring view the eye may gain
 " Of those unmingled joys, that far surpass
 " Whate'er of bliss the wit of man can feign;
 " Those pure delights, that flow in streams divine,
 " Where thy imperial tow'rs, O heav'nly Salem, shine!

i 1 Cor. xiii. 12.

- “ For know, my son, that they whose worth is try’d,
“ As gold by fire, by great and virtuous deeds,
“ Soon as the carnal fetters are unty’d,
“ That chain the soul, and stript these mortal weeds;
“ Haply shall soar, in robes of glory clad,
“ To heav’nly mansions, bright abodes, prepar’d
“ * Ere the foundations of the deep were laid,
“ Or the firm pillars of the earth were rear’d;
“ E’re God his golden compasses employ’d,
“ And markt this beauteous world on chaos dark, and void.
- “ There shall they live, O happy, happy spirits!
“ There shall they live remov’d from all the cares,
“ And thousand ills, that feeble flesh inherits:
“ No greedy want, nor wayward lust, that tears
“ With vip’rous rage the breast from whence it sprung
“ Their deep-embosom’d peace shall e’er torment;
“ But hymning sweet, the angel troops among,
“ Their undisturbed lays of pure content,
“ The smiling hours immortal shall employ,
“ In trance of holy ease, or extacy of joy.
- “ Then shall their eyes, from cloudy films secure,
“ With lightning-glance unmeasur’d space behold;
“ And all the thousand stars, that pave the floor
“ Of heav’n, with orient pearl, or living gold;

* Prov. viii. 6, 24, 25, 27, &c.

“ Then

- “ Then floating thro’ the boundless deep of air,
 “ An azure sea, like gems of richest hue,
 “ Myriads of worlds thick-scatter’d shall appear,
 “ With all their bright inhabitants to view;
 “ Their active minds shall traverse, quick as thought,
 “ Creation’s ample fields, the range ’twixt God and nought,
 “ And oh what streams of music sweet, and clear,
 “ Shall drown in deep delight their raptur’d souls!
 “ Ay me, in vain to man’s unpurged ear
 “ Their heavenly notes each tuneful planet rolls!
 “ Ay me, in vain with softly-thrilling voice,
 “ Thro’ ev’ry land they hymn their maker’s praise,
 “ While choirs of young-ey’d cherubims rejoice,
 “ And to their golden harps mellifluous lays
 “ Attuning, holy, holy, holy, sing,
 “ O Lord, Almighty God, the saints’ eternal king!
 “ But not in vain the tuneful planets raise
 “ To pure ethereal souls their voice divine;
 “ Nor yet in vain their great creator’s praise
 “ Do gladsome choirs of young-ey’d cherubs join:
 “ No blessed sp’rit but hears the sacred song,
 “ And wakes his lyre melodious part to bear
 “ In the sweet symphony; while all the throng
 “ Of angels, and arch-angels, nay, the ear

¹ Psal. xix. 3, 4.

- “ Of God delighted listens to the strains.—
“ In heav’n, and heav’n-born minds such rapt’rous concord
“ reigns!
“ But where, ah where can glowing tints be found
“ To paint the charms of^m Sion’s sacred place,
“ ⁿ Where Christ the lamb in radiance sits enthron’d,
“ The ^o lively image of his father’s grace?
“ O flow’r of love! O ^p glorious morning star!
“ O ^q sun of righteousness, whose healing wings
“ Brought life, and peace, and mercy from afar!
“ From thee the light, thou beaming fountain, springs,
“ That guides poor mortals in their weary way,
“ Thro’ black affliction’s night, to pleasures endless day!
“ Jesus!— and didst thou leave thy bow’rs of joy?
“ And didst thou leave thy father’s dear embrace,
“ Content with agonizing pangs to die
“ For man’s forlorn, rebellious, sinful race?
“ What bliss to hear the high mysterious story;
“ By all the prophets, all th’ apostles sung,
“ And noble army’ of martyrs, crown’d with glory;
“ Where blest, the fix-wing’d seraphims among,
“ They drink immortal, from thy rapt’rous sight,
“ Conceiveless draughts of love’s ineffable delight!

^m Heb. xii. 22.

ⁿ Psal. ii. 6.

^o Heb. i. 3.

^p Rev. xxii. 16.

^q Mal. iv. 2.

“ Hail

" Hail saints of light ! who once the patient train
 " Of silent sorrow, thro' the thorny road
 " Of mis'ry toil'd, and unappall'd by pain
 " With pilgrim-feet the long, long journey trod !
 " O taught by them, thou man of earth, sustain
 " With firm unwearied arm the dang'rous fight !
 " The ^r prize of thy high-calling dare to gain,
 " ^s Victorious palms, and robes of spotless white ;
 " So in ^t the book of life thy name shall shine,
 " And heav'n's eternal joys, and transport's all be thine."

Scarce had she spoke, when that ^u cherubic car,
 Instinct with soul, and those self-moving wheels,
 That whirl'd the holy sage, from Chebar far,
 Appear'd :—my breast the rushing impulse feels !
 I see, I see thy glitt'ring turrets rise,
 Celestial Salem, all of ^x lucid gold,
 Inlaid with gems of thousand, thousand dyes !
 And lo, the everlasting gates unfold
 Their ^y doors of pearl, and o'er my aching sight
 Full tides of glory flow, and streams of living light !

Of light surpassing far thy glimm'ring ray,
 (More bright, more clear, more glorious, more divine)

^r Phil. iii. 14.

^s Rev. vii. 9.

^t Rev. iii. 5.

^v Ezek. i.

^x Rev. xxi. 18, 19.

^y Rev. xxi. 21.

Tho' drest by thee, ^z O golden eye of day,
 In gaudy robes the sparkling diamonds shine;
 Tho' yon fair moon to thee her lustre owes,
 Gilding with borrow'd light the mountain's brow;
 And Iris steals from thee each tint, that glows
 In the gay forehead of the show'ry bow:
 Faint is thy feeble blaze, O beauteous sun!
 Such peerless beams appear from truth's eternal throne.

See thro' the streets, ^a like liquid jasper clear,
 The fount of life in mazy error flows!
 Thro' the bright ^b crystal sands of gold appear,
 And heaps of pearly grain; while blooming grows,
 On either bank of dainty flow'rs profuse,
 The tree of life superior o'er the rest,
 Whose teeming branches nectar'd fruits produce:
^c Twelve various fruits of sweetly-vary'd taste,
 From every leaf ^d salubrious dews exale,
 And pure elixirs breathe in ev'ry balmy gale.

Lo there, diffus'd along the sacred brink,
 Angelic choirs replete with love and joy,
 Conceive their God, and from his presence drink
 Beatitude past utt'rance!—There they lie
 On flow'ring beds of balsam, cassia, nard,
 And myrrh, a wilderness of rich perfumes;

^z Ω χρυσιας αμειρας βλεφαρον. Soph.

^a Rev. xxi. 11, ^b Ibid, ^c Rev. xxii. 2, ^d Ibid.

Embalm'd they lie, like that Arabian bird,
 'Midst od'rous shrubs, and incense-breathing gums,
 Whose life springs recent from the sun-born fire,
 While clouds of spicy smoke in bluish wreaths aspire.

But spare, O spare me, heav'n!—my fainting soul
 Sickens with bliss too great for mortal sense!
 Come, o'er my limbs thy quick'ning waters roll,
 Life-giving stream, and all thy balm dispense!
 And thou, fair tree, the source of all our woes,
 (That bloom'd so fatal erst in Eden's glade,
 Transplanted since to heav'n) thy friendly boughs
 Extend, and wrap me in the brownest shade!
 O veil me from the lamb's too glorious sight,
 From majesty's full blaze, insufferably bright!

Trembling I wak'd with sweet excess of joy,
 And on the wings of sleep, more swift than wind,
 Away the fickle, fond delusions fly;
 Yet leave their fairy-steps the trace behind:
 Hear then, ye fainted myriads, from your spheres,
 And gently beam your kindest influence down;
 Lift, lift my thoughts above life's groveling cares,
 To joys sublime, and virtue's glorious crown!
 O guide my virgin-soul the high abode,
 To reach, the heav'n of heav'ns, where reigns th' eternal God!

O D E O N S L E E P.

BY THE SAME.

WHY, gentle god, this long delay,
Since night, and careless quiet reigns?
Oh hither take thy silent way,
And sooth, ah sooth my wakeful pains!
So shall my hands for thee the wreath entwine,
And strew fresh poppies at thy votive shrine.

When from the north all wan, and pale,
The sun withdraws his chearful light,
And arm'd with whirlwind, frost and hail,
The big clouds bring the half year's night,
Quick to their caves the sliv'ring natives tend,
And hear without the ratt'ling storms descend.

Then stretcht along the maggy bed
To thee, indulgent pow'r, they cry;
Born on thy wings, with happier speed,
The leaden-footed moments fly;
While fancy paints spring's visionary stores,
And calls the distant sun to wake the slumb'ring flow'rs.

Nor yet is sleep's supreme command
 Confin'd to these cold dreary plains,
 O'er sultry Lybia's boiling sand
 This universal monarch reigns ;
 And where with heat the fable Indians glow,
 While streams of light thro' purest æther flow.

Weary and faint the dusky slaves
 From cold Potofi's mines retire,
 From rugged rocks, and darkling caves,
 When scarce the panting lungs respire :
 To Citron shades they take their pensive way,
 Where bath'd in od'rous winds their listless limbs they lay.

The tyrant's voice, the galling chain,
 Th' uplifted scourge no more they fear,
 Deep slumbers drown the sense of pain ;
 And floating thro' the peopled air
 Ideal forms in pleasing order rise,
 And bright illusions swim before their eyes.

Now Orellana's foaming tide
 With pliant arms they seem to cleave ;
 And now the light canoe to guide
 Across Muenca's glassy wave ;
 Or chase in jocund troops the savage prey,
 Thro' woods impervious to the solar ray.

Some gentle youth, by love betray'd,
 Recalls the joys he felt of old,
 When wand'ring with his fable maid
 Thro' groves of vegetable gold,
 He claspt her yielding to his raptur'd breast,
 And free from guile his honest soul exprest.

Sleep on, much-injur'd hapless swain,
 Nor wake thy cruel fate to moan,
 To curse th' insatiate thirst of gain,
 And proud Iberia's * bloody son!
 Old India's genius wept o'er millions slain,
 And streams of gore ran foaming to the main.

But why to tragic scenes like these,
 Wilt thou, my restless fancy, rove?
 Bear me to climes of downy ease,
 To climes that sleep, and silence love:
 Whether the shades of Lemnos most invite,
 Or dark Cimmerian caves the still abode of night.

Fond fables all!—The partial god
 Is flown to Belgia's drowzy plains,
 There waves his Lethe-sprinkled rod,
 And linkt with kindred dulness reigns:
 Midst stagnant pools, the bittern's safe retreat,
 Beset with osiers dank behold his gloomy seat!

* Hernando Cortez. See the History of the Conquest of Mexico and Peru by the Spaniards.

His dwelling is a straw-built shed,
Safe from the sun's too curious eye,
A yew-tree rears it's blighted head,
And frogs and rooks are croaking nigh:
Thro' many a chink the hollow murm'ring breeze
Sounds like the distant hum of swarming bees.

And more to feed his slumbers soft,
And lull him in his senseless swoon,
The hard rain beats upon the loft,
And swiftly-trickling tumbles down :
All livelier, ruder sounds are banisht far,
The lute's shrill voice, and brazen throat of war,

Hence let me woo thee, God of ease,
Ah leave thy fav'rite haunt awhile,
And bid the midnight hours to please,
And bid the midnight gloom to smile !
Oh come, and o'er my weary limbs diffuse
The slumbrous weight of sweet oblivious dews !

Bring too thy soft, enchanting dreams,
Such as enamour'd Petrarch knew,
When stretcht by Sorgia's gentle streams
Fair Laura's form his fancy drew :
Oh see he woos the soul-dissolving maid,
And grasps with eager arms the visionary shade,

At morn he sung the tender tale,
 He sung his Laura's matchless charms,
 And ev'ry tree, in Clausa's vale,
 Attentive breath'd love's soft alarms;
 Ev'n hoary monks full many a careless bead
 Have dropt, and left their aves half unsaid.



O D E O N P L E A S U R E.

BY THE SAME.

I. 1.

HENCE from my sight, unfeeling sage,
 Hence, to thy lonely hermitage!—
 There far remov'd from joy, and pain,
 Supinely slumber life away;
 Aft o'er dull yesterday again,
 And be thy morrow like to day.
 † Rest to thy bones!— While to the gale
 Happier I spread my festive wing,
 And like the wand'ring bee exhale
 Fresh odour's from life's honey'd spring;
 From bloom to bloom in pleasing rapture stray,
 Where mirth invites, and pleasure points the way.

† — — — ε τιθημι εγω

Ζην τελον, αλλ' επιφυχον ηγεμαι νεκρον. Soph,

I. 2.

Hail heav'n-born virgin fair, and free,
 Of language mild, of aspect gay,
 Whose voice the fullen family
 Of care and discontent obey !
 By thee inspir'd the simplest scenes,
 The russet cots, the lowly glens,
 Mountains, on whose craggy brow
 Nature's lawless tenants feed
 Bushy dells, and streams, that flow
 Thro' the vi'let-purpl'd mead,
 Delight; thy breath exalts the rich perfumes,
 That brooding o'er embalm the bean-flow'r field,
 Beyond Sabeen sweets, and all the gums
 The spicy desarts of Arabia yield.

I. 3.

When the attic bird complains
 From the still, attentive grove,
 Or the linnet breathes his strains,
 Taught, by nature, and by love ;
 Do thou approve the dulcet airs,
 And harmony's soft, filken chain,
 In willing bondage leads our cares,
 And binds the giant-sense of pain :
 Untun'd by thee, how coarse the long-drawn note,
 Spun from the lab'ring Eunuch's tortur'd throat !
 Harsh are the sounds, tho' Farinelli sings,
 Harsh are the sounds, tho' Handel wakes the strings :
 Untouch'd

Untouch'd by thee, fee senseless Florio fits,
And stares, and gapes, and nods, and yawns by fits.

II. 1.

Oh pleasure come !— and far, far hence
Expel that nun, indifference !—
Where'er she waves her ebon wand,
Drencht in the dull Lethean deep,
Behold the marble passions stand
Absorb'd in everlasting sleep !
Then from the waste, and barren mind
The muse's fairy-phantoms fly,
They fly, nor leave a wreck behind

Of heav'n-descended poesy :

Love's thrilling tumults then are felt no more,
Quencht is the gen'rous heat, the rapt'rous throbs are o'er!

II. 2:

'Twas thou, O nymph, that led'st along
The fair Dione's wanton choir,
While to thy blitheft, softest song,
Ten thousand Cupids strung the lyre :
Aloft in air the cherubs play'd
What time, in Cypria's myrtle-shade,

Young Adonis slumb'ring lay
On a bed of blushing flow'rs,
Call'd to life by early May,
And the rosy-bosom'd hours :

The queen of love beheld her darling boy,
In am'rous mood she nestled to his side,

And thus, to melt his frozen breast to joy,
Her wanton art she gayly-smiling try'd.

II. 3.

From the musk-rose, wet with dew,
And the lilly's op'ning bell,
From fresh eglantine she drew
Sweets of aromatic smell :
Part of that honey next she took,
Which * Cupid too advent'rous stole,
When stung his throbbing hand he shook
And felt the anguish to his soul :
His mother laught to hear the elf complain,
Yet still she pity'd, and reliev'd his pain ;
She dress'd the wound with balm of sov'reign might,
And bath'd him in the well of dear delight :
Ah who would fear, to be so bath'd in bliss,
More agonizing smart, and deeper wounds than this ?

III. 1.

Her magic zone she next unbound,
And wav'd it in the air around :
Then cull'd from ever-frolic smiles,
That live in beauty's dimpled cheek,
Such sweetness as the heart beguiles,
And turns the mighty strong to weak :
To these ambrosial dew she join'd,
And o'er the flame of warm desire,

* Theocr. Eιδυλ. 10.

Fan'd

Fan'd by soft sighs, love's gentlest wind,
 Dissolv'd, and made the charm entire ;
 O'er her moist lips, that blush'd with heav'nly red,
 The graces' friendly hand the blest ingredients spread.

III. 2.

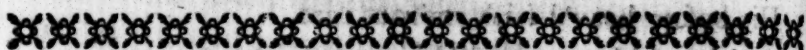
Adonis wak'd — he saw the fair,
 And felt unusual tumults rise ;
 His bosom heav'd with am'rous care,
 And humid languor veil'd his eyes !
 Driv'n by some strong impulsive pow'r
 He sought the most sequester'd bow'r,
 Where diffus'd on Venus' breast,
 First he felt extatic bliss,
 First her balmy lips he prest,
 And devour'd the new-made kiss ;
 But, O my muse, thy tatt'ling tongue restrain,
 Her sacred rites what mortal dares to tell ?
 She crowns the silent, leads the blabbing swain
 To doubts, desires, and fears, the fev'rish lover's hell.

III. 3.

Change then, sweetest nymph of nine,
 Change the song, and fraught with pleasures
 String anew thy silyer twine,
 To the softest, Lydian measures !
 My Cynthia calls, whose natal hour
 Th' assistant graces saw, and smil'd ;
 Then deign'd this Cyprian charm to pour
 With lavish bounty o'er the child :

Sithence

Sithence where'er the Siren moves along,
 In pleasing wonder chain'd is ev'ry tongue,
 Love's soft effusion dims the aching eyes,
 Love's subtlest flame thro' ev'ry art'ry flies :
 Our trembling limbs th' unequal pulse betray,
 We gaze in transport lost—then faint, and die away.



ODE ON DESPAIR.

BY THE SAME.

SAVE me!—what means yon grisly shade,
 Her stony eye-balls staring wide ;
 In foul, and tatter'd patches clad,
 With dirt and gore, and venom dy'd ?
 A burning brand she whirls around,
 And stamps, and raves, and tears the ground,
 And madly rends her clotted hair ;
 While thro' her cank'red breast are seen
 Myriads of serpents bred within,
 The cursed spawn of self-consuming care !—

'Twas thus, ^h O poor enamour'd maid,
 The Stygian fiend approach'd the sea-girt tow'r,

^h Vide Musæum xab' 'Hpw xai Λαυδογ.

What

What time, in sad misfortune's evil hour,
The faithless lamp, love's cynosure decay'd.

"And why," the ghastly phantom cries,

"Wilt thou, deluded Hero, wait

"Leander's wish'd return, forbid by fate?

"See floating on his wat'ry bier he lies;

"Pale are his cheeks, where love was wont to play,

"And clos'd those radiant eyes, that late out-shone the day."

The woe-foreboding voice she heard,

And wishing, trembling pray'd for morn—

When lo the bleeding corse appear'd

By savage rocks all rudely torn!

Where were ye, nymphs, O tell me where,

Daughters of Nereus, fresh and fair?

And why, sweet silver-footed queen,

Would'st thou not leave thy coral cave,

And soothe the rough remorseless wave,

Ere death had seiz'd thy best, thy boldest swain?—

With haggard eyes, all-streaming blood,

Distracted Hero saw her lover slain,

And thrice indignant view'd the guilty main,

And thrice accus'd each merc'less watry god.

Aye me in vain!—For "see, she cry'd,

"My dear Leander's beck'ning shade!

"And can'st thou live, O lost, O wretched maid?

"Shall envious fate so fond a pair divide?

"Forbid

“ Forbid it love ! ”—Then head-long from the tow’r
Deep in the ruthless flood she plung’d to rise no more !

With scenes of woe, O cursed pow’r,
How are thy greedy eyes regal’d ?
How did thy heart exult of yore,
When heav’n’s vindictive rod assail’d
i The queen of arts ?—With giant-stride
Contagion stalks, and lo the bride,
The virgin-bride unpity’d dies !
Claspt to his daughter’s throbbing breast,
The father breathes his soul to rest,
And forrowing sons compose the widow’d mother’s eyes !

Scar’d by the Dæmon’s spotted hand,
The eagle scream’d, the famish’d vulture fled,
The hungry wolf forsook th’ unburied dead,
And pale diseases shiv’ring left the land !
What cries, and piercing shrieks resound
Thro’ ev’ry street, at ev’ry fane ?
Yet ah ! they weep, they weary heav’n in vain !
Death and distraction stare on all around !
The wretched few, whom pois’nous pest’lence spares,
Of moody madness die, and heart-distracting fears.

i See the account, which is given by Thucydides, of the plague at Athens.

These are thy deeds, O fell despair,
 Thou tyrant of the tortur'd soul,
 * Sister of pale-ey'd grief, and care
 At whose command impetuous roll
 Passion's rough tides, and swelling high
 Burst thro' each dear, and sacred tye,
 And ev'ry pleasing thought o'erwhelm;
 Anon the crazy bark is born,
 Of winds, and waves, and rocks the scorn,
 For reason shrinks appall'd, and trembling quits the helm!

O fly, thou first-born child of hell,
 To some far distant, dreary, doleful plain,
 Where starting fear, and agonizing pain,
 And black remorse, and sullen sorrows dwell:
 Where arm'd with poison, racks, and death,
 Stern horror rears his Gorgon head;
 And writhing dreadful on the iron bed
 The purple furies grind their cankred teeth;
 While percht on stubs of trees the shriek-owl sings,
 And screaming deadly hoarse night-ravens flap their wings!

Thither embost with varied woe,
 Misfortune's pallid slave retires—

* According to the table of Cebes, *Αθυσια* is the sister of *Οδυμπος*.

Hark,

Hark, hark he raves !— thy tablet shew,
 Charg'd with damn'd ghosts, and sulph'rous fires.
 Oh mercy heav'n—upstaring stands
 His grisly hair ; his nerveless hands
 Shake ; o'er his face the curdled blood,
 From his swoln heart, with tidings flies,
 “ Give me another horse,” he cries,
 “ Oh ! bring the poison'd bowl, let loose life's crimson flood !”

Sad, sacred wretch !—Thou pow'r divine,
 Whose god-like word from chaos dark and dread,
 Bad discord fly, and light sweet-smelling spread
 Her orient wing, controul this breast of mine !
 And still when gloomy thoughts prevail,
 Oh short, and partial be their sway !
 And beam'd from thee, let pleasure's glad some ray
 The mournful progeny of grief dispel.
 So shall the checquer'd scenes of life delight,
 As morning brighter peers preceded still by night.





O D E T O T H E M U S E .

BY THE SAME.

I. I.

YET once more, sweetest queen of song,
Thy humble suppliant lead along,
Thro' fancy's flow'ry plains:
Oh bear me to th' ideal grove,
Where hand in hand the graces rove,
And sooth me with seraphic strains !
'Tis thine, harmonious maid, to cull
Delicious balm to heal our cares ;
'Tis thine to take the prison'd soul,
And lap it in elysian airs ;
While quick as thought at thy divine command
The realms of grace, and harmony expand.

I. 2.

And lo before my ravish'd eyes
The visionary scenes arise !
I hear the tender lute complain,
While Sappho breathes her am'rous pain ;
(O guard me from such fierce desires,
Thou god of raptures, god of fires !)
I hear Anacreon's honey'd tongue
To love and wine repeat the song ;

His

His flight sublime the Theban swan prepares,
And louder music wakes the wond'ring spheres.

I. 3.

But hark how sweet the numbers swell,
While Homer waves his soul-enchancing wand !
Entranc'd the list'ning passions stand,
Charm'd with the magic of his shell.
Whether to arms his trump resounds,
The heart with martial ardor bounds ;
Or sprightly themes his hand employ,
Instant we catch the spreading joy ;
Or when in notes majestic, deep, and slow,
He bids the solemn streams of sorrow flow,
Amaz'd we hear the sadly-pleasing strain,
While tender anguish steals thro' ev'ry vein.

II. 1.

Father of verse, whose eagle-flight
Fatigues the gazer's aching sight,
And strains th' aspiring mind ;
Teach me thy wond'rous heights to view,
With trembling wing thy steps pursue,
And leave the less'ning world behind.
Fond, foolish wish ! — Can human eyes
The rapid arrow's track descry ?
Can gross mortality arise,
And spring beyond the vaulted sky ?
Lost is the momentary path, and bound
By cumbrous chains we creep along the ground !

II. 2. Yet

II. 2.

Yet some there are with power endow'd
 To soar above the groveling croud;
 By thee, fair fancy, rapt'rous maid,
 By thee, O sweet enthusiast, led,
 Sublime beyond the milky way
 With strong seraphic plumes they stray;
 Or pierce within the sacred shade,
 Where nature's plastic forms are laid;
 Then strike with daring hand the magic strings,
 And warm to life a new creation springs.

II. 3.

Hail chosen few, whose happier birth
 The muse beheld, and bad your due feet climb
 Fame's slipp'ry hill, and paths sublime,
 Untrod by vulgar sons of earth!
 When virtue droops all sick and pale,
 In bleak misfortune's desert vale,
 'Tis your's to steal away her care,
 And softly sooth the pensive fair:
 'Tis your's to cull, from fancy's fairy stores,
 The brightest gems, and sweetest-breathing flow'rs,
 Then bind with Dædal art such wreaths divine,
 As bloom secure on truth's immortal shrine.

III. 1.

Haste then!—for soft Etesian gales
 Supply the ' pilot's welcome sails,

¹ Pind. Ολυμ. Ια:

And waft him o'er the main :
 And gentle showers, the daughters fair
 Of pregnant clouds, and balmy air,
 Rejoice the faint, and thirsty plain :
 Oh haste, your sweetest number's shed,
 Fraught with the genial dew of praise,
 On glory's fav'rite sons, who tread
 Unweary'd danger's thorny maze ;
 Who tear fresh laurels from war's ghastly brow,
 Or steer the stedfast bark, tho' tides of faction flow.

III. 2.

But, O ye delegates of Jove,
 Sent from the starry realms above
 To guard the clime, with dragon-eyes,
 When all the muse's treasures rise,
 Should Gothic ignorance invade
 With lawless foot the virgin shade,
 And too incontinent presume
 Rashly to pluck the golden bloom ;
 Wide wave the flaming sword, and fend, O fend
 Your brightest shafts to quell the Stygian fiend !

III. 3.

With holy dread, ye guardians of her store,
 Fulfill your charge, not too profuse of praise
 Embalm, with her immortal lays,
 The carrion-corps of pride, or pow'r !
 Let dulness her vain favours shed
 On smiling folly's kindred head ;

Or vice, in tinsel trappings drest,
 Promote the wretch who flatters best;
 Disdain the crew!—And in some distant grove,
 To worth afflicted, friendless raise your voice;
 So shall the muse your honest songs approve,
 And deathless fame reward your uncorrupted choice!



THE WISH: AN ELEGY.

T O U R A N I A.

BY THOMAS BLACKLOCK, D. D.

*Felices ter, et amplius,
 Quos irrupta fenet copula, nec malis
 Divulsus querimoniis
 Suprema citius solvet amor die.* Hor.

LET others travel, with incessant pain,
 The wealth of earth and ocean to secure;
 Then with fond hopes caress the precious bane;
 In grandeur abject, and in affluence poor.

But soon, too soon, in fancy's timid eyes,
 Wild waves shall roll, and conflagrations spread;
 While bright in arms, and of gigantic size,
 The fear-form'd robber haunts the thorny bed.

Let me, in dreadful poverty retir'd,
 The real joys of life, unenvied, share :
 Favour'd by love, and by the muse inspir'd,
 I'll yield to wealth its jealousy and care.

On rising ground, the prospect to command,
 Unting'd with smoke, where vernal breezes blow,
 In rural neatness let my cottage stand ;
 Here wave a wood, and there a river flow.

Oft from the neighb'ring hills and pastures round,
 Let sheep with tender bleat salute my ear ;
 Nor fox insidious haunt the guiltless ground,
 Nor man pursue the trade of murder near :

Far hence, kind heav'n ! expel the savage train,
 Inur'd to blood, and eager to destroy ;
 Who pointed steel with recent slaughter stain,
 And place in groans and death their cruel joy.

Ye pow'rs of social life and tender song !
 To you devoted shall my fields remain ;
 Here undisturb'd the peaceful day prolong,
 Nor own a smart but love's delightful pain.

For you, my trees shall wave their leafy shade ;
 For you, my gardens tinge the lenient air ;
 For you, be autumn's blushing gifts display'd,
 And all that nature yields of sweet or fair.

But,

But, O ! if plaints, which love and grief inspire,
 In heav'nly breasts could e'er compassion find,
 Grant me, ah ! grant my heart's supreme desire,
 And teach my dear Urania to be kind.

For her, black sadness clouds my brightest day ;
 For her, in tears the midnight vigils roll ;
 For her, cold horrors melt my pow'rs away,
 And chill the living vigour of my soul.

Beneath her scorn each youthful ardor dies,
 Its joys, its wishes, and its hopes, expire ;
 In vain the fields of science tempt my eyes ;
 In vain for me the muses string the lyre.

O ! let her oft my humble dwelling grace,
 Humble no more, if there she deign to shine ;
 For heav'n, unlimited by time or place,
 Still waits on god-like worth and charms divine.

Amid the cooling fragrance of the morn,
 How sweet with her through lonely fields to stray !
 Her charms the loveliest landscape shall adorn,
 And add new glories to the rising day.

With her, all nature shines in heighten'd bloom ;
 The silver stream in sweeter music flows ;
 Odours more rich the fanning gales perfume ;
 And deeper tinctures paint the spreading rose,

With her, the shades of night their horrors lose,
 Its deepest silence charms if she be by ;
 Her voice the music of the dawn renews,
 Its lambent radiance sparkles in her eye.

How sweet, with her, in wisdom's calm recess,
 To brighten soft desire with wit refin'd !
 Kind nature's laws with sacred Ashley trace,
 And view the fairest features of the mind !

Or borne on Milton's flight, as heav'n sublime,
 View its full blaze in open prospect glow ;
 Bless the first pair in Eden's happy clime,
 Or drop the human tear for endless woe.

And when, in virtue and in peace grown old,
 No arts the languid lamp of life restore ;
 Her let me grasp with hands convuls'd and cold,
 Till ev'ry nerve relax'd can hold no more :

Long, long on her my dying eyes suspend,
 Till the last beam shall vibrate on my sight ;
 Then soar where only greater joys attend,
 And bear her image to eternal light.

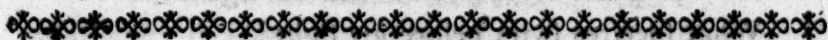
Fond man, ah ! whither would thy fancy rove ?
 'Tis thine to languish in unpitied smart ;
 'Tis thine, alas ! eternal scorn to prove,
 Nor feel one gleam of comfort warm thy heart.

But,

But, if my fair this cruel law impose,
 Pleas'd, to her will I all my soul resign;
 To walk beneath the burden of my woes,
 Or sink in death, nor at my fate repine.

Yet when, with woes unmingled and sincere,
 To earth's cold womb in silence I descend;
 Let her, to grace my obsequies, appear,
 And with the weeping throng her sorrows blend.

Ah! no; be all her hours with pleasure crown'd,
 And all her soul from ev'ry anguish free:
 Should my sad fate that gentle bosom wound,
 The joys of heav'n would be no joys to me.



AN HYMN TO FORTITUDE.

BY THE SAME.

NIGHT, brooding o'er her mute domain,
 In awful silence wraps her reign;
 Clouds press on clouds, and, as they rise,
 Condense to solid gloom the skies.

Portentous, through the foggy air,
 To wake the Daemon of despair,

The raven hoarse, and boding owl,
To Hecate curst anthems houl.

Intent with execrable art,
To burn the veins, and tear the heart,
The witch, unhallow'd bones to raise,
Through fun'ral vaults and charnels strays ;
Calls the damn'd shade from ev'ry cell,
And adds new labours to their hell.

And, shield me heav'n! what hollow sound,
Like fate's dread knell, runs echoing round ?
The bell strikes one, that magic hour,
When rising fiends exert their pow'r.
And now, sure now, some cause unblest
Breathes more than horror thro' my breast :
How deep the breeze ! how dim the light !
What spectres swim before my sight !
My frozen limbs pale terror chains,
And in wild eddies wheels my brains :
My icy blood forgets to roll,
And death e'en seems to seize my soul.
What sacred pow'r, what healing art,
Shall bid my soul herself assert ;
Shall rouse th' immortal active flame,
And teach her whence her being came ?

O fortitude ! divinely bright,
O virtue's child, and man's delight !
Descend, an amicable guest,
And with thy firmness steel my breast :

Descend,

Descend, propitious to my lays,
 And, while my lyre resounds thy praise,
 With energy divinely strong,
 Exalt my soul, and warm my song.

When raving in eternal pains,
 And loaded with ten thousand chains.
 Vice, deep in Phlegeton, yet lay,
 Nor with her visage blasted day;
 No fear to guiltless man was known,
 For God and virtue reign'd alone.
 But, when from native flames and night,
 The curst monster wing'd her flight,
 Pale fear, among her hideous train,
 Chas'd sweet contentment from her reign;
 Plac'd death and hell before each eye,
 And wrapt in mist the golden sky;
 Banish'd from day each dear delight,
 And shook with conscious starts the night.

When, from th' imperial seats on high,
 The lord of nature turn'd his eye,
 To view the state of things below;
 Still blest to make his creatures so:
 From earth he saw Astraea fly,
 And seek her mansions in the sky;
 Peace, crown'd with olives, left her throne,
 And white-rob'd innocence was gone:
 While vice, reveal'd in open day,
 Sole tyrant, rul'd with iron sway;

And

And virtue veil'd her weeping charms,
 And fled for refuge to his arms,
 Her altars scorn'd, her shrines defac'd—
 Whom thus th' essential good address'd.

“ Thou, whom my soul adores alone,
 Effulgent sharer of my throne,
 Fair empress of eternity!
 Who uncreated reign'st like me;
 Whom I, who sole and boundless sway,
 With pleasure infinite obey:
 To yon diurnal scenes below,
 Who feel their folly in their woe,
 Again propitious turn thy flight;
 Again oppose yon tyrant's might;
 To earth thy cloudless charms disclose,
 Revive thy friends, and blast thy foes:
 Thy triumphs man shall raptur'd see,
 Act, suffer, live, and die for thee,
 But since all crimes their hell contain,
 Since all must feel who merit pain,
 Let fortitude thy steps attend,
 And be, like thee, to man a friend;
 To urge him on the arduous road,
 That leads to virtue, bliss, and God;
 To blunt the sting of ev'ry grief,
 And be to all a near relief.”

He said; and she, with smiles divine,
 Which made all heav'n more brightly shine,

To earth return'd with all her train,
 And brought the golden age again.
 Since erring mortals, unconstrain'd,
 The God, that warms their breast, profan'd,
 She, guardian of their joys no more,
 Could only leave them, and deplore :
 They, now the easy prey of pain,
 Curst in their wish, their choice obtain ;
 Till arm'd with heav'n and fate, she came
 Her destin'd honours to reclaim.
 Vice and her slaves beheld her flight,
 And fled like birds obscene from light,
 Back to th' abode of plagues return,
 To sin and smart, blaspheme and burn!

Thou, goddess! since, with sacred aid,
 Hast ev'ry grief and pain allay'd,
 To joy converted ev'ry smart,
 And plac'd a heav'n in ev'ry heart:
 By thee we act, by thee sustain,
 Thou sacred antidote of pain!
 At thy great nod the ^m Alps subside,
 Reluctant rivers turn their tide ;
 With all thy force Alcides warm'd,
 His hand against oppression arm'd :
 By thee his mighty nerves were strung,
 By thee his strength for ever young ;

^m Alluding to the history of Hannibal.

And

And whilst on brutal force he press'd,
 His vigour with his foes increas'd.
 By thee, like Jove's almighty hand;
 Ambition's havock to withstand,
 * Timoleon rose, the scourge of fate,
 And hurl'd a tyrant from his state;
 The brother in his soul subdu'd,
 And warm'd the poniard in his blood;
 A soul by so much virtue fir'd,
 Not Greece alone, but heav'n admir'd.

But in these dregs of human kind,
 These days to guilt and fear resign'd,
 How rare such views the heart elate!
 To brave the last extremes of fate;
 Like heav'n's almighty pow'r, serene,
 With fix'd regard to view the scene,
 When nature quakes beneath the storm,
 And horror wears its direst form.
 Though future worlds are now descry'd,
 Though Paul has writ, and Jesus dy'd,
 Dispell'd the dark infernal shade,
 And all the heav'n of heav'ns display'd;
 Curst with unnumber'd groundless fears,
 How pale yon shiv'ring wretch appears!

* Timoleon, having long in vain importuned his brother to resign the despotism of Corinth, and at last restored the liberty of the people by stabbing him. Vid. Plut.

but

For

For him the day-light shines in vain,
 For him the fields no joys contain;
 Nature's whole charms to him are lost,
 No more the woods their music boast;
 No more the meads their vernal bloom,
 No more the gales their rich perfume:
 Impending mists deform the sky,
 And beauty withers in his eye.
 In hopes his terror to elude,
 By day he mingles with the croud;
 Yet finds his soul to fears a prey,
 In busy crouds, and open day.
 If night his lonely walk surprise,
 What horrid visions round him rise!
 That blasted oak, which meets his way,
 Shown by the meteor's sudden ray,
 The midnight murder's known retreat,
 Felt heav'n's avengeful bolt of late;
 The clashing chain, the groan profound,
 Loud from yon ruin'd tow'r resound;
 And now the spot he seems to tread,
 Where some self-slaughter'd corse was laid:
 He feels fixt earth beneath him bend,
 Deep murmurs from her caves ascend;
 Till all his soul, by fancy sway'd,
 Sees lurid phantoms croud the shade;
 While shrouded manes palely stare,
 And beck'ning wish to breathe their care:

Thus

Thus real woes from false he bears,
And feels the death, the hell he fears.

O thou ! whose spirit warms my song,
With energy divinely strong
Erect his soul, confirm his breast,
And let him know the sweets of rest ;
Till every human pain and care,
All that may be, and all that are,
But false imagin'd ills appear
Beneath our hope, our grief, or fear.
And, if I right invoke thy aid,
By thee be all my woes allay'd ;
With scorn instruct me to defy
Imposing fear, and lawless joy ;
To struggle thro' this scene of strife,
The pains of death, the pangs of life,
With constant brow to meet my fate,
And meet still more, Euanthe's hate.
And, when some swain her charms shall claim,
Who feels not half my gen'rous flame,
Whose cares her angel-voice beguiles,
On whom she bends her heav'nly smiles ;
For whom she weeps, for whom she glows,
On whom her treasur'd soul bestows ;
When perfect mutual joy they share,
Ah ! joy enhanc'd by my despair !
Mix beings in each flaming kiss,
And blest, still rise to higher bliss :

Then,

Then, then, exert my utmost pow'r,
 And teach me being to endure;
 Lest reason from the helm should start
 And lawless fury rule my heart;
 Lest madness all my soul subdue,
 To ask her maker, what dost thou?
 Yet, couldst thou in that dreadful hour,
 On my rack'd soul all Lethe pour,
 Or fan me with the gelid breeze,
 That chains in ice th' indignant seas;
 Or wrap my heart in tenfold steel,
 I still am man, and still must feel.

ODE AGAINST ILL-NATURE.

BY CHRISTOPHER SMART, M. A.

I.

OFFSPRING of folly and of pride,
 To all that's odious, all that's base allied;
 Nurs'd up by vice, by pravity misled,
 By pedant affectation taught and bred:
 Away, thou hideous hell-born spright,
 Go, with thy locks of dark design,
 Sullen, sour, and saturnine;
 Fly to some gloomy shade, nor blot the goodly light,

Thy

Thy planet was remote, when I was born;
 'Twas Mercury that rul'd my natal morn,
 What time the sun exerts his genial ray,
 And ripens for enjoyment every growing day;
 When to exist is but to love and sing,
 And sprightly Aries smiles upon the spring.

II.

There in yon lonesome heath,
 Which Flora, or Sylvanus never knew,
 Where never vegetable drank the dew,
 Or beast, or fowl attempts to breathe;
 Where nature's pencil has no colours laid;
 But all is blank, and universal shade;
 Contrast to figure, motion, life and light,
 There may'st thou vent thy spight,
 For ever cursing, and for ever curs'd,
 Of all th' infernal crew the worst;
 The worst in genius, measure and degree;
 For envy, hatred, malice, are but parts of thee.

III.

Or woud'st thou change the scene, and quit thy den,
 Behold the heav'n-deserted fen,
 Where spleen, by vapours dense begot and bred,
 Hardness of heart, and heaviness of head,
 Have rais'd their darksome walls, and plac'd their thorny bed;
 There may'st thou all thy bitterness unload,
 There may'st thou croak, in concert with the toad,

With thee the hollow howling winds shall join,
 Nor shall the bittern her base throat deny,
 The querulous frogs shall mix their dirge with thine,
 Th' ear-piercing hern, and plover screaming high,
 While million humming gnats fit æstrum shall supply.

IV.

Away—away—behold an hideous band
 An herd of all thy minions are at hand,
 Suspicion first with jealous caution stalks
 And ever looks around her as she walks,
 With bibulous ear imperfect sounds to catch,
 And prompt to listen at her neighbours latch.
 Next scandal's meagre shade,
 Foe to the virgins, and the poet's fame,
 A wither'd, time-deflow'ed old maid,
 That ne'er enjoy'd love's ever sacred flame.
 Hypocrisy succeeds with saint-like look,
 And elevates her hands and plods upon her book.
 Next comes illiberal scrambling avarice,
 Then vanity and affectation nice—
 See, she salutes her shadow with a bow
 As in short Gallic trips she minces by.
 Starting antipathy is in her eye,
 And squeamishly she knits her scornful brow,
 To thee, Ill-nature, all the numerous group
 With lowly reverence stoop—
 They wait thy call, and mourn thy long delay,
 Away—thou art infectious—haste away.

ODE ON ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

BY THE SAME.

I.

FROM your lyre-enchanted tow'rs,
 Ye musically mystic pow'rs,
 Ye, that inform the tuneful spheres,
 Inaudible to mortal ears,
 While each orb in ether swims
 Accordant to th' inspiring hymns ;
 Hither paradise remove
 Spirits of harmony and love !
 Thou too, divine Urania, deign t' appear,
 And with thy sweetly-solemn lute
 To the grand argument the numbers suit ;
 Such as sublime and clear,
 Replete with heavenly love,
 Charm th' enraptur'd souls above.
 Disdainful of fantastic play,
 Mix on your ambrosial tongue
 Weight of sense with sound of song,
 And be angelically gay.

II. And

II.

And you, ye sons of harmony below,

How little less than angels, when ye sing!

With emulations kindling warmth shall glow,

And from your mellow-modulating throats

The tribute of your grateful notes

In union of piety shall bring.

Shall echo from her vocal cave

Repay each note, the shepherd gave,

And shall not we our mistress praise

And give her back the borrow'd lays?

But farther still our praises we pursue;

For ev'n Cecilia, mighty maid,

Confess'd she had superior aid—

She did—and other rites to greater pow'rs are due:

Higher swell the sound and higher:

Let the winged numbers climb:

To the heav'n of heav'ns aspire,

Solemn, sacred, and sublime:

From heav'n music took its rise,

Return it to its native skies.

III.

Music's a celestial art;

Cease to wonder at its pow'r,

Tho' lifeless rocks to motion start,

Tho' trees dance lightly from the bow'r,

Tho' rolling floods in sweet suspense

Are held, and listen into sense.

In Penhurst's plains when Waller, sick with love,
 Has found some silent solitary grove,
 Where the vague moon-beams pour a silver flood
 Of trem'lous light athwart th' unshaven wood,
 Within an hoary moss-grown cell,
 He lays his careless limbs without reserve,
 And strikes, impetuous strikes each quer'lous nerve
 Of his resounding shell.

In all the woods, in all the plains
 Around a lively stillness reigns;
 The deer approach the secret scene,
 And weave their way thro' labyrinths green;
 While Philomela learns the lay,
 And answers from the neighbouring bay.

But Medway, melancholy mute,
 Gently on his urn reclines,
 And all-attentive to the lute,
 In uncomplaining anguish pines:
 The crystal waters weep away,
 And bear the tidings to the sea:

Neptune in the boisterous seas
 Spreads the placid bed of peace,
 While each blast,
 Or breathes its last,

Or just does sigh a symphony and cease.

IV.

Behold Arion—on the stern he stands
 Pall'd in theatrical attire,

To the mute strings he moves th' enliv'ning hands,
 Great in distress, and wakes the golden lyre ;
 While in a tender Orthian strain
 He thus accosts the mistress of the main :
 By the bright beams of Cynthia's eyes
 Thro' which yours waves attracted rise,
 And actuate the hoary deep ;
 By the secret coral cell,
 Where love, and joy, and Neptune dwell
 And peaceful floods in silence sleep ;
 By the sea flow'rs, that immerse
 Their heads around the grotto's verge,
 Dependent from the slooping stem ;
 By each roof-suspended drop,
 That lightly lingers on the top,
 And hesitates into a gem ;
 By thy kindred wat'ry gods,
 The lakes, the riv'lets, founts and floods,
 And all the pow'rs that live unseen
 Underneath the liquid green ;
 Great Amphitrite (for thou can'st bind
 The storm, and regulate the wind)
 Hence waft me, fair goddess, oh waft me away,
 Secure from the men and the monsters of prey !

V.

He sung—The winds are charm'd to sleep,
 Soft stillness steals along the deep,

The Tritons and the Nereids sigh
 In soul-reflecting sympathy,
 And all the audience of waters weep.
 But Amphitrite her dolphin sends—the same,
 Which erst to Neptune brought the nobly perjurd dame—
 Pleas'd to obey, the beauteous monster flies,
 And on his scales as the gilt sun-beams play,
 Ten thousand variegated dies
 In copious streams of lustre rise,
 Rise o'er the level main and signify his way—
 And now the joyous bard, in triumph bore,
 Rides the voluminous wave, and makes the wish-for shore.
 Come, ye festive, social throng,
 Who sweep the lyre, or pour the song,
 Your noblest melody employ,
 Such as becomes the mouth of joy,
 Bring the sky-aspiring thought,
 With bright expression richly wrought,
 And hail the muse ascending on her throne,
 The main at length subdued, and all the world her own.

VI.

But o'er th' affections too she claims the sway,
 Pierces the human heart, and steals the soul away;
 And as attractive sounds move high or low,
 Th' obedient ductile passions ebb and flow,
 Has any nymph her faithful lover lost,
 And in the visions of the night,
 And all the day-dreams of the light,

In

In sorrow's tempest turbulently tost—
 From her cheeks the roses die,
 The radiations vanish from her sun-bright eye,
 And her breast, the throne of love,
 Can hardly, hardly, hardly move,
 To send th' ambrosial sigh,
 But let the skilful bard appear,
 And pour the sounds medicinal in her ear ;
 Sing some sad, some plaintive ditty,
 Steept in tears, that endless flow,
 Melancholy notes of pity,
 Notes that mean a world of woe ;
 She too shall sympathize, she too shall moan,
 And pitying others sorrows sigh away her own.

VII.

Wake, wake the kettle-drum, prolong
 The swelling trumpet's silver song,
 And let the kindred accents pass
 Thro' the horn's meandering brass.
 Arise—The patriot muse invites to war,
 And mounts Bellona's brazen car ;
 While harmony, terrific maid !
 Appears in martial pomp array'd :
 The sword, the target, and the lance
 She wields, and as she moves, exalts the Pyrrhic dance,
 Trembles the earth, resound the skies—
 Swift o'er the fleet, the camp she flies
 With thunder in her voice, and lightning in her eyes.

The gallant warriors engage
 With inextinguishable rage,
 And hearts unchil'd with fear;
 Fame numbers all the chosen bands,
 Full in the front fair vict'ry stands,
 And triumph crowns the rear.

VIII.

But hark the temple's hollow'd roof resounds,
 And Purcell lives along the solemn sounds—
 Mellifluous, yet manly too,
 He pours his strains along,
 As from the Lyon Sampson flew,
 Comes sweetness from the strong.
 Not like the soft Italian swains,
 He trills the weak enervate strains,
 Where sense and music are at strife;
 His vigorous notes with meaning teem,
 With fire, with force explain the theme,
 And sing the subject into life.
 Attend—he sings Cecilia—matchless dame!
 'Tis she—'tis she—fond to extend her fame,
 On the loud chords the notes conspire to stay,
 And sweetly swell into a long delay,
 And dwell delighted on her name.
 Blow on, ye sacred organs, blow,
 In tones magnificently slow;
 Such is the music, such the lays,
 Which suit your fair inventress' praise:

While

While round religious silence reigns,
 And loitering winds expect the strains.
 Hail majestic mournful measure
 Source of many a pensive pleasure!
 Blest pledge of love to mortals giv'n,
 As pattern of the rest of heav'n!
 And thou chief honor of the veil,
 Hail, harmonious virgin, hail!

When death shall blot out every name,
 And time shall break the trump of fame,
 Angels may listen to thy lute:
 Thy pow'r shall last, thy bays shall bloom,
 When tongues shall cease, and worlds consume,
 And all the tuneful spheres be mute.





T H E S E A S O N S.

IN IMITATION OF SPENCER.

BY MOSES MENDEZ, ESQ.

S P R I N G.

Annuus agricolis ordo breviorque laborum

Summa mihi tradenda. Prædium Rusticum.

ERE yet I sing the round-revolving year,
 And show the toils and pastime of the swain,
 At * Alcon's grave I drop a pious tear ;
 Right well he knew to raise his learned strain,
 And, like his Milton, scorn'd the rhiming chain.
 Ah! cruel fate, to tear him from our eyes ;
 Receive his wreath, albe the tribute's vain,
 From the green sod may flowers immortal rise,
 To mark the sacred spot were the sweet poet lies.

It is the cuckoo that announceth spring,
 And with his P wreakful tale the spouse doth fray ?
 Mean while the finches harmless ditties sing,
 And hop, in buxom youth, from spray to spray,

• The late Mr. Thomson.

P Revengeful.

Proud

Proud as Sir Paridel of rich array.

The little wantons that draw Venus team

Chirp am'rous thro' the grove in beavies gay ;

And he, who erst gain'd Leda's fond esteem,

Now sail'd on 'Thamis' tide, the glory of the stream !

Proud as the turkish foldan, chaunticleer

Sees, with delight, his numerous race around :

He grants fresh favours to each female near ;

For love as well as cherifaunce renown'd.

The waddling dame that did the Gauls confound,

Her tawny sons doth lead to rivers cold ;

While Juno's ^q dearling, with majestic bound,

To charm his ^r leman doth his train unfold,

That glows with vivid green, that flames with burning gold.

The balmy cowslip gilds the smiling plain,

The virgin snow-drop boasts her silver hue,

An hundred tints the gaudy daisy stain,

And the meek violet, in amis blue

Creeps low to earth, and hides from public view :

But the rank nettle rears her crest on high ;

So ribaulds loose their front unblushing shew,

While modest merit doth neglected lie,

And pines in lonely shade, unseen of vulgar eye.

^q Darling.

^r Lover

See

See! all around the gall-lefs ^s culvers bill,
 Mean while the nightingale's becalming lays
 Mix with the plaintive mufic of the rill,
 The which in various ^t gyres the meadow ^u bays.
 Behold! the welkin burfts into a blaze!
 Faft by the car of light the nimble hours,
 In fongs of triumph, hail his genial rays,
 And, as they ^x wend to Thetis cooling bow'rs
 They bound along the fky, and ftrew the heavens with
 flowers.

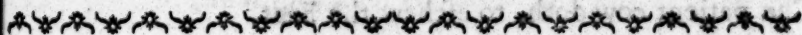
And now the human bofom melts to love;
 The raptur'd bard awakes his fkilful lyre,
 By running freams, or in the laurel grove,
 He tunes to amorous notes his founding wire,
 All, all is harmony, and all defire.
 The happy numbers charm the blooming maid,
 Her blufhing cheeks pronounce her heart on fire,
 She now confents, then fhuns th' embow'ring fshade,
 With faint reluctance yields; defirous, yet afraid.

Now ruftic Cuddy, with untutor'd throat,
 (Tho' much admir'd, Iween, of nymph and fwain)
 By various fongs would various ends promote.
 Seeks he to prove that woman's vows are vain!
 He Bateman's fortune tells, a baleful ftain!

^s Doves.^t Circles, or windings.^u Bathes.^x Go,

And if, to honour Britain he be led,
 He sings a 'prentice bold, in londs profane,
 Who, all unarm'd, did strike too lions dead,
 Tore forth their savage hearts, and did a princess wed.

But hark! the bag-pipe summons to the green,
 The jocund bag-pipe, that awaketh sport;
 The blithesome lasses, as the morning sheen,
 Around the flower-crown'd may-pole quick resort:
 The gods of pleasure here have fix'd their court.
 Quick on the wing the flying moment seize,
 Nor build up ample schemes, for life is short,
 Short as the whisper of the passing breeze.
 Yet, ah! in vain I preach—mine heart is ill at ease.



S U M M E R.

Beneath yon snubby oak's extended shade
 Safe let me hide me from the eye of day;
 Nor shall the dog-star this retreat invade,
 As thro' the heavens he speeds his burning way:
 The sultry lion rages for his prey.
 Ah Phœbus, quench thy wild destroying fire,
 Each flower, each shrub doth sink beneath thy ray,
 Save the fresh laurel, that shall ne'er expire.
 The leaves that crown a bard may brave celestial ire.

y Knotty.

Or

Or shall I hie to mine own hermitage,
 Round which the wanton vine her arms doth wind,
 There may I lonely turn the sacred page,
 Improve my reason, and amend my mind;
 Here 'gainst life's ills a remedy I find.

An hundred flowers emboss the verdant ground;
 A little brook doth my sweet cottage bind,
 Its waters yield a melancholy-sound,
 And sooth to study deep, or lull to sleep profound.

The playful insect hopping in the grass
 Doth tire the hearer with his sonnet shrill;
 The pool-sprung gnat on sounding wing doth pass,
 And on the ² ramping steed doth suck his fill;
 Ah me, can little creatures work such ill!

The patient cow doth, to eschew the heat,
 Her body steep within the neighbouring rill?
 And while the lambs in fainter voices bleat,
 Their mothers hang their head, in doleful plight I weet.

^a Rechless of seasons, see the lusty swains
 Along the meadow spread the tawny hay;
 The maidens too undaunted seek the plains,
 Ne fear to show their faces to the ray;
 But all the honest badge of toil display.

² Starting, flying-out.

^a Careless.

See how they mould the haycock's rising head;
While wanton Colin, full of amorous play,
Down throweth Susan, who doth shriek for dread,
Fear not—thou canst be hurt upon so soft a bed.

At length the sun doth hasten to repose,
And all the vault of heaven is streak'd with light;
In flaming gold the ruddy welkin glows,
And, for the noon day heat, our pains doth quite,<
For all is calm, serene, and passing bright.

Favonius gentle skims along the grove,
And sheds sweet odours from his pennons light.
The little bat in giddy orbs doth rove,
And loud the screech-owl shrieks, to rouse her blue-ey'd
love.

Menalcas came to take the evening gale,
His cheeks impurpled with the rose of youth;
He won each damsel with his pitious tale,
They thought they listen'd to the words of truth,
Yet their belief did work them muchel ^c ruth.
His oaths were light as gossamer, or air,
His tongue was poisonous as aspic's tooth.
Ah! cease to promise joy, and give despair:
'Tis brave to smite the foe; 'tis base to wrong the fair.

^b Requite.

^c Sorrow.

The gentle Thyrsis, mild as opening morn,
 Came to the lawn, and Marian there was found,
 Marian whom many huswife arts adorn,
 Right well she knew the apple to surround
 With dulcet crust and Thomalin renown'd
 For ^d atchievements in the wrestling ring;
 He held at nought the vantage of the ground,
 But prone to earth the hardiest wight would fling;
 Such was Alcides erst, if poets ^e sooth do sing.

From tree-crown'd hill, from flower-enamel'd vale,
 The mild inhabitants in crouds appear
 To tread a measure; while night's regent pale
 Doth thro' the sky her silver chariot steer,
 Whose lucid wheels were deck'd with dew-drops clear,
 The which, like pearls, descended on the plain.
 Now every youth doth clasp his mistress dear,
 And every nymph rewards her constant swain.
 Thrice happy he who loves, and is lov'd again.

^d Hardy, valiant.

^e Truth.

A U T U M N.

SEE jolly Autumn, clad in hunter's green,
 In wholesome ^f lusty-hed doth mount the sphere,
 A leafy girlond binds her temples sheen,
 Instudded richly with the spiky ear
 Her right hand bears a vine incircled spear,
 Such as the crew did wield whom Bacchus lad,
 When to the Ganges he his course did steer;
 And in her left a bugle-horn she had,
 On which she ^g est did blow, and made the heart right glad.

In slow procession moves the tottering wain,
 The sun-burnt hinds their finish'd toil ^h ensue;
 Now in the barn they house the glittering grain,
 And there the cries of "harvest home" renew,
 The honest farmer does his friends ⁱ falew;
 And them with jugs of ale his wife doth treat,
 Which, for that purpose, she at home did brew;
 They laugh, they sport, and homely jests repeat,
 Then smack their lasses lips, their lips as honey sweet.

^f Vigor.^h Follow.^g Often.ⁱ Salute.

On every hill the purple blushing vine
 Beneath her leaves her racy fruit doth hide:
 * Albe she pour not floods of foaming wine,
 Yet are we not potations bland denied;
 See where the pear-tree doth in earth abide,
 Bruise her rich fruitage, and the grape disdain;
 The apple too will grant a generous tide,
 To sing whose honours Thenot rais'd his strain,
 Whole soul-inchanting lays still charm the listening plain.

Thro' greyish mists behold Aurora dawns,
 And to his sport the wary fowler hies;
 Crouching to earth his guileful pointer fawns,
 Now the thick stubble, now the clover tries,
 To find where, with his race, the partridge lies;
 Ah! luckless fire, ah! luckless race, I ween,
 Whom force compels, or subtle arts surprize;
 More ^l uncles wait to cause thee dolorous ^m teen,
 Doom'd to escape the deep, and perish on the green.

The full-mouth'd hounds pursue the timorous hare,
 And the hills echo to the joyful cry;
 Ah! borrow the light pennons of the air,
 If you're ⁿ arraught, you die, poor wretch, you die.

* Although.

^l Dædalus envying Perdix his nephew's skill in mechanics, threw him into the sea. He escaped death by being changed into a partridge.

^m Anguish, pain.

ⁿ Reach'd, overtaken.

Nought

Nought will avail the pity-pleading eye,
 For our good squire doth much against you rail,
 And faith you often magic arts do try;
 At times you wave Grimalkin's footy tail,
 Or on a beefom vild you thro' the welkin fail.

The stag is rous'd; he stems the threatening flood
 That shall ere long his matchless swiftneſs quell;
 And, to avoid the tumult of the wood,
 Amongſt his well-known ° pheers attempts to P mell:
 With horn and hoof his purpoſe they repell.
 Thus, ſhould a maid from virtue's lore yſtray,
 Your ſex, my Daphne, ſhow their vengeance fell;
 Your cruel ſelves with gall the ſhaft 9 embay,
 And laſh from pardon's ſhrine the penitent away.

Now ſilence charms the fages of the gown,
 To purer air doth ſpeed each crafty wight;
 The well-ſqueez'd client quits the duſty town
 Grown grey in the aſſerting of his right,
 With head yfraught with law, and pockets light,
 Well pleas'd he wanders o'er the fallow lea,
 And views each rural object with delight.
 Ne'er be my lot the brawling courts to ſee;
 Who truſts to lawyer's tongue doth much 1 miſween, perdy.

° Companions.

P Mix.

9 Bathe.

1 Judges ill.

Right blest'd the man who free from bitter * bale,
 Doth in the little peaceful hamlet dwell,
 No loud contention doth his ears assail,
 Save when the tempest whistles o'er his cell;
 The fruitful down, the flower-depainted dell,
 To please his eyne are variously array'd;
 And when in roundelay his flame he'd tell,
 He gains a smile from his beloved maid;
 By such a gentle smile an age of pain's repaid,



W I N T E R:

THE little brook that erst my cot did lave,
 And o'er its flinty pavement sweetly sung,
 Doth now forget to roll her wanton wave,
 For winter hoar her icy chain has flung,
 And still'd the babbling music of her tongue.
 The lonely woodcock seeks the splashy glen,
 Each mountain head with fleecy snow is hung;
 The snipe and duck enjoy the moorish fen,
 Like † Eremites they live, and shun the sight of men.

The ^u wareless sheep no longer bite the mead,
 No more the plough-boy turns the stubborn ground,

* Sorrow,

† Hermits,

^u Stupified,

At the full crib the horned labourers feed,
 Their nostrils cast black clouds of smoak around ;
 A squalid coat doth the lean steed surround.
 The wily fox doth prowle abroad for prey,
 Rechless of snares, or of th' avenging hound ;
 And trusty Lightfoot, now no longer gay,
 Sleeps at the kitchen hearth his cheerless hours away.

Where erst the boat, and slowly moving barge,
 Did with delight cut thro' the dimpling plain,
 Now wanton boys and men do roam at large ;
 The river-gods quit their usurp'd domain,
 And of the wrong at Neptune's court complain.
 There mote you see mild Avon crown'd with flowers,
 And milky wey withouten spot or stain ;
 There the fair stream that washes Hampton's bowers,
 And Isis who with pride beholds her learned towers.

Intent on sport, the ever-jocund throng
 Quit their warm cots, and for the game prepare ;
 Behold the restless foot-ball whirls along,
 Now near the earth, now mounted high in air.
 Thus often men, in life's wild lottery fare,
 Who quit true bliss to grasp an empty toy.
 Our honest swains for wealth nor titles care,
 But lusty health in exercise employ.
 The distant village hears the rude tumultuous joy,

The careful hedger looks the fields around
 To see what labour may his skill demand ;
 He mends the fence, repairs the sinking mound,
 Or in long drains he cuts the lower land,
 That shall henceforth all sudden floods withstand.
 Mean while at home his dame, with silver hair,
 Doth sit incircled by a goodly band
 Of lovely maids, who various works prepare,
 All chaste as Jove's wife child, as Cupid's mother fair.

She them discourses not of fashions nice,
 Nor of the trilling notes which eunuchs sing,
 Allurements vain, that prompt the foul to vice !
 Ne tells she them of Kesar or of king ;
 Too great the subject for so mean a ring.
 Her lessons teach to swell the capon's size ;
 To make the hen a numerous offspring bring ;
 Or how the way-ward mother to chastise
 When from her vetchy nest the weetlefs vagrant hies.

When glistering spangles deck the robe of night,
 And all their kine in pens avoid the cold,
 The buxom troops, still eager of delight,
 Round Damon's eyne a * drapet white infold,
 He darkling gropes till he some one can hold.

* A linen cloth.

Next Corin hides his head, and must impart
 What wanton fair one smote his hand so bold.
 He Delia names, nor did from truth depart;
 For well he knew her touch, who long had fir'd his heart.

Stay I conjure you by your hopes of bliss,
 Trust not, my Daphne, the rough-biting air,
 Let not rude winds those lips of softness kiss,
 Will Eurus stern, the charms of beauty spare?
 No, he will hurt my rosy-featur'd fair,
 If aught so bright dares rugged carl invade,
 Too tender thou such rough assaults to bear;
 The mountain ash may stand tho' strip'd of shade,
 But at the slightest wound the filken flower will fade.

O D E T O L I B E R T Y.

BY DR. JOSEPH WARTON.

O Goddess, on whose steps attend
 Pleasure and laughter-loving health,
 White-mantled peace with olive-wand,
 Young joy, and diamond-sceptred wealth,
 Blithe plenty with her loaded horn,
 With science bright-ey'd as the morn,

R 4

In

In Britain, which for ages past
 Has been thy choicest darling care,
 Who mad'st her wise, and strong, and fair,
 May thy best blessings ever last.

For thee the pining pris'ner mourns,
 Depriv'd of food, of mirth, of light;
 For thee pale slaves to galleys chain'd,
 That ply tough oars from morn to night;
 Thee the proud sultan's beauteoustrain,
 By eunuchs guarded, weep in vain,
 Tearing the roses from their locks;
 And Guinea's captive kings lament,
 By christian lords to labour sent,
 Whipt like the dull, unfeeling ox.

Inspir'd by thee, deaf to fond nature's cries,
 Stern Brutus, when Rome's genius loudly spoke,
 Gave her the matchless filial sacrifice,
 Nor turn'd, nor trembled at the deathful stroke!
 And he of later age, but equal fame,
 Dar'd stab the tyrant, tho' he lov'd the friend.
 How burnt the *γ* Spartan with warm patriot-flame,
 In thy great cause his valorous life to end!
 How burst Gustavus from the Swedish mine!
 Like light from chaos dark, eternally to shine.

γ Leonidas.

When

When heav'n to all thy joys bestows,
 And graves upon our hearts—be free—
 Shall coward man those joys resign,
 And dare reverse this great decree?
 Submit him to some idol-king,
 Some selfish, passion-guided thing,
 Abhorring man, by man abhorr'd,
 Around whose throne stands trembling doubt,
 Whose jealous eyes still rowl about,
 And murder with his reeking sword?

Where trampling tyranny with fate
 And black revenge gigantic goes,
 Hark, how the dying infants shriek,
 How hopeless age is sunk in woes,
 Fly, mortals, from that fated land,
 Tho' rivers rowl o'er golden sand;
 Tho' birds in shades of cassia sing,
 Harvests and fruits spontaneous rise,
 No storms disturb the smiling skies,
 And each soft breeze rich odours bring.

Britannia, watch!—remember peerless Rome,
 Her high-tow'r'd head dash'd meanly to the ground;
 Remember, freedom's guardian, Grecia's doom,
 Whom weeping the despotic Turk has bound:
 May ne'er thy oak-crown'd hills, rich meads and downs,
 (Fame, virtue, courage, poverty, forgot)

Thy

Thy peaceful villages, and busy towns,
Be doom'd some death-dispensing tyrant's lot ;
On deep foundations may thy freedom stand,
Long as the furge shall lash thy sea-encircled land,

.....

O D E T O H E A L T H.

WRITTEN ON A RECOVERY FROM THE SMALL POX.

BY THE SAME.

O Whether with laborious clowns
In meads and woods thou lov'st to dwell,
In noisy merchant-crouded towns,
Or in the temperate Brachman's cell ;
Who from the meads of Ganges' fruitful flood,
Wet with sweet dews collects his flowery food ;

In Bath or in Montpellier's plains,
Or rich Bermudas' balmy isle,
Or the cold north, whose fur-clad swains
Ne'er saw the purple autumn smile,
Who over Alps of snow, and desarts drear,
By twinkling star-light drive the flying deer ;

O lovely

O lovely queen of mirth and ease,
 Whom absent, beauty, banquets, wine,
 Wit, music, pomp, nor science please,
 And kings on ivory couches pine,
 Nature's kind nurse, to whom by gracious heav'n
 To sooth the pangs of toilsome life 'tis giv'n ;

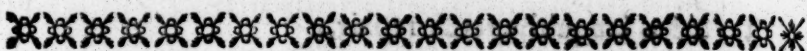
To aid a languid wretch repair,
 Let pale-ey'd grief thy presence fly,
 The restless demon gloomy care,
 And meagre melancholy die ;
 Drive to some lonely rock the giant pain,
 And bind him howling with a triple chain !

O come, restore my aking fight,
 Yet let me not on Laura gaze,
 Soon must I quit that dear delight,
 O'erpower'd by beauty's piercing rays ;
 Support my feeble feet, and largely shed
 Thy oil of gladness on my fainting head :

How nearly had my spirit past,
 Till stopt by Metcalf's skilful hand,
 'To death's dark regions wide and vast,
 And the black river's mournful strand ;
 Or to those vales of joy, and meadows blest,
 Where sages, heroes, patriots, poets rest ;

Where

Where Maro and Musæus sit
 List'ning to Milton's loftier song,
 With sacred silent wonder smit ;
 While, monarch of the tuneful throng,
 Homer in rapture throws his trumpet down,
 And to the Briton gives his amaranthine crown.



ODE TO SUPERSTITION.

BY THE SAME.

HENCE to some convent's gloomy isles,
 Where chearful day-light never smiles,
 Tyrant, from Albion haste, to slavish Rome ;
 There by dim tapers' livid light,
 At the still solemn hours of night,
 In pensive musings walk o'er many a sounding tomb.

Thy clanking chains, thy crimson steel,
 Thy venom'd darts, and barbarous wheel,
 Malignant fiend, bear from this isle away,
 Nor dare in error's fetters bind
 One active, freeborn, British mind,
 That strongly strives to spring indignant from thy sway.

Thou

Thou bad'st grim Moloch's frowning priest
Snatch screaming infants from the breast,
Regardless of the frantic mother's woes ;
Thou led'st the ruthless sons of Spain
To wond'ring India's golden plain,
From deluges of blood where tenfold harvests rose.

But lo ! how swiftly art thou fled,
When reason lifts his radiant head ;
When his resounding, awful voice they hear,
Blind ignorance, thy doating fire,
Thy daughter, trembling fear, retire ;
And all thy ghastly train of terrors disappear.

So by the Magi hail'd from far,
When Phœbus mounts his early car,
The shrieking ghosts to their dark charnels flock ;
The full-gorg'd wolves retreat, no more
The prowling lionesses roar,
But hasten with their prey to some deep-cavern'd rock.

Hail then, ye friends of reason hail,
Ye foes to myst'ry's odious veil,
To truth's high temple guide my steps aright,
Where Clarke and Wollaston reside,
With Locke and Newton by their side,
While Plato sits above enthron'd in endless light.

O D E

ODE TO A GENTLEMAN UPON HIS TRAVELS
THROUGH ITALY.

BY THE SAME.

WHILE I with fond officious care,
For you my chorded shell prepare,
And not unmindful frame an humble lay,
Where shall this verse my Cynthia find,
What scene of art now charms your mind,
Say, on what sacred spot of Roman ground you stray?

Perhaps you cull each valley's bloom,
To strew o'er Virgil's laurel'd tomb,
Whence oft at midnight echoing voices sound;
For at that hour of silence, there
The shades of ancient bards repair,
To join in choral song his hallow'd urn around:

Or wander in the cooling shade
Of Sabine bow'rs, where Horace stray'd,
And oft repeat in eager thought elate,
(As round in classic search you trace
With curious eye the pleasing place)
"That fount he lov'd, and there beneath that hill he fate.

How

How longs my raptur'd breast with you
 Great Raphael's magic strokes to view,
 To whose blest hand each charm the graces gave!
 Whence each fair form with beauty glows
 Like that of Venus, when she rose
 Naked in blushing charms from ocean's hoary wave.

As oft by roving fancy led
 To smooth Clitumnus' banks you tread,
 What awful thoughts his fabled waters raise!
 While the low-thoughted swain, whose flock
 Grazes around, from some steep rock
 With vulgar disregard his mazy course surveys.

Now thro' the ruin'd domes my muse
 Your steps with eager flight pursues,
 That their cleft piles on Tyber's plains present,
 Among whose hollow-winding cells
 Forlorn and wild Rome's genius dwells,
 His golden sceptre broke, and purple mantle rent.

Oft to those mossy mould'ring walls,
 Those caverns dark, and silent halls,
 Let me repair by midnight's paly fires;
 There muse on empire's fallen state,
 And frail ambition's hapless fate,
 While more than mortal thoughts the solemn scene inspires.

What

What lust of pow'r from the cold north
 Could tempt those Vandal-robbers forth,
 Fair Italy, thy vine-clad vales to waft ?
 Whose hands profane, with hostile blade,
 Thy story'd temples dar'd invade,
 And all thy Parian seats of attic art defac'd !

They, weeping art in fetters bound,
 And gor'd her breast with many a wound,
 And veil'd her charms in clouds of thickest night ;
 Sad Poesey, much-injur'd maid,
 They drove to some dim convent's shade,
 And quench'd in gloomy mist her lamp's resplendent light.

There long she wept, to darkness doom'd,
 'Till Cosmo's hand her light relum'd,
 That once again in lofty Tasso shone,
 Since has sweet Spenser caught her fire,
 She breath'd once more in Milton's lyre,
 And warm'd the soul divine of Shakespear, fancy's son.

Nor she, mild queen, will cease to smile
 On her Britannia's much-lov'd isle,
 Where these her best, her favourite three were born,
 While ^z Theron warbles Græcian strains,
 Or polish'd Dodington remains,
 The drooping train of arts to cherish and adorn.

^z The author of the pleasures of imagination.

XX

O D E A G A I N S T D E S P A I R .

BY THE SAME.

Farewell thou dimpled cherub joy,
 Thou rose-crown'd, ever-smiling boy,
 Wont thy sifter hope to lead
 To dance along the primrose mead!
 No more, bereft of happy hours,
 I seek thy lute-resounding bow'rs,
 But to yon' ruin'd tower repair,
 To meet the god of groans, Despair;
 Who, on that ivy-darken'd ground,
 Still takes at eve his silent round,
 Or fits yon' new-made grave beside,
 Where lies a frantic suicide:
 While lab'ring sighs my heart-strings break,
 Thus to the fullen power I speak:

“ Haste with thy poison'd dagger, haste,
 To pierce this sorrow-laden breast;
 “ Or lead me at the dead of night,
 “ To some sea-beat mountain's height,
 “ Whence with headlong haste I'll leap
 “ To the dark bosom of the deep;

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“ Or

" Or shew me far from human eye,
 " Some cave to muse in, starve and die,
 " No weeping friend or brother near,
 " My last, fond, fault'ring words to hear !

'Twas thus with weight of woes oppress'd,
 I fought to ease my bruised breast :
 When straight more gloomy grew the shade,
 And lo ! a tall majestic maid !
 Her limbs, not delicately fair,
 Robust, and of a martial air ;
 She bore of steel a polish'd shield,
 Where highly-sculptur'd I beheld
 Th' Athenian ^a martyr smiling stand,
 The baleful goblet in his hand ;
 Sparkled her eyes with lively flame,
 And patience was the seraph's name ;
 Sternly she look'd, and stern began—
 " Thy sorrows cease, complaining man,
 " Rouse thy weak soul, appease thy moan,
 " Soon are the clouds of sadness gone ;
 " Tho' now in grief's dark groves you walk,
 " Where grievous fiends around you stalk,
 " Beyond, a blissful city lies,
 " Far from whose gates each anguish flies :
 " Take thou this shield, which once of yore
 " Ulysses and Alcides wore,

^a Socrates:

" And which in later days I gave
 " To Regulus and Raleigh brave,
 " In exile or in dungeon drear
 " Their mighty minds could banish fear ;
 " Thy heart no tenfold woes shall feel,
 " 'Twas virtue temper'd the rough steel,
 " And, by her heavenly fingers wrought
 " To me the precious present brought,

ODE TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

BY THE SAME.

O Thou, that to the moon-light vale
 Warblest oft thy plaintive tale,
 What time the village-murmurs cease,
 And the still eye is hush'd to peace,
 When now no busy sound is heard,
 Contemplation's favourite bird !

Chauntrefs of night, whose amorous song
 First heard the tufted groves among,
 Warns wanton Mabella to begin
 Her revels on the circled green,
 Whene'er by mepitiation led
 I nightly seek some distant mead,

A short repose of cares to find,
 And sooth my love-distracted mind,
 O fail not then, sweet Philomel,
 Thy sadly-warbled woes to tell ;
 In sympathetic numbers join
 Thy pangs of luckless love with mine !

So may no swain's rude hand infest
 Thy tender young, and rob thy nest ;
 Nor ruthless fowler's guileful snare
 Lure thee to leave the fields of air,
 No more to visit vale or shade,
 Some barbarous virgin's captive made:



ODE TO A LADY WHO HATES THE COUNTRY.

BY THE SAME.

NOW summer, daughter of the sun,
 O'er the gay fields comes dancing on
 And earth o'erflows with joys ;
 Too long in routs and drawing-rooms,
 The tasteless hours my fair consumes
 'Midst folly, flattery, noise:

Come hear mild zephyr bid the rose
Her balmy-breathing buds disclose,
Come hear the falling rill,
Observe the honey-loaded bee,
The beech embower'd cottage see,
Beside yon' sloping hill.

By health awoke at early morn,
We'll brush sweet dew from every thorn,
And help unpen the fold;
Hence to yon' hollow oak we'll stray,
Where dwelt, as village-fables say,
An holy Druid old.

Come wildly rove thro' desert dales
To listen how lone nightingales
In liquid lays complain;
Adieu the tender, thrilling note,
That pants in Monticelli's throat,
And Handel's stronger strain.

" Infipid pleasures these! you cry,
" Must I from dear assemblies fly,
" To see rude peasants toil?
" For operas listen to a bird?
" Shall ^b Sydney's fables be prefer'd
" To my sagacious Hoyle?

^b Arcadia.

O falsely fond of what seems great,
 Of purple pomp and robes of state,
 And all life's tinsel glare!
 Rather with humble violets bind,
 Or give to wanton in the wind
 Your length of fable hair

Soon as you reach the rural shade,
 Will mirth, the sprightly mountain-maid,
 Your days and nights attend,
 She'll bring fantastic sport and song,
 Nor Cupid will be absent long,
 Your true ally and friend.



ODE TO SOLITUDE.

BY THE SAME.

THOU, that at deep dead of night
 Walk'st forth beneath the pale moon's light,
 In robe of flowing black array'd,
 While cypress-leaves thy brows o'ershade;
 Lift'ning to the crowing cock,
 And the distant-sounding clock;
 Or sitting in thy cavern low,
 Do'st hear the bleak winds loudly blow,

Or

Or the hoarse death-boding owl,
 Or village mastiff's wakeful howl,
 While through thy melancholy room
 A dim lamp casts an awful gloom ;
 Thou, that on the meadow green,
 Or daisy'd upland art not seen,
 But wand'ring by the dusky nooks,
 And the pensive-falling brooks,
 Or near some rugged, herbless rock,
 Where no shepherd keeps his flock !
 Musing maid, to thee I come,
 Hating the trade-ful city's hum ;
 O let me calmly dwell with thee,
 From noisy mirth and bus'ness free,
 With meditation seek the skies,
 This folly-fetter'd world despise !



H O L K H A M. A P O E M.

BY MR. POTTER.

TH E lofty beeches, and their sacred shade
 O'er Penshurst's flow'r-embroider'd vale display'd,
 Have yet their glory : not that Sidney's hand
 " Marshall'd in even ranks th' obsequious band ;"

Or his fresh garlands in these bow'rs entwin'd,
 Whilst all Arcadia open'd on his mind :
 But here sweet Waller breath'd his am'rous flame,
 And taught the groves his Sacharissa's name ;
 Here met the muse, " while gentle love was by,
 " That tun'd his lute, and wound the strings so high :"
 Still with th' enraptur'd strains the valleys ring,
 And the groves flourish in eternal spring.

Eternal spring smiles in those green retreats,
 " No more the monarch's, still the muse's seats,"
 Where crown'd with tow'rs majestic Windsor stands,
 And the wide world beneath her feet commands :
 Not that her regal rampires boast the fame
 Of each great Edward's each great Henry's name ;
 Not that, in days of high-achiev'd renown,
 There Britain's genius fix'd his awful throne,
 Encircled with that glorious blaze that springs
 From conquer'd nations, and from captive kings :
 When each proud trophy moulders from the wall,
 And e'en the imperial dome itself shall fall :
 When those great names, the warrior and the sage,
 Lie clouded in the dark historic page ;
 Then shall the heav'n-born muse (to whom belong
 The more than mortal-making pow'rs of song)
 Thro' time's deep shades her sacred light display,
 And pour the beam of fame's eternal day.

Queen of sweet numbers and melodious strains,
 If yet thou deign to visit Britain's plains ;

If yet thy hallow'd haunts partake thy love,
 Clear spring, enamel'd vale, or bow'ry grove;
 O come, and range with me th' aspiring glades,
 Where Leicester spreads the lawns and forms the shades,
 On Holkham's plains bids Græcian structures rise,
 And the tall column shoot into the skies;
 Beneath whose proud survey, extended wide,
 New scenes, new beauties charm on ev'ry side;
 Here, crown'd with woods, the shaded hills ascend,
 In open light there the low vales extend;
 Here in rich harvests waves the ripen'd grain,
 And there fresh verdure cloaths the pastur'd plain,
 Sweetly, intermix'd, and lovely to behold,
 As the green emerald' enchas'd in gold.

See where the limpid lake thro' pendent shades,
 The hills between, her liquid treasures leads;
 And to the boughs, that fringe her crisped sides,
 Holds the clear mirror of her crystal tides:
 Her crystal tides reflect the waving scene,
 Their silvery surface dark'ning into green;
 As on the steep banks, bending o'er the flood,
 Grotesque and wild up springs th' o'ershadowing wood;
 Or the slope margent, with a softer rise,
 Shade above shade, and rank o'er rank supplies;
 The verdant basis of yon' champain mound;
 Its hallow'd head with God's own temple crown'd:
 The home-bound mariner from far descries,
 Emerging from the waves the tall tow'r rise;

With

With transport bids the solemn structure hail,
And wing'd for Britain speeds the flying sail.

In nearer view, 'midst the lawn's wide extent,
That gently swells with an unforc'd ascent,
In just proportion rising on the sight
The stately mansion lifts its tow'ry height,
And glitters o'er the groves. An oak beneath,
That calls the cool gales thro' its boughs to breath,
Where the sun darts his fervid rays in vain,
Like the great patriarch on Mamre's plain
The princely Leicester sits : the pageant pride
Of cumbrous greatness banish'd from his side,
In these blest bow'rs he plans the great design ;
With heighten'd charms bids modest nature shine ;
Shows us magnificence allied to use,
Tho' rich, yet chaste ; tho' splendid, not profuse ;
Calls forth each beauty that from order springs ;
From its lov'd Greece each honour'd science brings ;
O'er art's fair train extends his gen'rous care ;
And bids each polish'd grace inhabit here.

Nor these alone : here virtue loves to dwell,
No cold recluse self-cavern'd in a cell ;
Active and warm she breathes a nobler part,
Glow's in the breast, and opens all the heart ;
To gen'rous deeds she fires th' empassion'd mind,
The substitute of heav'n to bless mankind ;
She thr' desponding misery's cheerless gloom
Pours joy, and gives neglected worth to bloom ;

She

She in each bosom stills the rising sigh,
 And wipes off ev'ry tear from ev'ry eye;
 She to yon' alms-house, bosom'd in the grove,
 From toil and cares bids age and want remove;
 There the tir'd eve of labour'd life to rest,
 Fed by her hand, and by her bounty blest.

These, these are rays that round true greatness shine,
 And thine, bright Clifford! the full blaze is thine.
 Bring the green bay, the fragrant myrtle bring,
 The violet glowing in the lap of spring;
 Bid the sweet vallies send each honied flow'r,
 Each herb, each leaf of aromatic pow'r;
 The muse's hand shall their mix'd odours spread,
 And strew the ground where Clifford deigns to tread,

In distant prospect, sinking from the eye,
 Low in the tufted dales the hamlets lie;
 Where virgin innocence, and meek-ey'd peace,
 With calm content, the straw-roof'd cottage blest:
 And strong-nerv'd industry in purest flow
 Spreads o'er the vermeil cheek health's roseate glow.

More distant yet the throng'd commercial town,
 That makes the wealth of other worlds her own,
 Lifts her proud head, and sees with ev'ry tide
 Rich-freighted navies croud her harbour'd side:
 Or bids the parting vessel spread the sail
 Loose to the wind, and catch the rising gale:
 Whilst the vast ocean, Albion's utmost bound,
 Rolls its broad wave, a world of waters, round.

In sweet astonishment th' impatient mind
 Bids her free powers expatiate unconfin'd ;
 From scene to scene in rapid progress flies
 Glances from earth to seas, from seas to skies ;
 Delights to feel the great ideas roll,
 Swell on the sense, and fill up all the soul.

Not such the scene, when o'er th' uncultur'd wild
 No harvest rose, no chearful verdure smil'd ;
 On the bare hill no tree was seen to spread
 The graceful foliage of its waving head ;
 No breathing hedge-row form'd the broider'd bound
 Nor hawthorn blossom'd on th' unsightly ground ;
 Joy was not here ; no bird of finer note
 Pour'd the thick warblings of his dulcet throat ;
 E'en hope was fled ; and o'er the chearless plain,
 A waste of sand, want held her unblest'd reign.

Lo, Leicester comes ! before his mast'ring hand
 Flies the rude genius of the savage land ;
 The russet lawns a sudden verdure wear ;
 Starts from the wond'ring fields the golden ear ;
 Up rise the waving woods, and haste to crown
 The hill's bare brow, and shade the sultry down :
 The shelter'd traveller sees, with glad surprise,
 O'er trackless wilds th' extended rows arise ;
 And, as their hospitable branches spread,
 Blesses the friendly hand that form'd the shade :
 Joy blooms around, and cheers the peasant's toil,
 As smiling plenty decks the cultur'd soil ;

The bright'ning scenes a kinder genius own,
And nature finishes what art begun.

But can the verse, tho' Philomela deign,
To breath her sweet notes thro' the warbled strain ;
Tho' ev'ry muse and ev'ry grace shou'd smile,
And raptures raise the honey-steeped style ;
Can the verse paint like nature ? can the pow'r,
That wakes to life free fancy's imag'd store,
Boast charms like her's ? or the creative hand
In blended tints such beauteous scenes command,
Tho' learned Poussin gives each grace to flow,
And bright Lorrain's ethereal colours glow ?
Yet peerless is the pow'r of sacred song,
That bursts in transport from the muses tongue :
And, hark ! methinks her hallow'd voice I hear
In notes mellifluous stealing on the ear ;
Now clearer, and yet clearer trills the strain ,
Swells thro' the grove, and melts along the plain
" Ye nymphs, that love to range the lillied vale,
" Where streams the silver fount of Acidale ;
" Ye, that in Pindus' laurel'd groves abide,
" Or haunt Cyllene's cypress-shaded side ;
" Or braid your fine wreaths in the pearly caves,
" Where fam'd Illissus rolls his attic waves ;
" Whilst the barbarian's rude unletter'd race
" Profane your grottos, and your bow'rs deface,
" See, Leicester courts you to th' Icrenian shore,
" Studious your long-lost honours to restore !

See

" See, the fair rival of your native seats,
 " Aonian Holkham opens all its sweets ;
 " Deign then, ye sacred sisters ! deign to tread
 " The rich embroidery of yon velvet mead,
 " As fresh, as lovely as your liliated vale,
 " Where streams the silver fount of Acidale :
 " If old Cyllene's cypress-shaded bow'r,
 " Or Pindus' laurel'd mount delight you more ;
 " Go, sweet enthusiasts ! softly-silent rove,
 " The studious mazes of the twilight grove ;
 " Or, at the foot of some hoar elm reclin'd,
 " Wake the high thought that swells the raptur'd mind ;
 " Or pensive listen to the solemn roar
 " Of whitening billows breaking on the shore :
 " If the majestic domes, whose tow'ry pride
 " Glitter o'er fam'd Ilissus' attic tide,
 " Your steps detain ; yon' princely structure view
 " Grac'd with each finer art your Athens knew !
 " Each finer art to just perfection brought,
 " All that Vitruvius and Palladio thought ;
 " The trophied arch ; the porphyry-pillar'd hall ;
 " The sculptur'd forms that breath along the wall ;
 " Lycæan Pan ; the faun's Arcadian race ;
 " The huntress-queen's inimitable grace ;
 " Athenian Pallas clad in radiant arms ;
 " Heav'n's empress conscious of her slighted charms ;
 " Your own Apollo, on whose polish'd brow
 " Youth blooms, and grace, and candor's bright'ning glow ;
 " Gods,

" Gods, heroes, sages, an illustrious train,
 " Court you to Holkham's consecrated plain.
 " Haste then, ye sacred sisters ! haste, and bring
 " The laurel steep'd in the Castalian spring ;
 " On the choice bough a purer fragrance breath,
 " And twine for Leicester's brow th' unfading wreath."
 She ceas'd the raptur'd strain ; and dear to fame
 Flows the proud verse inscrib'd with Leicester's name.

THE POOR MAN'S PRAYER.

A M I D S T the more important toils of state,
 The counsels lab'ring in thy patriot soul,
 Tho' Europe from thy voice expect her fate,
 And thy keen glance extend from pole to pole.

O Chatham, nurs'd in ancient virtue's lore,
 To these sad strains incline a fav'ring ear ;
 Think on the God, whom thou, and I adore,
 Nor turn unpitying from the poor man's prayer.

Ah me ! how blest was once a peasant's life !
 No lawless passion swell'd my even breast ;
 Far from the stormy waves of civil strife,
 Sound were my slumbers, and my heart at rest.

I ne'er

I ne'er for guilty, painful labours rov'd,
 But taught by nature, and by choice to wed,
 From all the hamlet cull'd whom best I lov'd,
 With her I staid my heart, with her my bed.

To gild her worth I ask'd no wealthy power,
 My toil could feed her, and my arm defend;
 In youth, or age, in pain, or pleasure's hour,
 The same fond husband, father, brother, friend.

And she, the faithful partner of my care,
 When ruddy evening streak'd the western sky,
 Look'd towards the uplands, if her mate was there,
 Or thro' the beech-wood cast an anxious eye.

Then, careful matron, heap'd the maple board
 With savoury herbs, and pick'd the nicer part
 From such plain food as nature could afford,
 Ere simple nature was debauch'd by art.

While I, contented with my homely cheer,
 Saw round my knees my prattling children play;
 And oft with pleas'd attention sat to hear
 The little history of their idle day.

But ah! how chang'd the scene! on the cold stones,
 Where wont at night to blaze the chearful fire,
 Pale famine sits, and counts her naked bones,
 Still sighs for food, still pines with vain desire.

My faithful wife with ever-streaming eyes
 Hangs on my bosom her dejected head ;
 My helpless infants raise their feeble cries,
 And from their father claim their daily bread.

Dear tender pledges of my honest love,
 On that bare bed behold your brother lie ;
 Three tedious days with pinching want he strove,
 The fourth, I saw the helpless cherub die.

Nor long shall ye remain. With savage force
 Our tyrant lord commands us from our home ;
 And arm'd with cruel laws coercive power
 Bids me and mine o'er barren mountains roam.

Yet never, Chatham, have I pass'd a day
 In riot's orgies, or in idle ease ;
 Ne'er have I sacrific'd to sport and play,
 Or wish'd a pamper'd appetite to please.

Hard was my fare, and constant was my toil,
 Still with the morning's orient light I rose,
 Fell'd the stout oak, or rais'd the lofty pile,
 Parch'd the sun, in dark December froze.

Is it, that nature with a niggard hand
 Withholds her gifts from these once favour'd plains ?
 Has God, in vengeance to a guilty land,
 Sent dearth and famine to her lab'ring swains ?

Ah, no ; yon hill, where daily sweats my brow,
A thousand flocks, a thousand herds adorn ;
Yon field, where late I drove the painful plow,
Feels all her acres crown'd with wavy corn.

But what avails, that o'er the furrow'd soil
In autumn's heat the yellow harvests rise,
If artificial want elude my toil,
Untasted plenty wound my craving eyes ?

What profits, that at distance I behold
My wealthy neighbour's fragrant smoke ascend,
If still the griping cormorants withhold
The fruits which rain and genial seasons send ?

If those fell vipers of the public weal
Yet unrelenting on our bowels prey ;
If still the curse of penury we feel,
And in the midst of plenty pine away ?

In every port the vessel rides secure,
That wafts our harvest to a foreign shore ;
While we the pangs of pressing want endure,
The sons of strangers riot on our store.

O generous Chatham, stop those fatal sails,
Once more with outstretch'd arm thy Britons save ;
The unheeding crew but waits for fav'ring gales,
O stop them, ere they stem Italia's wave.

From

From thee alone I hope for instant aid,
'Tis thou alone canst save my childrens breath ;
O deem not little of our cruel need,
O haste to help up, for delay is death.

So may nor spleen, nor envy blast thy name,
Nor voice profane thy patriot acts deride ;
Still may'st thou stand the first in honest fame,
Unstung by folly, vanity, or pride.

So may thy languid limbs with strength be brac'd,
And glowing health support thy active soul ;
With fair renown thy public virtue grac'd,
Far as thou bad'st Britannia's thunder roll.

Then joy to thee, and to thy children peace,
The grateful hind shall drink from plenty's horn :
And while they share the cultur'd land's increase,
The poor shall bless the day when Pitt was born.





FIVE PASTORAL ECLOGUES.

ECLOGUE I.

LYCAS AND ALPHON.

ALPHON.

ARISE, my Lycas: in yon' woody wilds
 From a rough rock in deep enclosure hid
 Of thickest oaks, a gushing fountain falls,
 And pours it's airy stream with torrent pure:
 Which late returning from the field at eve
 I found, invited by it's dashing sound,
 As thro' the gloom it struck my passing ear.
 Thither I mean to drive our languid flocks;
 Fit place to cool their thirst in mid-day hour.
 Due west it rises from that blasted beech;
 The way but short:—come, Lycas, rouse thy dog;
 Let us be gone.

LYCAS.

Alas, my friend, of flock,
 Of spring, or shepherd's lore, to me is vain
 To tell: my fav'rite lamb, the solace dear
 Of these grey locks, my sweet and sole delight,

* The scenes of these eclogues are supposed to lie among the shepherds
 oppressed by the war in Germany.

Is snatch'd by cruel fate ! an armed band
 On neighing steeds elate, in wide array
 Trampled the youngling, as the vale along
 At eve they pass'd, beneath their whelming march.

ALPHON.

Such throng I heard, as in the neighb'ring wood
 I wander'd to reduce a straggling ewe
 Escap'd the fold : what time the grieved owl
 Her shrieks began, and at the wonted elm
 The cows awaiting stood Lucilla's hand.
 When strait with sudden fear alarm'd I start,
 And list'ning to the distant-echoing steps
 Of unseen horsemen with attentive ear,
 I stand aloof. But why this deep-felt grief ?
 Merits such loss these tears and black despair ?

LYCAS.

Alphon, no more to Lycas now remains,
 Since he my last and latest care is lost !
 Thou know'st my little flock ; three tender ewes
 Were all my mean ambition wish or sought.
 Ev'n now nine days, and nine revolving nights
 Are past, since these the Moldaw's raging flood
 Swept with their wattled cotes, as o'er it's banks
 It rose redundant, swoln with beating rains,
 And deep immers'd beneath its whirling wave.
 I wak'd at early dawn, and to the field
 I issu'd to pursue my wonted toil,
 When lo ! nor flocks, nor wattled cotes I saw

But all that met my wand'ring eyes around,
 Was desolation sad. Here stateliest oaks
 Torn from their roots, with broken branches lay
 In hideous ruin : there the fields, that laugh'd
 With rip'ning corn, of all their charms despoiled,
 With oozy fragments scatter'd waste and wild
 Were seen. I curst the wicked spirit drear,
 That in the ruin'd abbey's darkest cell,
 (That stands immur'd amid yon' lonesome piles)
 I bound with triple chains : his magic pow'r
 Oft' times with howling storms, and thunder loud
 Deforms the night, and blackens nature's face.
 His tempests swell'd the Moldaw's rising streams,
 And thus o'erwhelm'd my flock.—But this my heart
 Had learn'd to bear, at length to comfort's voice
 It had obey'd, and all its woes forgot ;
 When ah ! too soon returning woes invade
 My breast, just rising from its former stroke.
 When this, the sole survivor, of my flock,
 Follows his lost companions ; while a wretch
 I here remain, deserted and forlorn !
 He too had dy'd beneath the whelming surge,
 Had not the shelter of my low-rooft cott
 That fatal night preserv'd him ; where at eve
 I hap'ly plac'd him with providing care,
 Left the fell storm, which yet from southern clouds
 Threaten'd destruction, and to low'r began,
 Might violate his tender-blooming age.

ALPHON.

With piteous eye, and sympathizing heart,
 Thy tears I view.—These scenes of war and blood,
 The calm repose of every field invade!
 Myself had fall'n a victim to their rage,
 As in deep dead of night my cave beneath
 I lay dissolv'd in sleep, with warning voice
 Had not my dog alarm'd with wond'ring ear.
 When straight approach'd the cave a savage throng
 With barb'rous arms, and habit fierce and wild,
 With stern demeanour and defying look
 Terrify; which the moon's pale-glimm'ring rays
 Presented to my sight, as in the boughs,
 Close shrouded, of a neighb'ring pine I sat
 (Where sudden fear had driv'n me to evade
 Impending fate, unconscious and amaz'd)
 Secure, but trembling, and in chilly damps
 My limbs bedew'd.—The monsters as they past,
 With dire confusion all the cavern fill'd;
 Hurl'd to the ground my scrip, and beechen cup,
 Dispers'd the shaggy skins that form my bed,
 And o'er the trampled floor had scatter'd wide
 A hoard of choicest chestnuts, which I cull'd
 With nice-discerning care, and had design'd
 A present to my beauteous Rosalinde.
 Alas! with them her love had been obtain'd,
 And me to Myron she had then preferr'd!

LYCON.

Shepherd, on thee has fortune kindly smil'd ;
 'Tis mine to feel her grief-inflicting hand !
 Alas ! each object that I view around
 Recalls my perish'd darling to my sight,
 And mocks me with his loss ! see there the spring
 Where oft he wont to slake his eager thirst !
 And there the beech, beneath whose breezy shade
 He lov'd to lie, close covert from the sun !
 See yet the bark smooth-worn and bare remains,
 Where oft the youngling rubb'd his tender side !
 Ah ! what avail'd my care, and foresight vain ?
 That day he fell oppress'd by whelming floods.
 This hand had built a bow'r of thickest boughs
 Compos'd, and wove with intermingling leaves,
 Impervious to the sun ; and strew'd the floor
 With choicest hay, that in the secret shade
 He might repose, nor feel the dog-star's beam !
 But why this sad, repeated track of woe
 I still pursue ? Farewel, my Alphon dear,
 To distant fields, and pastures will I go,
 Where impious war, and discord, nurse of blood,
 Shall ne'er profane the silence of the groves.



E C L O G U E II.

ACIS AND ALCYON.

ACIS.

WHILE in the bosom of this deep recess
 The voice of war has lost its madding shouts,
 Let us improve the transient hour of peace,
 And calm our troubled minds with mutual songs ;
 While this recess conspiring with the muse
 Invites to peaceful thoughts ; this cavern deep,
 And these tall pines that nodding from the rock
 Wave o'er its mouth their umbrage black, and cast
 A venerable gloom, with this clear fount
 That cleaves the riven stone and fills the cave
 With hollow-tinckling sounds. Repeat the song
 Which late, Alcyon, from thy mouth I heard,
 As to the spring we drove our thirsting flocks ;
 It tells the charms of grateful evening mild :
 Begin, Alcyon : Acis in return
 Shall sing the praises of the dawning morn.

ALCYON.

Behind the hills when sinks the western sun,
 And falling dews breath fragrance thro' the air,
 Refreshing every field with coolness mild ;

Then

Then let me walk the twilight meadows green,
 Or breezy up-lands, near thick-branching elms,
 While the still landscape sooths my soul to rest,
 And every care subsides to calmest peace :
 The mists flow-rising from the rivers dank,
 The woods scarce stirring at the whisp'ring wind,
 The streaky clouds, that tinge their darken'd tops
 With russet hues, and fainter gleams of light,
 The solitude that all around becalms
 The peaceful air conspire to wrap my soul
 In musings mild, and nought the solemn scene
 And the still silence breaks ; but distant sounds
 Of bleating flocks, that to their destin'd fold
 The shepherd drives ; mean-time the shrill-tun'd bell
 Of some lone ewe that wander's from the rest,
 Tinkles far-off, with solitary sound :
 The lowing cows that wait the milker's hand,
 The cottage-mastiff's bark, the joyous shouts
 Of swains that meet to wrestle on the green,
 Are heard around. But ah ! since ruthless war
 Has ravag'd in these fields, so tranquil once,
 Too oft' alas the din of clashing arms
 And discord fell disturbs the softer scene !
 Thy sweet approach delights the wearied ox,
 While in loose traces from the furrow'd field
 He comes : thy dawn the weary reaper loves,
 Who long had fainted in the mid-day sun,
 Pleas'd with the cooler hour, along the vale

Whistling

Whistling he home returns to kiss his babes,
 With joyful heart, his labour's sweet reward !
 But ah ! what sudden fears amaze his soul
 When near approaching, all before he sees
 His lowly cottage and the village 'round
 Swept into ruin by the hand of war,
 Dispers'd his children, and his much-lov'd wife,
 No more to glad his breast with home felt-joys !
 I too, when in my watled cotes are laid
 My supping flock, rejoice to meet my dear,
 My fair Lauretta, at the wonted oak ;
 Or haply as her milking-pail she bears
 Returning from the field, to ease her arm,
 (Sweet office !) and impart my aiding hand !
 Thy charms (O beauteous evening !) shall be sung,
 As long as these tall pines shall wave their heads,
 Or this clear fountain cleave the riven stone !

A C I S.

Sweet are the dews of eve ; her fragrance sweet ;
 Sweet are the pine-topt hills at sultry noon ;
 Sweet is the shelter of the friendly grot
 To sheep, and shepherd, at impending storms ;
 But ah ! less sweet the fragrant dews of eve ;
 Less sweet the pine-topt hills at sultry noon ;
 Less sweet the shelter of the friendly grots,
 Than when the rising sun with rosy beam
 Peeps o'er the village-top, and o'er the fields,
 The woods, the hills, the streams, and level meads,

Scatters

Scatters bright splendors and diffusive joy !
 As to his flock the shepherd issues forth,
 Printing new footsteps in the dewy vale,
 Each object of the joyous scene around
 Vernal delight inspires, and glads his heart
 Unknowing of the cause, with new-felt glee !
 The chaunt of early birds on every bush,
 The steaming odours of the fresh-blown flow'rs—

ALCYON.

Cease, Acis, cease thy song :—from yonder hill,
 Whose lofty sides inclose this secret seat,
 Our flocks, that graze along its verd'rous brow,
 Tumultuous rush, as struck with sudden fright :
 And hark, methinks I hear the deathful sounds
 Of war approaching, and its thunders roar !

ACIS.

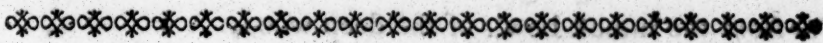
Kind heav'n preserve my wife and children dear,
 Alas ! I fear the sound, that louder now
 Swells in the wind, and comes with fuller din,
 Is near my cottage ; which, thou know'st my friend,
 Stands at the spring, that issues from beneath
 That rising hill, fast by the branching elm !

ALCYON.

See, see, my friend, what darksome spires arise
 Of wreathing smoak, and blacken all the sky !—
 Nearer and nearer comes the threat'ning voice,
 And more distinguish'd strikes our trembling ear !

But

But lo! the foes advance above the hill ;
 I see their glitt'ring arms begin to gleam !
 Come let us flie, and in the deepest nook,
 The inmost cavern of this winding grott,
 Close shroud ourselves, lest in the gen'ral stream
 Of thousands thronging down, we fall oppress'd.



E C L O G U E III.

WHEN sable midnight on the fields and woods
 Had spread her mantle dark, then wander'd forth
 The pensive Alcon, and the bosom deep
 Of a wild wood with solitary steps,
 There to lament his wretched fate, he sought.
 Him, late as o'er the vale at coming eve
 Joyful he walk'd with his Lucilia dear,
 A soldier stern-advancing on his steed,
 Robb'd of his love and tore the beauteous maid
 With brutal hand from his contending arms,
 Weeping in vain, and shrieking for his aid,
 And frowning bore the precious prize away.
 The wood, whose shades the plaintive shepherd sought,
 Was dark and pathless, and by neighb'ring feet
 Long time untrod: for there in ancient days
 Two knights of bold emprise, and high renown,
 Met in fierce combat, to dispute the prize

Of

Of beauty bright, whose valiant arm shou'd win
 A virgin fair, whose far-emblazon'd charms
 With equal love had smote their rival breasts.
 The knight who fell beneath the victor's sword,
 Unhears'd and restless, from that fatal day
 Wanders the hated shades, a spectre pale ;
 And each revolving night, are heard to sound
 Far from the inmost bow'r of the deep wood,
 Loud shrieks, and hollow groans, and rattling chains.
 When the dark secrets of the grove he gain'd,
 Beneath an ancient oak his weary limbs
 He laid adown, and thus to plain began.

This midnight deep to plaintive love accords ;
 This lonesome silence, and these hideous shades,
 That in this darksome hour I dare to tread ,
 And all the horrors of this fearful place,
 Will suit a wretch, abandon'd to despair !—
 But ah !—what means this sudden fear, that creeps
 In chilly sweats o'er all my trembling limbs ?—
 What hollow whisp'ring sounds are those I hear,
 From yonder glade ?—do not I hear his voice ?
 Does not the knight, that in these shades was slain,
 Call me to come, and beckon with his hand !
 Do not I see his visionary sword
 Wav'd in bright circles thro' the murky air ?—
 Does not he point his wounds ?—be still, my fears :
 'Tis vain illusion all, and phantasia.
 These fears my love-distemper'd brain suggests ;

Alas,

Alas, they will not bring me back my love!—
 Who now, perhaps, amid the thronging camp
 On earth's cold breast reclines her weary head,
 A helpless virgin, subject to the will
 Of each rude ravisher, and distant far
 From her dear Alcon, and her native fields—
 Ill will the hardships of inclement skies
 Suit with her tender limbs; the various toils
 Of plainful marches; her unwonted ears,
 How bear the trumpet, and the sounds of war;
 This task is hard indeed—but soon, alas!
 At will her savage lord may cast her off,
 And leave her to succeeding scenes of woe!
 I see my dear Lucilia, once my own,
 Naked and hungry, tread the pensive steps
 Of desolation, doom'd to wander o'er,
 Helpless and vagabond, the friendless earth!
 I hear her sigh for Alcon and her home;
 And ask for bread at some proud palace gate
 With unavailing voice! this toilsome scene,
 Alas, how diff'rent from the smoother paths
 Of rural life, my dear was wont to tread!
 Forth to the field to bear the milking-pail
 Was all her wont; to tread the tedded grass,
 To tend her fathers' flock; beneath the oak
 To snatch her dinner sweet, and on the green
 With the companions of her age to sport!
 In vain I now expect the coming on

Of

Of dew-bath'd eve, to meet my wonted love;
 No more I hear the wood-girt vallies ring
 With her blythe voice, that oft has blest mine ear,
 As in the distant shade I fate unseen;
 No more I meet her at the wonted spring,
 Where each revolving noon she daily went
 To fill her pitcher with the crystal flood!—
 If in her native fields the hand of death
 Had snatch'd her from my arms, I could have born
 The fatal shock with less-repining heart;
 For then I could have had one parting kiss;
 I cou'd have strewn her hearse with fairest flow'rs,
 And paid the last sad office to my dear!—
 Return, my sweet Lucilia, to my arms;
 At thy return, all nature will rejoice.
 Together will we walk the verdant vales,
 And mingle sweet discourse with kisses sweet.
 Come, I will climb for thee the knotted oak,
 To rob the stock-dove of his feathery young;
 I'll shew thee where the softest cowslips spring,
 And clust'ring nuts their laden branches bend;
 Together will we taste the dews of morn;
 Together seek the grotts at sultry noon;
 Together from the field at eve return—
 What have I said? what painted scenes of bliss
 My vain imagination has display'd!
 Alas she's gone, ah, never to return!
 Farewell my past'ral pipe, and my dear flock;

Farewell

Farewell my faithful dog; my once-lov'd haunts
 Farewell, or cave, or fountain, or fresh shade,
 Farewell; and thou, my low-rooft cott, farewell!—
 Here will I lie, and fellest wolves, that roam
 This savage forest, shall devour my limbs,
 Unwept, unburied, in a place unknown!



E C L O G U E IV.

MYCON AND PHILANTHES.

MYCON.

WELCOME, Philanthes, to thy native fields;
 Thrice three revolving moons are gone and past,
 Since first you parted from your father's cott,
 To drive to pastures far remote your flock.
 Since that, alas, how oft has savage war
 Disturb'd our dwellings, and defac'd our fields!

PHILANTHES.

Mycon, each object that I view around,
 Speaks ruin and destruction. See, my friend,
 The ancient wood, whose venerable shades
 So oft have shelter'd us from noon-day suns;
 So oft have echo'd to the lowing herds
 That fed wide-wandering in the neighb'ring vales,
 The foldier's ax has levell'd with the ground,

And to the sun expos'd its darksome bow'rs :
 The distant villages, and blue-topp'd hills,
 The far-stretch'd meads appear, and meet mine eyes,
 That erst were intercepted by the grove.

MYCON.

How is the wonted face of all things chang'd?
 Those trees, by whose aspiring tops we knew,
 The sun's ascent at noon, unerring mark,
 No more are seen to tell the coming hour.
 How naked does the winding rill appear,
 Whose banks its pendant umbrage deep-imbrown'd,
 And far-invested with its arborous roof,
 As by its side it roll'd its secret streams ;
 How oft, alas ! those shadowy banks along
 (Close solitude !) my Rosalind and I
 Have walk'd in converse sweet, and link'd in love !
 But tell me, dear Philanthes, are the fields,
 Which late you left, like ours by war oppress'd,
 Alike in tumult and confusion wrapt ?

PHILANTHES.

Mycon, I'll tell thee wonders past belief.
 It hap'd one morn, when first the dawning sun
 Began to chear the light-enliven'd earth,
 Caught with so bright a scene, I sought the fields
 Before my wonted hour, and roving wide
 Among the vales, the villages and woods,
 Where'er my fancy led, or pleasure call'd,
 I chanc'd upon a neighb'ring hill to stray,

To view the glitt'ring prospect from its top
 Of the broad Rhine, that roll'd his waves beneath,
 Amid the level of extended meads;
 When ^a lo! e'er yet I gain'd its lofty brow,
 The sound of dashing floods, and dashing arms,
 And neighing steeds, confus'd struck mine ear.
 Studious to know what tumult was at hand,
 With step advent'rous I advanc'd, and gain'd
 With tim'rous care and cautious ken its top.
 Sudden a burst of brightness smote my sight,
 From arms, and all th' imblazon'd of war
 Reflected far, while steeds, and men, and arms
 Seem'd floating wide, and stretch'd in vast array
 O'er the broad bosom of the big-swoln flood,
 That dashing roll'd its beamy waves between.
 The banks promiscuous swarm'd with thronging troops,
 These on the flood embarking, those appear'd
 Crowding the adverse shore, already past.
 All was confusion, all tumultuous din.
 I trembled as I look'd, tho' far above,
 And in one blaze their arms were blended bright
 With the broad stream, while all the glist'ning scene
 The morn illum'd, and in one splendor clad.
 Struck at the sight, I left with headlong haste
 The steep-brow'd hill, and o'er th' extended vales,

^a It may be supposed that in these lines the shepherd is giving an account
 of Prince Charles's passing the Rhine.

The wood-girt lawns I ran, nor slack'd my pace,
 Till at my flock thick-panting I arriv'd,
 And drove far off, beneath a deep-arch'd cave.
 But come, my friend, inform me in return,
 Since this my absence what has here fell out.

M Y C O N.

Dost thou remember at the river's side
 That solitary convent, all behind
 Hid by the covert of a mantling wood?—
 One night, when all was wrapt in darkness deep,
 An armed troop on rage and rapine bent,
 Pour'd o'er the fields and ravag'd all they met;
 Nor did that sacred pile escape their arms,
 Whose walls the murderous band to ruin swept,
 And fill'd its caverns deep with armed throngs
 Greedy of spoil, and snatch'd their treasures old
 From their dark seats: the shrieking sisters fled
 Dispers'd and naked thro' the fields and woods,
 While sable night conceal'd their wand'ring steps.
 Part in my moss-grown cottage shelter sought,
 Which haply scap'd their rage, in secret glade
 Immerfed deep.—I rose at early morn,
 With fearful heart to view the ruin'd dome,
 Where all was desolation, all appear'd
 The seat of horror, and devouring war.
 The deep recesses, and the gloomy nooks,
 The vaulted isles, and shrines of imag'd saints,
 The caverns worn by holy knees appear'd,
 And to the sun were op'd.—In musing thought

I said

I said, as on the pile I bent my brow—

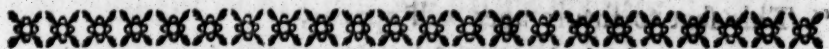
“ This seat to future ages will appear,
 “ Like that which stands fast by the piny rock;
 “ These silent walls with ivy shall be hung,
 “ And distant times shall view the sacred pile,
 “ Unknowing how it fell, with pious awe!
 “ The pilgrim here shall visit, and the swain
 “ Returning from the field at twilight grey,
 “ Shall shun to pass this way, subdued by fear,
 “ And slant his course across the adverse vale!”

PHILANTHES.

Mycon, thou see'st that cow, which stands in cool
 Amid yon rushy lake, beneath the shade
 Of willow green, and ruminates at ease,
 The watry herbage that around her floats.
 That way my business leads. I go to greet
 My father, and my wonted cottage dear.

MYCON.

Come, let us go: my path is that way too.
 Come, my Philanthes, and may piteous heav'n
 Indulge more happy days, and calm our griefs!
 Alas! I thought some trouble was at hand,
 And long before presag'd the coming storm,
 Ev'n when the light'ning one disastrous night
 Blasted the hoary oak, whose ample boughs
 Imbow'r my cottage; and as on the grass
 At noon I slept, a serpent's sudden hiss,
 Broke my sweet rest!—But come, let us be gone,
 The sun begins to welk in ruddy west.



E C L O G U E V.

CORIN AND CALISTAN.

CORIN.

WHICH way, Calistan, whither dost thou lead
That lamb, whom yet his mother scarce has wean'd ?

CALISTAN.

His mother, Corin, as she wand'ring fed,
With this tender youngling by her side,
Fell by a shot which from the battle came,
That in the neighb'ring fields so lately rag'd.

CORIN.

Alas ! what woes that fatal day involv'd
Our suff'ring village, and the fields around !
But come, Calistan, on this rising bank
Come, let us sit, and on the danger past
Converse secure, and number all our griefs.
See how the flaunting woodbine shades the bank,
And weaves a mantling canopy above !

CALISTAN.

Corin, that day I chanc'd at earlier hour
To rise, and drove far-off my flock unpent ;
To wash them in a spring that late I mark'd,
There the first motions of the deathful day

I heard,

I heard, as listening to the trickling wave—
 I stood attentive : when like rising storms,
 Hoarse, hollow murmurs from afar I heard,
 And undistinguish'd sounds of distant din.
 Alarm'd I stood, unknowing whence it came ;
 And from the fount my flock unwash'd I drove
 Suspecting danger : when as nearer yet,
 I came advancing, all was tumult loud,
 All was tempestuous din on ev'ry side,
 And all around the roar of war was up,
 From rock to rock retost, from wood to wood.
 Not half so loud the tumbling cataract
 Is heard to roar, that from the pine-clad cliff
 Precipitates its waves ; whose distant sounds
 I oft have listen'd, as at twilight grey
 I pent my flocks within their wattled cotes.

CORIN.

For three revolving days, nor voice of bird
 Melodious chaunting, or the bleat of sheep,
 Or lowing oxen, near the fatal place
 Were heard to sound ; but all was silence sad !
 The ancient grove of elms deserted stood,
 Where long had dwelt an aged race of rooks,
 That with their nests had crowded every branch,
 We oft' have heard them at the dusk of eve
 In troops returning to their well-known home,
 In mingled clamors sounding from on high !

CALISTAN.

Corin, thou know'st the fir-invested cave,
 Where late we shelter'd from a gath'ring storm,
 Our flocks together driv'n : beneath its shade
 I had appointed at sweet even-tide
 To meet my Delia homeward as she pass'd,
 Bearing her milking-pail : Alas ! the thoughts
 Of that sweet congress, the preceding night
 Soften'd my dreams, and all my senses lull'd,
 And with more joyful heart at morn I rose.
 But ah ! that tumult cropt my blooming hopes,
 And in confusion wrapt my love and me.

CORIN.

That day, nor in the fold my flock I pent,
 Or walk'd at eve the vales, or on the turf
 Beneath the wonted oak my dinner took,
 Or slept at noon amid my languid sheep,
 Repos'd at ease on the green meadow's bed.
 When sable night came on, for not ev'n yet
 The tumult had subsided into peace,
 Ev'n then low sounds, and interrupted bursts
 Of war we heard, and cries of dying men,
 And a confus'd hum of the ceasing storm.
 All night close-throuded in a forest thick,
 Wakeful I fate, my flock around me laid ;
 And of neglected boughs I kindled up
 A scanty flame, whose darkly-gleaming blaze
 Among th' enlighten'd trees form'd hideous shapes,

And

And spectres pale, to my distemper'd mind,
 How oft I look'd behind with cautious fear,
 And trembled at each motion of the wind !—
 But where did you, Calistan, shelter seek ?
 What dark retreat conceal'd your wand'ring steps ?

CALISTAN.
 Corin, thou know'st the fur-clad hermit's cell
 Deep-arch'd beneath a rock among the wilds,
 Thither I bent my flight, a welcome guest,
 And not unknown ; for when my flock I fed
 Of late beneath the neighb'ring pastures green,
 I oft was wont, invited at his call,
 At noon beneath his cavern to retire
 From the sun's heat, where all the passing hours
 The good old-man improv'd with converse high,
 And in my breast enkindled virtue's love ;
 Nor seldom would his hospitable hand
 Afford a short repast of berries cool,
 Which o'er the wilds (his scanty food) he pluck'd :
 Here was my refuge.—All the live-long night
 Penfive by one, pale, lonesome lamp we sat,
 And listen'd to the bleak-winds whistling loud,
 And the shrill crash of forests from without.
 Soon as the morning dawn'd, the craggy height
 Of the steep rock I climb'd, on whose wild top
 His rustic temple stood, and moss-grown cypresses
 (The sacred object of his pious pray'rs)
 Form'd of a tall fir's thunder-blasted trunk :

Where

Where all beneath th' expansive plains I saw
 With white pavillions hid, in deep array.
 There too my little fold, which late I left
 Standing at eve, amid the warlike scene
 With tearful eyes affrighted, I beheld.
 Alas, how chang'd the scene ! when there I pitch'd
 Those hurdled cotes, the night was calm and mild,
 And all was peaceful. I remember well,
 While there within that fold my flock I pent,
 How blythe I heard my beauteous Delia sing !
 Her distant-echoing voice how sweetly rung,
 And all my ravish'd senses wrapt in bliss !

CORIN.

Hast thou not seen the fatal plain of death
 Where rag'd the conflict ? there, they say, at eve
 Grim ghosts are seen of men that there were slain,
 Pointing their wounds and shrieking to their mates,
 Still doom'd to haunt the fields on which they fell.

CALISTAN.

Corin, no more. This lamb demands my speed.
 See how the youngling hangs his sickly head,
 Tender, and fainting for his wonted food !
 I haste to place him in my shelt'ring cot,
 Fed from my hand, and cherish'd by my care.—
 And see, my friend, far off in darken'd west
 A cloud comes on, and threatens sudden rains :
 Corin, farewell, the storm begins to low'r.

ON THE PEACE OF AIX LA CHAPELLE MDCCXLVIII.

BY MR. HURD.

BE still, my fears, suggest no false alarms;
 The poet's rapture, and the lyric fire
 Are vain: enough that inclination warms;
 No foreign influence needs the willing muse inspire.

The willing muse, advent'rous in her flight,
 To thee, lov'd peace, shall raise untaught strain;
 Her thy fair triumphs and thy arts delight,
 Thy festive branch she bears and joins thy social train.

High on some wave-worn cliff she views serene,
 Safe on the deep, the freighted navies ride;
 Old ocean joys to see the peaceful scene,
 And bids his billows roll with an exulting tide;

Or, where the Augusta's turrets cleave the skies,
 She love's to mix with art's inventive band,
 Sees industry in forms unnumber'd rise,
 To scatter blessings wide and civilize the land;

Or

Or flies, with transport, to her native plain,
 Sees corn-clad fields, fresh lawns, and pastures fair;
 Sees plenty vindicate her ancient reign,
 And pour forth all her charms to crown the various
 year.

But, chief, the muse to Academic groves
 Her kindred train and best-lov'd arts invite;
 Thro' Cam's o'erhadowing bow'rs intranc'd she roves,
 Whence sacred science streams and genius spreads his
 light;

Here will I rest, she cry'd; my laurel here
 Eternal blooms: here hangs my golden lyre,
 Which erst my Spenser tun'd to the shepherd's ear,
 And loftiest Milton smote with genuine epic fire,

And O! if ought my fond presages shew,
 On these lov'd bow'rs while peace her influence sheds,
 Some hand again shall snatch it from the bough,
 Wake each high-sounding string and charm the echoing
 glades.

Then shall be sung the glorious deeds of war,
 How virtue strove, where envious fortune fail'd;
 Expecting fame the conflict view'd from far,
 And Britain's valour crown'd, tho' Gallia's host prevail'd.

Yet then, ev'n then (th' indignant verse shall tell)
 A surer vengeance rose to whelm the foe;
 When hell born-faction issu'd from her cell,
 And on her impious head drew half the destin'd blow.

But, hark! the loud triumphant strains declare,
 How Britain's majesty unrival'd rose,
 When all the glories of the naval war
 Beam'd round her conqu'ring flag and circled Anson's brows.

Till thus the pow'r, by freedom's sons obey'd:
 " Let blood-stain'd glory swell the tyrant's breast;
 " Be mine compassion's healing wing to spread,
 " To sheath the wasting sword and give the nations rest :"

Then (as the muse inraptur'd shall display)
 War's impious roar and faction's murmurs cease;
 His gracious eye sheds lustre on the day,
 And lends the quick'ning beam to cheer the afts of peace.



LAURA



L A U R A :

OR THE COMPLAINT.

AN ELEGY.

BY JAMES MARRIOT, LL.D.

YE groves, with venerable moss array'd,
That o'er yon' caverns stretch your pendent shade,
Where sacred silence lulls the rural vale,
And love in whispers tells his tender tale,
Ye lonely rocks, ye streams that ever flow,
Still as my tears, and constant as my woe,
To you behold the wretched Laura flies,
And haunts those seats from whence her sorrows rise;
Where, lost to love, how often has she stray'd?
When the fond lover led his blushing maid,
When his soft lips, too eloquent his art,
Pour'd the warm wish, and breath'd out all his heart.
Ah once lov'd seats, your pleasing scenes are o'er,
Nor you can charm, since he can love no more;
Though smile your lawns with vernal glories crown'd,
In vain gay nature paints th' enamel'd ground;

While

While through your solitary paths I rove,
 A prey to grief, to sickness, and to love.
 Tho' gentle zephyrs fan the bending bow'rs,
 Tho' breathes the incense of your op'ning flowers,
 Nor op'ning flowers, nor gentle zephyrs charm,
 Nor beauteous scenes a grief like mine disarm;
 Fade ev'ry flower, and languish ev'ry sense,
 Ye have no sweets for fall'n innocence.

Torn by remorse, sad victim of despair,
 Where shall I turn? or where address my prayer?
 Far as the morn its early beam displays,
 Or where the star of ev'ning darts its rays;
 Far as wide earth is stretch'd, or oceans roll,
 Where blow the winds, or heav'n invests the pole,
 In vain my flutt'ring soul would wing its way;
 Stern care pursues, where'er the wretched stray.

Soft God of sleep, whose ever-peaceful reign
 Lulls earth, and heav'n, and all th' extended main,
 Pow'rful to give the lab'ring heart to rest,
 To wipe the tear, and heal the wounded breast,
 Say, by what crime offended, flies from me,
 Invok'd, thy unpropitious Deity?
 Or dooms, on racks of wildest fancy torn,
 In dreams my agonizing soul to mourn?
 Why am I oft on angry billows tost,
 Now in some wide and dreary desert lost?
 Why yet in life infernal tortures feel,
 Bound by fierce demons to some rapid wheel?

Now

Now seem to climb, while hills on hills arise;
 In vain : or fall in tempests from the skies,
 Tread burning plains, or swim in seas of fire,
 Just reach the shore, then see the shore retire?
 As oft dear youth ! thy pleasing form appears ;
 I stretch my arms, and wake dissolv'd in tears ;
 Yet waking fancy all that loss supplies,
 And still I view thee with a lover's eyes ;
 Entranc'd, in thought, o'er all thy charms I gaze,
 See thy bright eyes diffuse their softest rays,
 Hang on thy hand, or on thy breast reclin'd,
 Play with thy locks that waver with the wind,
 Joy in thy joy, or in thy sorrows join,
 And on thy lips my spirit mix with thine.
 Now o'er dark wilds, or rugged rocks we stray,
 Love lights the gloom, and smooths the dreary way ;
 Now on soft banks our weary limbs repose,
 Where ev'ry flower of vernal beauty glows ;
 But light as air each pleasing vision flew,
 Swift as the sun dispels the morning dew ;
 While with the day returns the sense of woe,
 We wake more wretched when the cheat we know.

Imagination ! mistress of the soul,
 What powers unseen the active mind controul ?
 And fill the waking thought, or busy sleep ?
 When not a breeze disturbs the tranquil deep,
 Nor lofty pines through all the forest move,
 Why stir the motions of resistless love ?

Urg'd

Urg'd by the golden morn the night recedes,
 And year to year in changeful course succeeds;
 Nor night, nor morn, nor years to me restore
 The peace which Laura's heart possess'd before,
 Involv'd in clouds one darksome scene I view;
 Bleed the same wounds, and all my pains renew.

O boast of Laura's long forgotten praise!
 Past are the triumphs of my happier days,
 When plac'd supreme on beauty's radiant throne,
 I saw with conscious pride each heart my own;
 Where'er I turn'd a thousand nymphs admir'd;
 Whene'er I smil'd a thousand swains expir'd;
 I spoke, 'twas music dwelt upon my tongue;
 I mov'd a goddess, and an angel sung.
 My careless steps in joys were taught to rove;
 Each voice was flatt'ry, and each look was love;
 But beauty's power, too mighty long to last,
 Fled on the wings of rapid time is past.

As some proud vessel to the prosperous gale
 Her streamer waves, and spreads the silken sail,
 While silver oars to flutes soft breathing sweep
 With measur'd strokes the scarcely heaving deep,
 But soon tempestuous clouds the scene deform,
 And the loud surge remurmurs to the storm,
 Thus big with hope, from dark suspicion free,
 I sail'd with transport on life's summer sea;
 The gay attendants of my happy state,
 The smiles, the graces 'round were seen to wait,

And all the moments, as they swiftly flew,
 Shower'd down soft joy, and pleasures ever new.
 How chang'd this fleeting image of a day!
 How sets in awful gloom the ev'ning ray?
 While, fixt on earth her eye in sad suspense,
 Pours the deep sigh, incessant penitence.

If youthful charms decay with age or pain,
 Beauty, thy crowded worshippers how vain!
 Why then such crowds of incense round ascend?
 Why prostrate monarchs at thy altars bend?
 Why earth's and ocean's mighty bounds explore
 At once to win thee, and increase thy pow'r?
 Let sad example reason's dictates aid;
 Here see what ruin grief and love have made;
 E'en love, who lives by beauty's smiles carest,
 Basks in her eyes, and wantons on her breast,
 With cruel force the fatal shaft employs,
 And soonest what he most adores destroys.

How cold I feel life's idle current flow,
 Where once the dancing spirits lov'd to glow!
 No more these eyes with youthful rapture shine,
 Nor cheeks soft blushing speak a warmth divine;
 Graceful no more amid the festive dance
 My steps with easy dignity advance,
 And all the glossy locks, whose ringlets spread
 O'er my fair neck, the honours of my head,
 Cease the neat labours of my hand to know;
 Ill suits the care of elegance with woe!

Why

Why did not nature, when she gave to charm,
 With unrelenting pride my bosom arm ?
 Why was my soul its tender pity taught,
 Each soft affection, and each gen'rous thought ?
 Hence forging my sorrows, hence with sighs I prove
 How feeble woman, and how fierce is love.

In unavailing streams my tears are shed ;
 Sad Laura's bliss is with Lorenzo fled.
 For thee, false youth, was ev'ry joy resign'd,
 Young health, sweet peace, and innocence of mind ;
 Are these the constant vows thy tongue profess'd,
 When first thy arms my yielding beauties press'd ?
 Thus did thy kiss dispel my empty fears ?
 Or winning voice delight my raptur'd ears ?
 Thus swore thy lips by ocean, earth, and sky ;
 By hell's dread pow'rs, and heav'n's all-piercing eye ?
 Yawns not the grave for thee ? why sleeps the storm
 To blast thy limbs, and rend thy perjur'd form ?
 Unmov'd, O faithless, canst thou hear my pain,
 Like the proud rocks which brave th' unwearied main ?
 Sooner the ship-wreck'd pilot shall appease
 With sighs the howling winds, with tears the seas,
 Than Laura's pray'rs thy heart unfeeling move,
 O lost to fame, to honour, and to love.
 Nurs'd in dark caverns on some mountain wild
 To cruel manhood grew the daring child,
 No female breast supplied thy infant food,
 But tygers growling o'er their savage brood.

Curs'd be that fatal hour thy charms were seen,
 While yet this mind was guiltless, and serene.
 With thee, false man, I urg'd my hasty flight;
 And dar'd the horrors of tempestuous night,
 Nor fear'd, with thee, through plains unknown to rove,
 Deaf to the dictates of paternal love.

In vain for me a parent's tears were shed,
 And to the grave descends his hoary head.

When at my feet entranc'd my lover lay,
 And pour'd in tender sighs his soul away,
 Fond, foolish heart! to think the tale divine!
 Why started not my hands when prest in thine?
 Too well rememb'rance paints the fatal hour
 When love, great conqueror, summon'd all his pow'r;
 When bolder grown, your glances flash'd with fire,
 And your pale lips all trembled with desire;
 Back to my heart my blood tumultuous flew,
 From ev'ry pore distill'd the chilling dew,
 When shame prefaging spoke each future pain,
 And struggling virtue arm'd my soul in vain.
 But O let silence all my weakness veil,
 And burning blushes only tell the tale.

Ah! faithless man! and thou more wretched maid,
 To guilt, and grief, and misery betray'd!
 Far flies thy lover: to some distant plain
 Now cleaves his bounding bark the peaceful main;
 Avenging heaven, that heard the vows he swore,
 Bid howl the black'ning storm, and thunder roar,

'Till

'Till waves on waves in tumbling mountains roll,
 Now sink to hell, and now ascend the pole;
 Then on some plank o'er foaming billows borne,
 Trembling, his perjur'd faith the wretch shall mourn;
 But mourn in vain: his vig'rous arm shall fail,
 Guilt sink him down, and angry heaven prevail;
 No friendly hand to earth his limbs convey,
 But dogs and vultures tear the bloated prey.

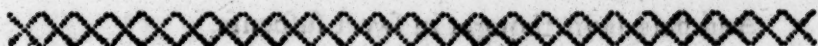
Yet, ah! fond heart! avert, kind heav'n, the stroke,
 My heart denies what trembling lips have spoke.
 The varying accents real nature prove,
 And only shew how wild a thing is love.
 Go, much lov'd youth, with ev'ry blessing crown'd,
 And Laura's wishes ever guard thee round,
 Me to the silent shades and sad retreat,
 Where love's expiring flames forget their heat,
 Death woos all-powerful: ere he parts the clew,
 Once more thy Laura bids her love adieu:
 Bids health, and affluence every bliss afford;
 Bids thee be lov'd, be happy, and ador'd;
 In ease, in mirth glide each glad hour away;
 No pain to spot thy fortune's cloudless day;
 Nor sigh to swell, no tear to flow for me:
 O grant heav'n all; but grant thee constancy.

Yet from my hand this last address receive,
 This last address is all that hand can give.
 In vain thy bark with spreading canvas flies,
 If these sad lines shall meet thy conscious eyes,

And, taught with winning eloquence to move,
 The winds and waters waft the voice of love ;
 That voice, O grant what dying lips implore,
 Asks but one tear from thee ; and asks no more.

Then world, farewell ; farewell life's fond desires,
 False flatt'ring hopes, and love's tormenting fires.
 Already, death, before my closing eyes
 Thy airy forms and glimm'ring shades arise.
 Hark ! hear I not for me yon' passing bell
 Toll forth, with frequent pause, its sullen knell ?
 Waits not for me yon' sexton on his spade,
 Blythe whistling o'er the grave his toil has made ?
 Say, why in lengthen'd pomp yon' sable train,
 With measur'd steps, slow stalk along the plain ?
 Say, why yon' hearse with fading flow'rs is crown'd,
 And midnight gales the deep-mouth'd dirge resound ?
 Hail, sister worms, and thou my kindred dust,
 Secure to you, my weary limbs I trust.
 Dim burns life's lamp ; O death, thy work compleat,
 And give my soul to gain her last retreat.
 Such as before the birth of nature sway'd,
 Ere springing light the first great word obey'd,
 Let silence reign—come, fate, exert thy might ;
 And darkness wrap me in eternal night.

RINALDO



RINALDO AND ARMIDA.

BY A LADY SINGING.

BY THE SAME.

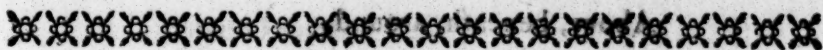
THE goldfinch swells his little throat,
 And loudly pours his rural note;
 High poiz'd above his nest in air
 The shrill lark chaunts his matins clear;
 At evening brown, in woodland dale
 Soft gurgling trills her amorous tale
 The solitary nightingale;
 But what avails, ye feather'd throng
 Of warblers wild, your feeble song?
 Our varying passions can ye move
 With warmer hope, or fonder love?
 Or run your notes th' enchanting round
 Through all the labyrinths of sound?
 As breathes some soft angelic strain
 When midnight spreads her solemn reign,
 Entranc'd the lonely hermit lies,
 And tastes ideal paradise,
 When at Armida's feet he lay
 So sigh'd Rinaldo's soul away;
 His tongue in mute attention bound,
 His ear in rapture drank the sound,

While magic numbers lull'd the sense,
And held swift thought in sweet suspense,

The mimic voice repeat the gales
That sigh along the flowery vales;
The flowery vales, the falling floods,
The rising rocks, and waving woods
To the sighing gales reply,
Redoubling all the harmony.

The zephyrs, ever mild and fair,
Who lightly fan the vernal air,
Learn from Armida's voice the strain,
And whispering tell it to the main.
Whene'er, the foaming billows flowing,
The wintry storms are fiercely blowing,
When sable clouds invade the pole,
And lightnings dart, and thunders roll,
Th' enchantress can the rage appease,
And clear the skies, and smooth the seas.

When hurried to th' infernal coast,
His beauteous bride the Thracian lost;
Sure, hapless youth! so sweet a spell
Once more had charm'd the powers of hell;
Or if such had been the song
Which warbled erst the Syren throng,
For counsels sage the chief renown'd
His warrior limbs had vainly bound;
His eyes, by love entranc'd, no more
Had seen with joy their native shore;
The cords had loos'd; the magic tale
Had stay'd his oars, and furl'd his sail.



S A C R E D O D E.

BY THE SAME

HARK! thro' yon' fretted vaults and lofty spires

Peal the deep organs to the sacred quires;

And now, the full, the loud hosannas rise,

Float in the winds, and roll along the skies:

The solemn sounds devotion's ardour raise;

Now mounts the spirit with diviner blaze:

Heaven opens: earth recedes: and nature feels

The ray that fir'd the prophets glowing wheels:

In fiery pomp bright seraphs quit the sky,

And rap the soul in holy extasy;

While round the sapphire throne th' ethereal train

Adoring prostrate raise the lofty strain:

I.

Arise, O Lord, arise;

In all thy awful glory stand confest;

In thee for ever blest

Behold thy servants veil their dazzled eyes.

Night hath for thee no shades;

Alike to thee appears the orient day;

While one vast light, one inexhausted ray

Of thy effulgent power the whole pervades.

Then whither shall we stray,

Where

Where of thy forming hand no trace is found ?

Above, beneath, around,
The mighty voice is heard ;
Where'er the hills are rear'd,
Where spreads the vaulted sky,
Or foams the deep profound ;
Thro' nature's utmost bound
To us her works reply,

Proclaim a parent God, a present Deity.

II.

Creation's praise is least ;
Nature's restorer, to preserve is thine ;
Whose awful voice divine
Created all : when discord heard, and ceas'd ;
For it is thine to bind
The moral chain of order's perfect law,
And to their course the swerving motions draw
Of changeful things, and erring human kind.

Death with insatiate jaw
Gnash'd oft' his iron phang, and by his side
Stalking with ample stride
Vice rear'd his giant size
Up-tow'ring to the skies.
The mourning earth was waste ;
Confusion roll'd her tide ;
When down the virtues glide ;
Soft mercies urg'd their haste,
And o'er the bleeding world the sacred mantle cast.

III. Beyond

III.

Beyond created sense

Mysterious goodness, hid in deepest night !

In vain our feeble fight

Would pierce the gloom, O mighty providence,

Where the deep mazes meet

Beneath thy awful throne no eye hath seen,

Where wrapt in darkness sits thy power serene,

And the loud thunders roll beneath thy feet.

O, when shall close the scene ?

And hope be lost in truth's wide bursting ray ?

O haste, auspicious day.

O haste to light on earth

Great nature's second birth ;

New inmate of the skies

When man renew'd shall shine,

When innocence divine,

And blest obedience rise

To snatch the palm that crowns her faithful victories.

INSCRIP-



INSCRIPTION UPON A HERMITAGE.

BY THE SAME.

BENEATH this rural cell

Sweet smiling peace and calm content

Far from the busy crowd sequester'd dwell.

Mortal, approaching near,

The hallow'd seat revere,

Nor bring the loud tumultuous passions here ;

For not for these is meant

The sacred silence of the stream,

Nor cave prophetic, prompting fancy's dream ;

If, with presumption rude,

Thy daring steps intrude,

Know, that with jealous eye

Peace and content will fly ;

The thoughtful genius of the lone abode

And guardian spirit of this solemn wood

Will sure revenge the sacrilegious wrong ;

Reflection's tear will then in secret flow,

And all the haunted solitude belong

To melancholy's train,

Who point the sting of pain

With keen remorse, and oft redoubled woe.

WRITTEN





WRITTEN AT THE HERMITAGE OF SMART
LETHIEULLIER, ESQ. AT ALDERSBROOK, IN
ESSEX.

BY MR. C. MDCCLX.

Courtier, or swain! whom chance, perhaps, may bring,
To view the hermit's lonesome residence,
His shade of tall elms, and his silver spring;
Void of celestial thoughts depart not hence.

Ye may have heard, that in a venal age,
Wise Scipio^b from the walls of Rome withdrew,
'Mid silent woods, oft, meditating fage,
He lov'd the tranquil virtues all to woo.

Fair virtues! yet, at early dawn espy'd
In yonder grove, impervious to the sun:
And yet on yonder hillock's moss-grown side
Or where the smooth translucent riv'lets run.

O hermit! ne'er forsake thy lone abode,
But roam these wilds, and meditate on God!

^b In the woods of Linternum: Nunquam minus solus, quam cum
solus, was the favourite adage of that justly celebrated and memorable
personage.

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